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# THE HEART OF ENGLAND

## By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

A THICKET of masts that stand against the sky, a winter forest of interlacing spars and lines, and a swarm of lighters on the harbor that swim over the surface like insects on a woodland pool—this may be seen at any ocean port, and the sight of it strangely stirs the ancestral instinct for adventure and traffic in distant seas ; but it is something more than this that makes the port of London. The sky there is the strangest sky in the world, and the barge that sails in the Thames is one of the most beautiful of merchant craft. During the summer (which in America brings a heaven of dazzling blue and gold) the atmosphere above the Thames is of baby blue, soft and opaque, with a horizon of warm gray and white. In the autumn (while in New York and Boston harbors the billowing afternoon clouds turn buff and pink and flare at sunset into crimson and gold) the English sky is mingled yellow and gray, with at most a flash of opalescent fire when the low sun burns through the mists. In winter the London air is sodden with smoke and rain ; and it brews a dun-colored fog that has appropriately taken its name from the split-pea soup of the eating-houses by the waterside : it is so dense that when two lighters clash in the tide the bargemen, as they curse and cross boat-hooks, are shrouded from each other.

Very sombre, all this, or at best a matter of half tones and neutral colors ; yet by a curious work of chance, or perhaps because of the cloudy ardor of Teutonic

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genius, it has been redeemed. The yawl-rigged barges that swing lazily up and down the river in the tides, have sails of a deep, rich red. The color comes from a stain that preserves the duck from rotting in the reeking air; but it supplies the one touch of vigorous warmth that is needed to light up the grays and the yellows, and to satisfy the hungering senses. It is never quite brown and never scarlet, but it exhausts the shades of dull crimson; and each sail varies in varying lights. Now and then—so seldom that it comes as a cheerful variety—one sees a sail of yellow, as deep and harmonious as the crimson.

The sail of the London barge is widely known. The port, properly speaking, extends only from London Bridge, which marks the head of ship navigation, to Woolwich, some nine miles down the river; but for the barges this is a mere point of departure. Folding their masts and sails they surge with the tide beneath the bridges, carrying farm produce, quarried stone, and machinery as far as there are wharves and warehouses. But the barges are at their best on the open sea. They ply the German Ocean a hundred miles and more to fetch the Yarmouth bloater; or rounding the Forelands, they follow the English Channel past Dungeness and Beachy Head and the Isle of Wight, venturing even to Portland Bill, from which they carry cement—of all perilous cargoes. As you see the Portland barge in the river, scarcely larger than an ordinary lighter, and so heavily laden that the gunwales are awash, such a traffic seems madness. But the bargeman knows his trade, for he was born, perhaps, on a barge, and has lived there winter and summer; and in his turn, it may be, has begotten bargemen. He covers the cockpit with tarpaulin and battens it firmly down upon the wash-board. His sails sit low, and are not large, and the tiny dandy or mizzen, stepped sometimes on the bulky rudder, steadies the craft while it adds its mite to the speed. So the bargeman lights his pipe and smokes as steadily as the tiny fire in his galley, while the holiday crowds at Ventnor and Brighton stare in wonder to see the waves sweep over the wash-board. Quite as often the wind fails him, and especially in the evening, and the fog rises. If he is far from shore he keeps a sharp lookout, for he is in the path of coasting steamers and huge Atlantic liners. Where the lines of traffic converge—in the Straits of Dover, or at the mouth of the Thames—the lifting fog discloses scores of motionless barges, their red sails smouldering in the soft rays of the morning sun, a sight which rewards the ocean traveller, steaming slowly among them, for long hours of delay in the fog.

The liners stop near the mouth of the Thames, discharging cargo at Tilbury Docks, but the smaller tramp ships, coasting steamers, and sailing vessels are towed up the river to the port. For many centuries the London water-front sufficed for the traffic, and the ships lined up along the wharves rank upon rank; but with the nineteenth century the shipping outgrew all bounds. The delay in loading and unloading throttled commerce, while the impossibility of properly policing such a raft of vessels gave rise to a strange nocturnal traffic between water-rats and land-rats—the sailors of the discharging vessels and the human vermin that swarmed on the wharves. The porters provided their clothing with huge pockets, in which they stowed away whatever they could lay their hands on; and they even invented leather aprons with false backs, which they filled with rum or brandy before knocking off for the day. At midnight, skiffs glided among the ships, while in some mysterious manner bolts of silk and of cloth-of-gold dropped into them, bags of sugar, bales of spices and tobacco, flasks of monkish cordials, and pipes of wine. The publicans on the river-front became great merchants in their way, and in exchange for loot from all the wide seas gave handfuls of silver, and inexhaustible gin. The stealing of the wharf-rats, it was estimated, aggregated yearly the value of £250,000—$1,250,000; in the due course of time it led the slow Briton to an innovation.

To-day the traveller in the East End, at Wapping, or at Blackwall, runs upon high brick walls, some of them bristling with ugly iron spikes that seem to overtop the tiles of the neighboring chimneys. Unutterably dreary these grimy yellow bricks; you never could guess that they are the last citadel of modern splendor and romance, even if you were told that they surround the wet docks of London. Yet,

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View of the Port from a Balloon.

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as you follow their circuit, you will discover that they are longer than the walls of many a famous mediæval city; and when you reach the massive gate it is guarded by the dignified metropolitan police. The docks range from 100 to 150 acres in area, and the site of a single one of them formerly housed a population of upward of 11,000. Within the walls is a series of lagoons, which float ships of 700 tons, and afford berth for 300 large vessels. On all sides are sheds for goods, and bonded warehouses, and when traffic is brisk a single dock gives employment to 3,000 men. This is the innovation which has stopped the traffic of the wharf-rats. As the laborers file out of the gates when the day's work is done, it is a clever thief who can smuggle stray pickings and stealings beneath the practised eye of the law.

From the high gangway of the Tower Bridge the foot passenger, looking down along the port, sees forests of masts and rigging that apparently rise out of the land on each of the points made by the bending river; and perhaps he descries a thread of steel gray where the dull sky is reflected from land-locked water. But once within a dock he is in a city of lagoons, each swarming with craft from the most distant ports. Steam winches rattle beside the moored vessels, and from time to time iron grapplers descend like talons from the yard-arms, clutch masses of merchandise in the holds, and swing them, creaking, outward over the swarming barges on the surface, while the stevedore shouts his orders to the laboring porters and bargemen. From Australia come hides, the pelts of sheep, and bales of wool; there are iron-bound cotton bales from America, sacks of almonds from Spain, and of nigger-toes from Brazil; there are pipes of wine from Madeira and Oporto. The wharves that line the docks are redolent of the tropics and of the orient. Here is a shed covering acres, in the lofty twilight of which are piled huge roughly squared logs of mahogany from the West Indies, and logs of teak-wood from the East Indies, to be used in the building of ironclads. In the spacious dusk of the warehouse beyond, gunny-sacks of half-refined sugar from Jamaica rise symmetrically to the very rafters, wafting a faint, rich perfume, while in the cellars beneath brown sugar from New Orleans lies in hogsheads, oozing treacle that gathers in black pools on the sticky floor. There are mats of dates, figs, and prunelles, hogsheads of prunes, bales of cinnamon, cloves, and allspice. The sky overhead is sodden and gray, perhaps, and a film of mist swims upon the water; but under the spell of this riot of incense the loitering, red-sailed barges are like Venetian galleys. The illusion lasts an instant; then a workman in overalls passes, carrying a pail of whitewash and a brush, and marks the edge of the stone wharf with a broad white line, for at any moment the pea-soup fog is expected. A placard at the entrance of the dock declares in large letters that when the fog comes workman and traveller alike are required to take refuge in the warehouses until it has lifted. If you step out of the fog into the water, the placard says in effect, you are drowned at your own risk.

Great as are the facilities of these inland docks, the river-front is as busy as ever. The upper section of the port between Tower Bridge and London Bridge is known as the Pool, and this is where the tides of commerce run swiftest. The wares that come here are mainly of the perishable sort, and require to be handled quickly and with care—bananas from Jamaica; oranges and lemons from Messina; tangerines from Africa; ruddy pomegranates, the golden apples of Spain; kegs of luscious Malaga grapes packed in sawdust. In the week before Christmas the wharves are jammed with vessels discharging cargo; and on London Bridge, morning, noon, and night, foot passengers pause and silently watch the busy and ever-varying scene. Even in the dreary rain they stand fascinated beneath a row of shining umbrellas, while the barges glide at their feet, and along the quays laborers file up the gang-plank, each with his piece of merchandise balanced on his head. The errand-boy or the plodding clerk of the City feels as vividly as the far-reaching merchant or the experienced traveller, and perhaps more vividly, the bewildering charm of these messengers from the shining seas of the South.

The Pool is the haunt of the knot-porter, whose stooping shoulders are so characteristic and whose head-gear is so picturesque. Until you have seen a knot,

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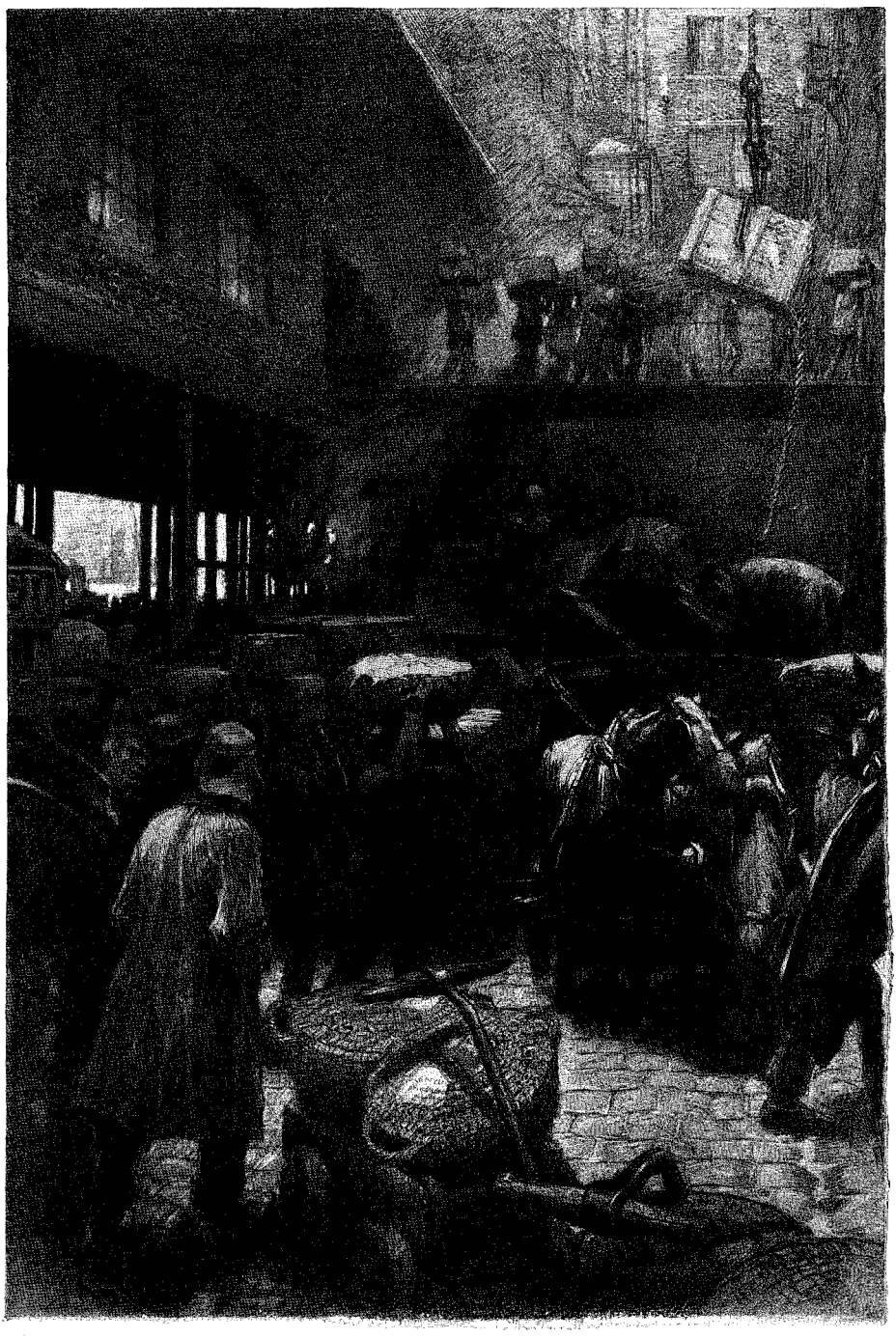

Rainy Morning at a Fish Warehouse.

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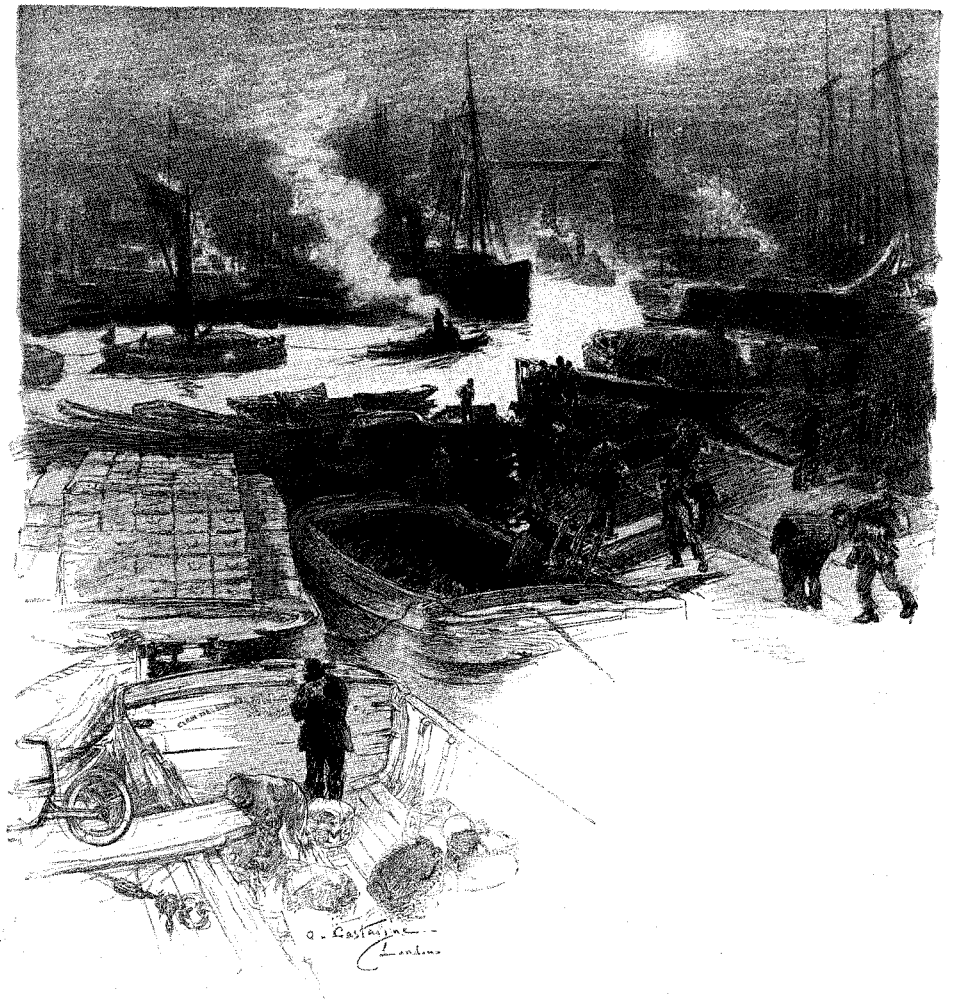

View of Shipping—Tower Bridge in Background.

and felt the weight of its leather and its tarred rope-work, you cannot appreciate the purport of the advice which Johnson received from a publisher—that he give up literature and commence knot-portering. The porter takes his burden, a light crate of onions from Bermuda or perhaps a box of lemons weighing 200 pounds, and plods up the gang-plank through the warehouse into Thames Street beyond, and then struggles upstairs—one, two, or three pairs as the case may be. It is work that tells terribly on the lungs, both because of the severity of the labor and the crushing weight of the load; and it is not without its dangers, too, for the story is told along the quays of poor fellows who have slipped on the slimy gang-plank and broken their necks beneath the falling burden.

The famous fish-market at Billingsgate is a more cheerful place. Shortly after daylight, if the weather is fine, the steamers arrive from the North Sea, where the afternoon before they have been collecting boxes of fish from the fleets of trawl-



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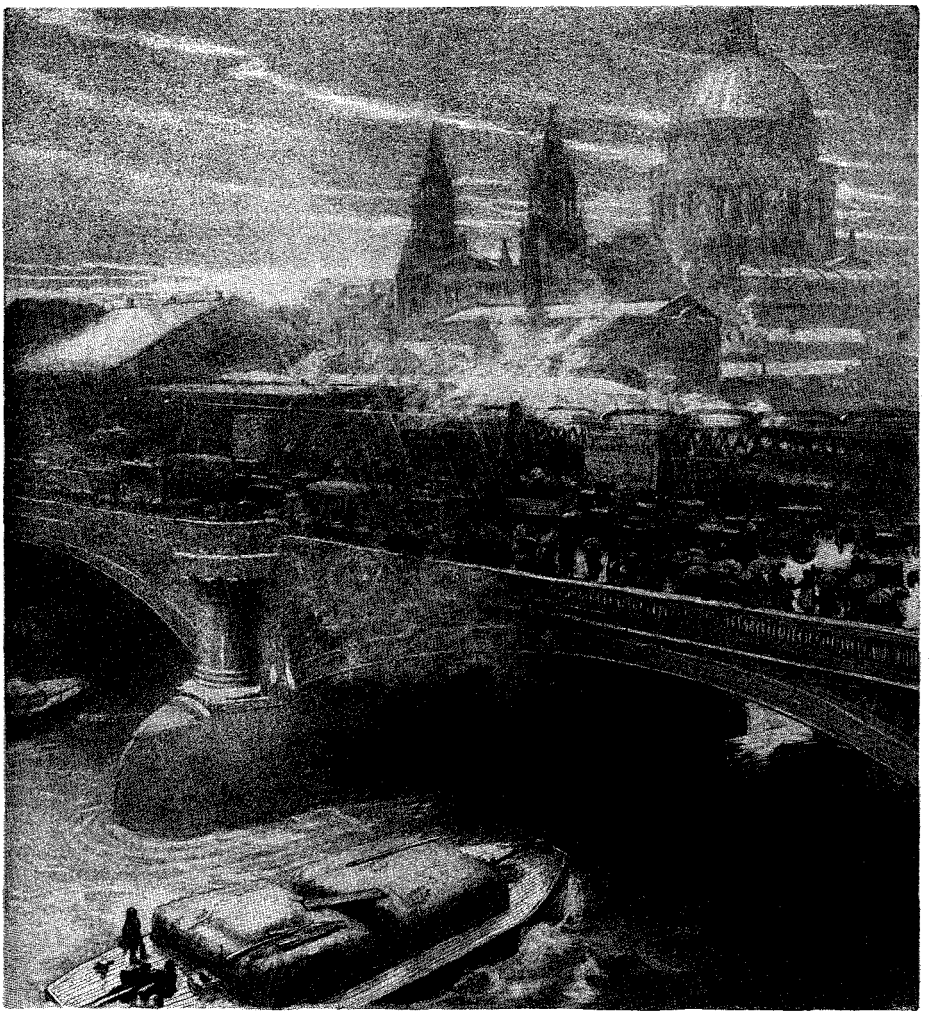

St. Paul's, from the Wharf above Blackfriar's Bridge.

ers—sole, plaice, and whiting, with now and then a catch of herring. The porters here are clad in the white smocks of the fishmonger, and instead of the knot they have a thick, close-fitting leather hat with perhaps a fold of cotton batting beneath the crown. The fish are neatly packed in ice, in flat open boxes that drip with slime as they are carried up the gang-plank. Within the market the boxes are distributed among auctioneers, who knock them down to a throng of eagerly shouting bidders. For twopence a pound here you can buy fish that at the fishmongers' in the West End cost nearer a shilling. Now and then comes a cargo of crabs, prawns, or periwinkles, or of coppery oysters from the Irish Sea. The lobsters arrive in sea green, and put on their red coats in great cauldrons in the cellar. This is the notorious Billingsgate, but one looks in vain for the fishwife who made its ancient fame. It is no use to inquire after her from the porters, they have never heard of her existence. Her brawny arms are forgotten, her eagle eye for custom, her thirst for



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gin, her shrewd gibes, her ready pipe and her more ready repartee, her torrents of invective. Evil answers made her bile boil over. Only one human means was ever found to quiet her. It is said to be one of Horne Tooke's titles to fame that he silenced a fish-wife with the retort: "Madam, believe me, you are a parallelopipedon." But what man could not accomplish for one moment has been done forever by the slow lapse of years. Of all her rhetorical armory only profanity remains, and even this is so like the universal profanity of man that it makes the fish-wife seem the more hopelessly extinct.

Yet the Pool is not without mementos of the past. Just beyond the fish-wharf is a mooring at which a knot of strange craft are lying—craft whose sides are lined with projecting strips and whose bows are indescribably snubbed. They are the Dutch eel-boats, and they have crossed the North Sea under their own red sails. The porter will tell you, in his thick cockney that their right to that mooring is older than the memory of man, and he firmly believes that if they were once to lose that particular buoy they would be forbidden to tie up in the Pool.* He is not quite accurate. In Hollar's engraving of the London water-front, dated 1647, the eel-boats are moored above London Bridge, beyond the ancient Fishmonger's Hall. Their ribs and snubbed bows, however, are the same; only the sails are different, for the invention of a certain Master Fletcher, of Rye, who taught the English seaman to eat into the wind by rigging his sails fore and aft, had not then been generally adopted.

The eel-boats are not the only legacies from antiquity. The massive masonry of the wharves and the flights of stone stairs from the water speak eloquently of established institutions. The very borders of the river-bed are paved with cobbles, so that at low tide ships, and even steamers, heel over and stand at all angles, while the watermen walk among them clean shod. The spirit of the past is everywhere. In the busy warehouses lifts are almost unknown, as may be seen in the shoulders of the knot-porters, and even in the utmost press of traffic things move slowly. In New York Harbor two roustabouts will shift a whole lighter of oil-barrels in a few hours, even when the sun is so hot that a tent of sail-cloth has to be rigged to cast a shadow on the pyramid of red, blue, and yellow. In London four men would take a long day for so heavy a task. As the work drags of a Saturday afternoon the man at the steam-winch becomes sarcastic, and reminds the laborers that there will be time to rest on Sunday, or the stevedore pitifully protests that he wants to get home to his supper, but the laborers loiter on undisturbed. If a bag of wheat is to be tied to the rope of a crane, it takes three men to tie it; and here the Old World is brought into sharp contrast with the New. That wheat was grown in a field of a thousand acres. It fell in the autumn before a rank of ten reaping machines abreast, that bound as they reaped. It was threshed by steam and shipped in a train of fifty huge cars to be projected like a geyser into an elevator as large as Westminster Abbey. London has much to learn of the mechanics of commerce.

Yet has it not also something to teach? This solidity, this stability, has its economical virtue, and even this slowness of hand-labor could ill be spared, for it is the secret of Old-World charm. The American roustabout works hard, but he is scarcely to be commended on other grounds. The bargeman has leisure enough to be always interesting. To begin with, his tongue is as loose hung as that of the omnibus driver and the cabby, and his wit, like theirs, is the result of many collisions with his fellow-creatures. Off Greenwich the tide sweeps him against a lubber who is rowing his lady for a fish dinner at the Ship. "Tyke care of 'er, Chawley," the bargee shouts. "If you drownd *'er*" (with a leer at the fair one), "you'll never git another 'arf as 'andsome. Tyke my word." But his wit is the smallest part of him. His very life is a parable of the spiritual blessedness of living at one with the slow forces of nature. After all, what has philosophy ever taught us except that the wise man is he who moves fast enough for steerage way and keeps his bows well on in the mighty tides of progress?

You had better not commiserate with the lot of the bargeman—the roughness of his fare, the smallness of his craft, and

* The right of the Dutch eel-boats to enter the port of London has been associated with this particular mooring since the time of William of Orange, and was one of his numerous grants to his fellow-countrymen.

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Thames Street, near the Docks.

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the fact that he sleeps on her every night, winter and summer, without a fire to keep off the damp and the cold. Of a Saturday night, he will tell you, he sees a bit of pleasure. Perhaps there is a gleam in his eye as he says this that suggests the pubs and the dives of Whitechapel. Let us not be intolerant in this matter of cakes and ale. Your lumpish cockney can find reason enough for objecting, if he wishes, to a cold bottle and a hot bird. And then there are bargemen and bargemen. To many a steering philosopher Saturday night means home; and you had better believe that he brings to it a warm heart and a fund of observation from his work-aday world.

Here is an elder who has the shrewd, homely visage of the traditional New England farmer. His lean flesh lies in folds upon the bones of his face. His very lips are tanned with exposure and scored with sharp lines; but his eyes twinkle with kindness. A bit of tobacco, a word, and above everything, a sympathetic silence, are all that are needed to start the flow of his observations.

Yes, if you have a sailing barge you can take your woman with you; but a canal-boat is better. (As he says this his eye rests on an inland voyager near by, in which husband and wife are laying the deck boards and battening down the tarpaulin for the night.) Women are mighty useful on a boat. That boat over there, now, came to port this morning; and before the man was about, the woman was cooking breakfast. There is a heap of comfort in a warm breakfast. When they lay to, waiting to unload, she got out her week's washing while he smoked. Look at her now, she lays three cover to his two. (Our Ulysses has tended lock on the Grand Junction Canal, and the women of one particular family that used to pass are still a moving memory in spite of his scored lips and his wrinkles.) Every girl in the lot had an arm as big as four of what his is now, and they had waists like a tree trunk. (Or like the Venus of Milo.) One Saturday afternoon it was a question of unloading a cargo of iron pipes. He would have given four men a day to do it, but the missus said she couldn't wait. She wanted to get on to the public-house for the evening. She put her old man and the son on one half the cargo, and took the other half with the eldest daughter, and she bet the old man an extra pint of ale that she would have her side clear first. In an hour and three-quarters the last tube was landed, and the women had finished ten minutes ahead of the men. Those were girls to look at! Large families on canal boats? He should say they had; they keep right on increasing. (Perhaps you suggest that the life is hard on the women. Ulysses laughs.) There was once a kind-hearted stevedore who thought so, and he tried to get a doctor. It was night and he could only find a nursing woman. She wore a gray cap with a streaming cloth on it, and a white bow under her chin, and they put her in a basket and swung her out onto the canal-boat on a crane; but, lord, when she lit the family had increased, so she might just as well have stayed at home. How many do they have? As many as come, and they all live together in an eight by ten galley. On Saturday night, when the old folks go to the public-house, the children play about the boat, in the charge of the eldest girl. One couple he knew was educated, and great on politics. The husband was Conservative and the wife was Liberal. The boys used to tip the wink to the bar-maid, and she would ask the old woman what she thought of the war in Africa. Then they had it back and forth. By and by the old woman got severe and refused to drink out of the same mug with him. Then she took to going to a different pub. The boys would follow and tell her that her man was over the way, and she would say to tell him to 'go soak his bloomin' 'ead.' They ain't all educated like those were; but they see a heap of travel. Some of them get as far as Reading, some as far as Leicester, and they see a sight of the world. (All this plunder of the seven seas about us, of course, means nothing in the way of travel.) But it's the old woman that does the work, while the old man smokes and captains the craft.

What a bundle of paradoxes is this thing we call civilization! How has it happened that among the sophisticated it is the man who works, while the woman captains—and smokes? Is it not all the fault of the philosophy that prefers forging ahead to steering?

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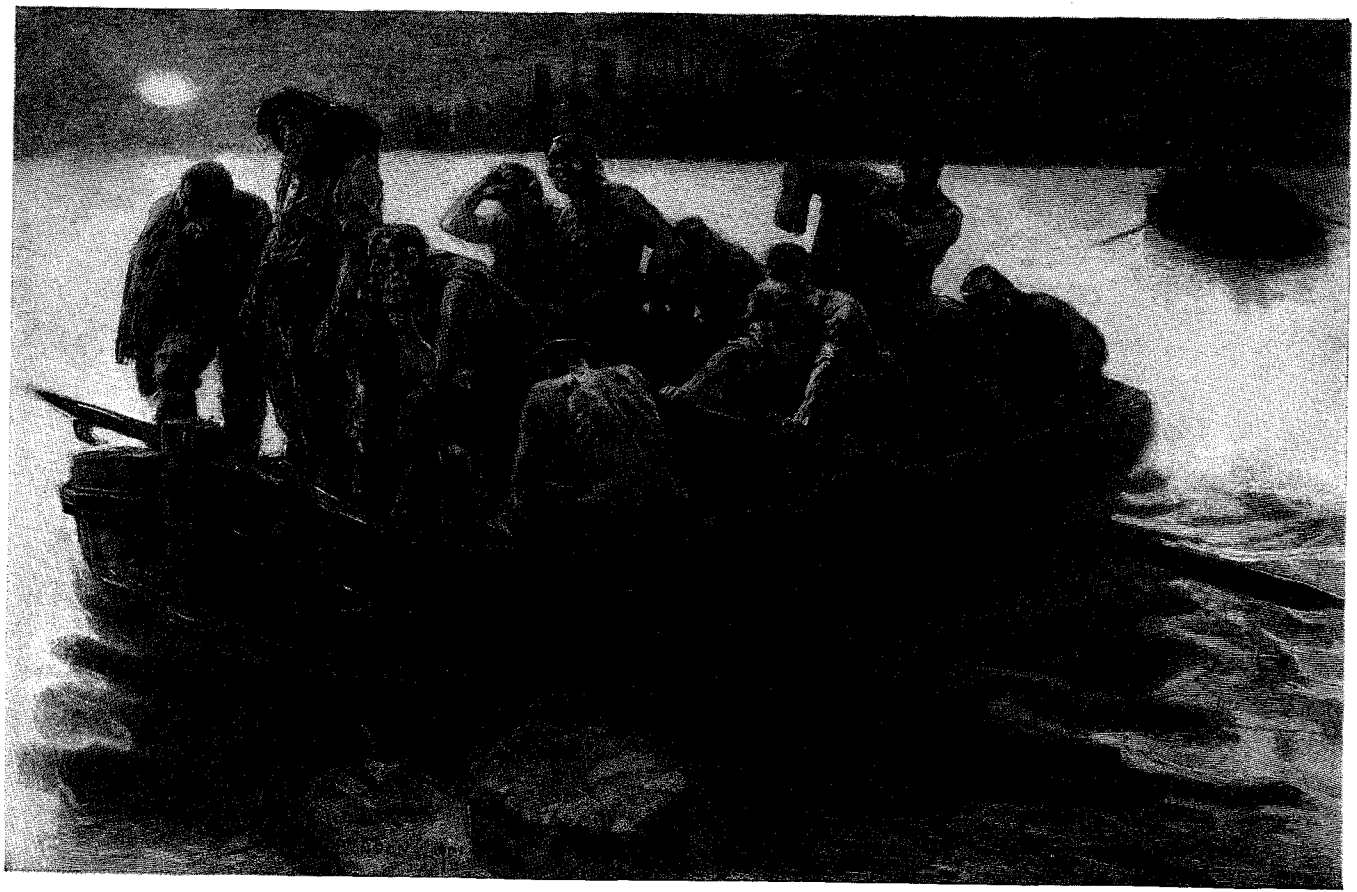

Boat-load of Knot Porters and Watermen Returning Home.

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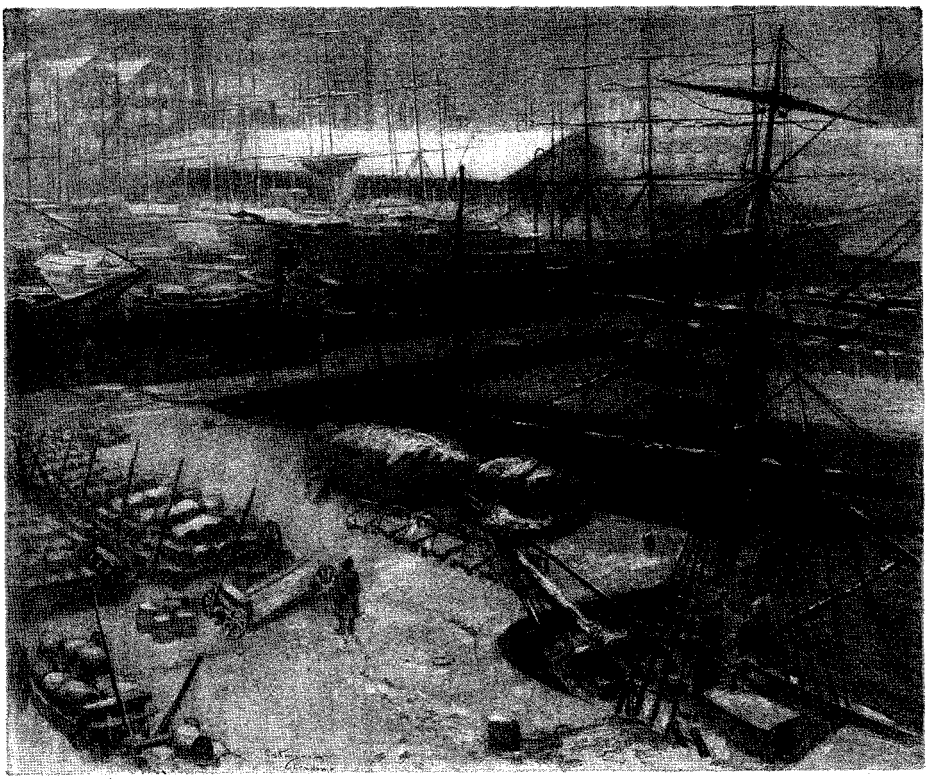

Winter Sunday on the Docks.

For some twenty centuries, the commerce of London has drifted up with the tide, and down with the tide. The strenuous Romans of old found a town of the Britains at Lin-dyn, and conquered it; and the strenuous Saxons conquered the town the Romans had left. The strenuous Danes made themselves masters of the Saxons, and then came the strenuous William of Normandy, and built the massive tower over there to dominate the city and port. But in London to-day the commerce still drifts, and is steered. None of the great ports of the world has had a longer or more varied history; it is the heart of the greatest of commercial nations, and the cradle of the mistress of the seas; but it is still regulated by the tide. It is at last well proved, this philosophy of drifting and steering. Who can say that it will not continue to rule the world for another 2,000 years? Its methods are not brilliant, but they are sure. The Englishman established popular liberties in groping unwritten institutions long before the nervous logic of the Gaul built its high edifice of liberty, equality, and fraternity—and shattered it. To-day even the American has still something to learn in England of liberty, if not of democracy. And as England has drifted into wealth and freedom, so, too, she has drifted into spiritual greatness, as this very Pool of London could testify. If you had stood on London Bridge five centuries ago, you might have seen the Comptroller of Customs, Geoffrey Chaucer, Esq., cheerfully at work on the quay, perhaps meditating a Canterbury tale as he levied the duties on a cargo of wool for export; and just beyond the bridge in Southwark you may still find a Tabard



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Inn, which is said to be on the site of the ever-famous resort of the Canterbury pilgrims. Three hundred years ago, if you had stood on London Bridge, you might have seen a local theatrical manager, Master William Shakespeare, crossing to the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, where the bargemen and sailormen of that day went for their bit of pleasure, and perhaps imparted to the poet that technicality of seamanship, at which the idolatrous Germans have marvelled, namely, that in a tempest you take in the topsail yarely. Have national academies and institutes ever produced men like those ?

Amid such memories the imagination takes kindly to the barge of the Thames and to its bargee, and cherishes them in remembrance. As the craft drifts out beneath London Bridge, its mast rises into place, its red sails unfurl and glow in the misty morning light, while drifting and sailing it passes out through the vast portal of Tower Bridge, and down the broad river reaches into the rising sun.

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# THE FORTUNES OF OLIVER HORN

## BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

### CHAPTER XI

#### AROUND THE MILO

STILL another new and far more bewildering world was opened to Oliver the night he entered the cast room of the school of the National Academy of Design and took his seat among the other students.

The title of the institution, high-sounding as it was, not only truthfully expressed the objects and purposes of its founders, but was wofully exact in the sense of its being national ; for outside the bare walls of these rooms there was hardly a student's easel to be found the country over.

And such forlorn, desolate rooms ; up two flights of dusty stairs, in a rickety, dingy old loft in a building off Broadway, within a few steps of Union Square—an auction-room on the ground floor and a bar-room in the rear. The largest of the Academy rooms was used for the annual exhibition of the Academicians and their associates, and the smaller ones for the students ; one, a better lighted apartment being filled with the usual collection of casts—the Milo, the Fighting Gladiator, Apollo Belvedere ; Venus de Medici, etc., etc. The other was devoted to the uses of the life class and its models. Not the nude—not in the class-room certainly—whatever may have been done in the studios—but the draped model—the old woman who washed for a living on the top floor, or one of her chubby children or buxom daughters, or perhaps the peddler who strayed in to sell his wares and left his head behind him on ten different canvases and in as many different positions.

The casts themselves were backed up against the walls ; some facing the windows for lights and darks, and others pushed toward the middle of the room, where the glow of the gas-jets could accentuate their better points. The Milo, by right of divinity, held the centre position—she is beautiful from any point of sight and available from any side ! The Theseus and the Gladiator stood in the corners, affording space for the stools of two or three students and their necessary easels. Scattered about on the coarse, white-washed walls were hung the smaller life casts—fragments of the body—an arm, leg, or hand—or sections of a head, and tucked in between could be found cheap lithographic productions of the work of the students and professors of the Paris and Düsseldorf schools. The gas-lights under which the students worked at

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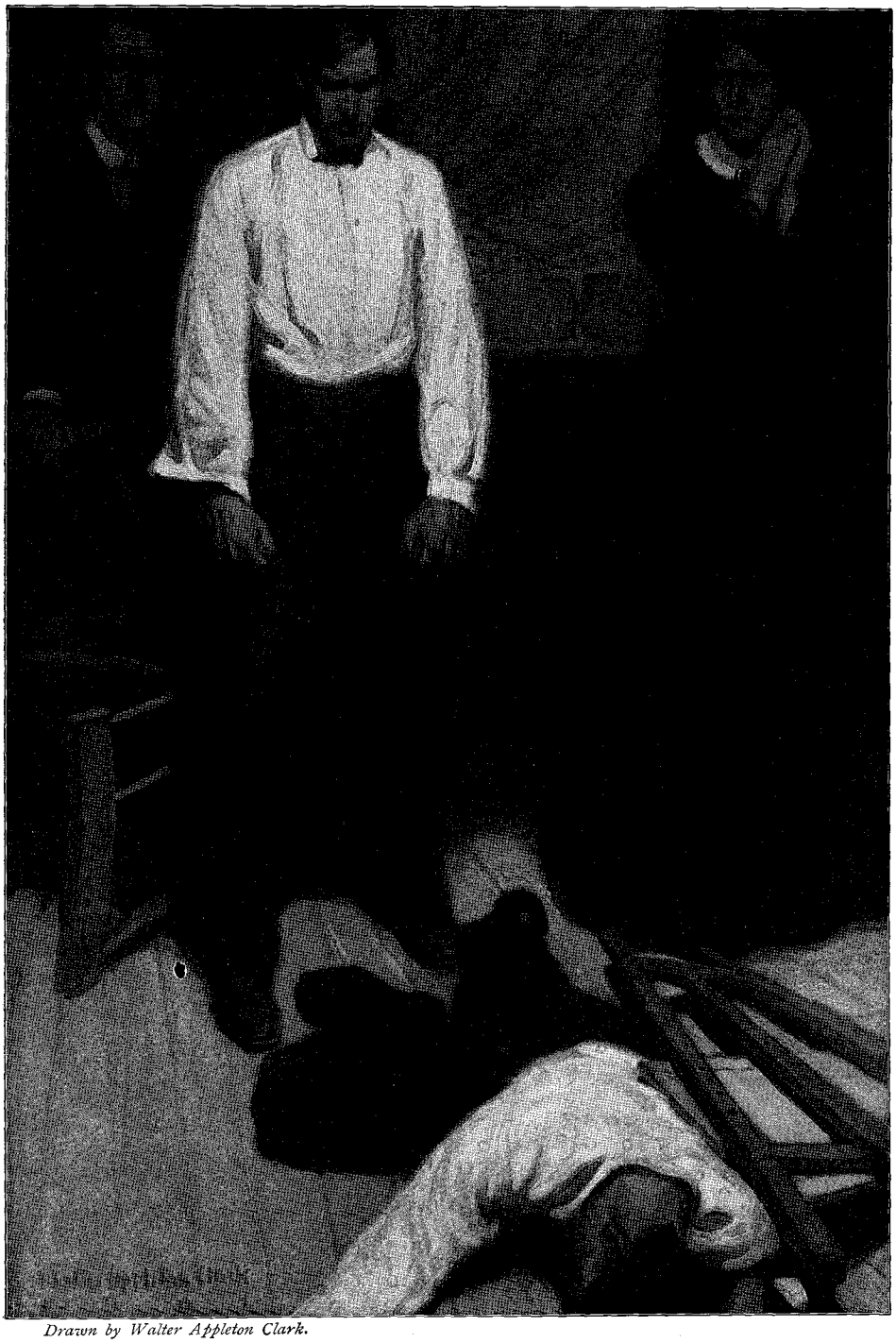

*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.*

Oliver standing over him with fists tightly clenched.—Page 278.

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night were hooded by cheap paper shades of the students' own fashioning, and the lower sashes of the windows were smeared with whitewash or covered with newspapers to concentrate the light. During working hours the drawing-boards were propped upon rude easels or slanted on overturned chairs, the students sitting on three-legged stools.

A gentle-voiced, earnest, whole-souled old man was the one only instructor presiding over this temple of art. He had devoted his whole life to the sowing of figs and the reaping of thistles, and in his old age was just beginning to see the shoots of a new art forcing their way through the dull clay of American civilization. Once in awhile, as assistants in this almost hopeless task, there would stray into his classroom some of the painters who, unconsciously, were founding a national art and in honor of whom a grateful nation will one day search the world over for marble white enough on which to perpetuate their memories: men as distinct in their aims, methods, and results as was that other group of unknown and despised immortals starving together at that very time in a French village across the sea. And men equally deserving of the esteem and gratitude of their countrymen.

Oliver knew the names of these distinguished visitors to the Academy, as did all the other members of the Skylarks, and he knew their work. The pictures of George Innis, Sanford Gifford, Kensett, McEntee, Hart, Eastman Johnson, Hubbard, Church, Casilaer, Whittredge, and the others had been frequently discussed around the piano on the top floor at Miss Teetum's, and their merits and supposed demerits often hotly contested. He had met Kensett once at the house of Mr. Slade, and McEntee had been pointed out to him as he left the theatre one night, but few of the others had ever crossed his path.

Of the group Gifford appealed to him most. One golden "Venice" of the painter, which hung in a picture-store, always delighted him—a stretch of the Lagoon with a cluster of butterfly sails and a far-away line of palaces, towers, and domes lying like a string of pearls on the horizon. There was another of Kensett's, a point of rocks thrust out like a mailed hand into a blue sea; and a McEntee of October woods, all brown and gold; but the Gifford he had never forgotten; nor will anyone else who has seen it.

That particular night, therefore, when a slender, dark-haired man in loose gray clothes sauntered into the class-room and moved around among the easels, giving a suggestion here and a word of praise there, became all the more memorable to our young hero when Professor Cummings touched him on the shoulder and said: "Mr. Gifford likes your drawing very much, Mr. Horn."

Oliver's fellow-students were from all stations in life. They were young and old. All of them were poor. Most of them were struggling along in kindred professions and occupations, as engravers, house-painters, lithographers, wood-carvers. Two or three were sign-painters. One of these—a big-boned, blue-eyed young fellow, who drew in charcoal from the cast at night, and who sketched the ships in the harbor during the day—came from Kennedy Square, or rather from one of the side streets leading out of it. There can still be found over the door of what was once his shop—he had started life as a sign-painter—a weather-beaten example of his skill in gold letters, the product of his own hand. Above the signature is, or was some ten years since, a small decorative panel showing a strip of yellow sand, a black dot of a boat and a line of blue sky, so true in tone and sure in composition that when Mr. Crocker first passed that way and stood before it—as did Robinson Crusoe over Friday's footprint—he was so astonished to find another artist besides himself in the town, that he turned into the shop, and finding only a young mechanic at work, said:

"Go to New York, young man, and study, you've got a career before you."

The old landscape-painter was a sure prophet; little pen-and-ink sketches bearing the initials of this same sign-painter now sell for more than their weight in gold, while his larger canvases on the walls of our museums and galleries hold their place beside the work of the marine painters of our own and other times and will for many a day to come.

This exile from Kennedy Square had been the first man to shake Oliver's hand the night he entered the cast-room. Social



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distinctions had no place in this atmosphere. It was the fellow who in his work came closest to the curve of the shoulder, or to the poise of the head who proved, in the eyes of his fellow-students, his possession of an ancestry. But the ancestry was one that skipped over the Mayflower and went straight back to the great Michael and Rembrandt.

"I'm Jack Bedford, the sign-painter," he said, heartily. "You and I came from the same town," and as they grasped each other's hands, a new friendship was added to Oliver's rapidly increasing list.

Oliver's seat was next to Fred, with Jack Bedford on his right. He had asked to join this group not only because he wanted to be near his two friends but because he wanted still more to be near the Milo. He had himself selected a certain angle of the head because he had worked from that same point of sight with Mr. Crocker, and it had delighted him beyond measure when the professor allowed him to place his stool so that he could almost duplicate his earlier drawing. His ambition was to get into the life class, and the quickest road, he knew, lay through a good cast drawing. Every night for a week, therefore, he had followed the wonderful lines of the Milo's beautiful body which seemed to grow with warmth under the flare of the over-hanging gas-jets.

These favored life students occupied the room next to the casts. Mother Mulligan, in full regalia of apron and broom, often sat there as a model. Oliver had recognized her portrait at once; so can anyone else who looks over the early studies of half the painters of the time.

"Oh, it's you, is it—" Mrs. Mulligan herself had cried when she met Oliver in the hall, "the young gentleman that saved Miss Margaret's dog? She'll be here next week herself—she's gone home for a while up into the mountains, where her old father and mother live. I told her many times about ye, and she'll be that pleased to meet ye, now that you're *wan* of us."

It was delightful to hear her accent the "wan." Mother Mulligan always thought the institution rested on her broad shoulders, and that the students were part of her family.

The old woman could also have told Oliver of Margaret's arrival at the school, and of the impression which she, the first and only girl student, made on entering at night to take her place before an easel. But of the reason of her coming Mrs. Mulligan could have told nothing, nor why Margaret had been willing to exchange the comforts of a home among the New Hampshire hills for the narrow confines of a third-story back room with Mrs. Mulligan as housekeeper and chaperon.

Fred knew all about it, of course, and how it had all come about through a cousin of Margaret's who lived on a farm near her father. This cousin had one day, years before, left his plough standing in the furrow and had apprenticed himself to a granite-cutter in the next town. Later on he had graduated in gravestones, and then in bas-reliefs, and finally had won a medal in Rome for a figure of "Hope," which was to mark the grave of a millionnaire at home.

When the statue was finished, ready to be set up, this cousin had come home to Brookfield. He did not look as if he had ever been a farmer's boy the day Margaret caught sight of him coming up the garden path of her father's house. He wore a square-cut beard and straight-cut mustaches with needle-points, and funny shoes with square toes. She was disposed to laugh at him until he began to tell her stories of the wonderful cities beyond the sea and of his life among the painters and sculptors. Then she showed him her own drawings, searching his face anxiously with her big brown eyes. He had been so astounded and charmed by their delicacy and truth, that he had pleaded with her father—an obstinate old Puritan—to send her to New York to study. This, Margaret's father refused point-blank to do, only giving his consent at the last when her brother John, who had been graduated from Dartmouth and knew something of the outside world, had joined his voice to that of her mother and her own.

When, she at last entered the classroom of the Academy the students looked askance at her; the usual talk ceased and for a time there was an uncomfortable restraint everywhere, until the men found her laughing quietly at their whispered jokes about her. After that the "red-headed girl in blue gingham," as she was

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called, became, by virtue of that spirit of *camaraderie* which a common pursuit develops, "one of us" in spirit as well as in occupation.

Fred had described it all to Oliver, and every night when Oliver came in from the hall, his eyes had wandered over the group of students in the hope of seeing the strange person. A girl studying art, or anything else for that matter, seemed to him to be as incongruous as for a boy to learn dress-making or for a woman to open a barber shop. He knew her type, he said to himself: she would be thin, and awkward, with an aggressive voice which would jar on the stillness of the room. And she would believe in the doctrines of Elizabeth Cady Stanton—a name never mentioned by his mother except apologetically and in a low voice—and when she became older she would address meetings and become conspicuous in church and have her name printed in the daily papers.

Our hero's mind was intent upon these phases of character always to be found, of course, in a girl who would unsex herself to the extent that Miss Grant had done, when a rich, full, well-modulated voice sounding over his shoulder said:

"Excuse me, but Mother Mulligan tells me that you are Mr. Horn, Fred Stone's friend. I want to thank you for taking care of my poor Juno. It was very good of you. I am Margaret Grant."

She had approached him without his seeing her. He turned quickly to accost her and immediately lost so much of his breath that he could only stammer his thanks, and the hope that Juno still enjoyed the best of health. But the deep brown eyes did not waver after acknowledging his reply, nor the smile about the mouth relax.

"And I'm so glad you've come at last," she went on. "Fred has told me how you wanted to draw and couldn't. I know something myself of what it is to hunger after a thing and not get it."

He was on his feet now, the bit of charcoal still between his fingers, his shirt-cuff rolled back to give his hand more freedom. His senses were coming back, too, and there was buoyancy as well as youth in his face.

"Yes, I do love it," said Oliver, and his eyes wandered over her wonderful hair that looked like brown gold illumined by slants of sunshine, and then they rested for an instant on her eyes. "I drew with old Mr. Crocker at home, but we only had one cast, just the head of the Milo, and I was the only pupil. Here everything helps me. What are you at work on, Miss Grant?"

"I'm doing the Milo, too; my seat is right in front of yours. Oh! what a good beginning," and she bent over his drawing-board. "Why, this can't be your first week," and she scanned it closely. "One minute—a little too full under the chin, isn't it?" She picked up a piece of chalk, and pointed to the shaded lines, looking first with half-closed eyes at the full-sized cast before them, and then at the drawing.

"Yes, I think you're right," said Oliver, studying the cast also with half-closed eyes. "How will that do?" and he smudged the shadow with his finger-tip.

"Just right," she answered. "How well you have the character of the face. Isn't she lovely!—I know of nothing so beautiful. There is such a queenly, womanly, self-poised simplicity about her."

Oliver thought so too, and said so with his eyes, only it was of a face framed in brown-gold that he was thinking and not of one of white plaster. He was touched too by the delicate way in which she had commended his drawings. It was the "woman" in her that pleased him, just as it had been in Sue—that subtle, dominating influence which our fine gentleman could never resist.

He shifted his stool a little to one side so that he could see her the better unobserved while she was arranging her seat and propping up her board. He noticed that, although her face was tanned by the weather, her head was set on a neck of singular whiteness. Underneath, where the back hair was tucked up, his eye caught some delicate filmy curls which softened the line between her throat and head and shone in the light like threads of gold. The shoulders sloped and the whole fulness of her figure tapered to a waist firmly held by a leather belt. A wholesome girl, he thought to himself, and good to look at, and with a certain rhythmic grace about her movements.

Her crowning glory, though, was her

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hair, which was parted over her forehead and caught in a simple twist behind. As the light fell upon it he observed again how full it was of varying tones like those found in the crinklings of a satin gown—yellow-gold one minute and dark brown the next. Oliver wondered how long this marvellous hair might be, and whether it would reach to the floor if it should burst its fastenings, and whether Sir Peter Lely would have loved it too could he have seen this flood of gold bathing her brow and shoulders.

He found it delightful to work within a few feet of her, silent as they had to be, for much talking was discountenanced by the professor. Often hours passed without any sound being heard in the room but that of the scrapings of the chairs on the bare floor or the shifting of an easel.

Two or three times during the evening the old professor would emerge from his room and overlook each drawing, patiently pointing out the defects and as patiently correcting them. He had evidently been impressed with Oliver's progress, for he remarked to Miss Grant, in a low voice :

"The new student draws well—he is doing first-rate," and passed on. Oliver caught the expression of satisfaction on the professor's face and interpreted it as in some way applying to his work, although he did not catch the words.

The old man rarely had to criticise Margaret's work. The suggestions made to her came oftener from the students, than from the professor himself, or any one of the visiting critics. In these criticisms, not only of her own work but of the others, everyone took part, each leaving his stool and helping in the discussion, when the work of the night was over. Fred's more correct eye, for instance, would be invaluable to Jack Bedford, the ex-sign-painter, who was struggling with the profile of the gladiator ; or Margaret, who could detect at a glance the faintest departure from the lines of the original, would shorten a curve on Oliver's drawing, or he in turn would advise her about the depth of a shadow or the spot for a high light.

As the nights went by and Oliver studied her the closer, the New England girl became all the more inexplicable to him. She was, he could not but admit, like no other woman he had ever met ; certainly not in his present surroundings. She really seemed to belong to some fabled race—one of the Amazons, the Rhine maidens, or Norse queens for whom knights couched their lances. It was useless to compare her to any one of the girls about Kennedy Square, for she had nothing in common with any one of them. Could it be that she was unhappy among her own people, and had thus exiled herself from her home, or had some love-affair blighted her life. Or could it be, as Fred had suggested, that she was willing to undergo all these discomforts and privations simply for love of her art ? As this possible solution of the vexing problem rose in his mind, with the vision of Margaret herself before him, the blood mounted to his cheeks and an uncontrollable thrill of enthusiasm swept over him. He could forgive her anything if this motive had really controlled and shaped her life.

Had he seen the more closely and with prophetic vision, he would have discerned in this Norse queen with the golden hair the mother of a long line of daughters who, in the days to follow, would hang their triumphant shields beside those of their brothers, winning equal recognition in salon and gallery and conferring equal honor on their country. But Oliver's vision was no keener than the vision of anyone else about him. It was the turn of Margaret's head that caught the young student's eye and the masses of brown-gold hair. With the future he had no concern.

What attracted him most of all in this woman who had violated all the known traditions of Kennedy Square, was a certain fearlessness of manner—an independence, a perfect ingenuousness and a freedom from any desire to interest the students in herself. When she looked at any one of them, it was never from under drooping eyelids, as Sue would have done, nor with that coquettish, alluring glance to which he had always been accustomed in Kennedy Square. She looked straight at them with unflinching eyes that said, "I can trust you, and *will*." He had never seen exactly that look except in the portrait of his uncle's grandmother by Sir Peter Lely—the picture he had always

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loved. Strange to say, too, the eyes of the portrait were Margaret's eyes, and so was the color of the hair.

No vexed problems entered Margaret's head regarding the very engaging young gentleman who sat behind *her* stool. He merely represented to her another student —that was all; the little band was small enough, and she was glad to see the new ones come. She noticed, it is true, certain differences in him—a peculiar, soft cadence in his voice as the words slipped from his lips without their final *g's;* a certain deference to herself—standing until she regained her seat, an attention which she attributed at first to embarrassment over his new surroundings and to his desire to please. There was, too, a certain grace in his movements that attracted her, especially in the way in which he used his hands, and in the way in which he threw his head up when he laughed; but even these differences ceased to interest her after the first night of their meeting.

But it did not occur to her that he came from any different stock than the others about her, or that his blood might or might not be a shade bluer than her own. What had really impressed her more than anything else—and this only flashed into her mind while she was looking in the glass one night at her own—were his big white teeth, white as grains of corn, and the cleanliness of his hands and nails. She liked these things about him. Some of the fingers that rested on her drawing-board were often more like clothes-pins than fingers, and shocked her not a little; some, too, were stained with acids, and one or more with printer's ink that no soap could remove.

Oliver in fact became one of the class-room appointments—a young man who sat one stool behind her and was doing fairly well with his first attempt, and who would some day be able to make a creditable drawing if he had patience and application and kept at it.

At the beginning of the second week a new student appeared—or rather an old one, who had been laid up at home for a week or more with a cold. When Oliver arrived he found him in Margaret's seat, his easel standing where hers had been. He had a full-length drawing of the Milo — evidently the work of days — nearly finished on his board. Oliver was himself a little ahead of time—ahead of either Margaret or Fred, and had noticed the new-comer when he entered, the room being nearly empty. Jack Bedford was already at work.

"Horn," Jack cried, and beckoned to Oliver—"see the beggar in Miss Grant's seat. Won't there be a jolly row when she comes in."

Margaret entered a moment later, her portfolio under her arm, and stood taking in the situation. Then she walked straight to her former seat, and said, in a firm but kindly tone:

"This is my place, sir. I've been at work here for a week. You see my drawing is nearly done."

The young man looked up. He toiled all day in a lithographer's shop, and these precious nights in the loft were his only glimpses of happiness. He sat without his coat, his shirt-sleeves liberally smeared with the color-stains of his trade.

"Well, it's my place, too. I sat here a week before I was taken sick," he said, in a slightly indignant tone, looking into Margaret's face in astonishment.

"But if you did," continued Margaret, "you see I am nearly through. I can't take another seat, for I'll lose the angle. I can finish in an hour if you will please give me this place to-night. You can draw just as well by sitting a few feet farther along."

The lithographer, without replying, turned from her impatiently, bent over his easel, picked up a fresh bit of charcoal and corrected a line on the Milo's shoulder. So far as he was concerned the argument was closed.

Margaret stood patiently. She thought at first he was merely adding a last touch to his drawing before granting her request.

"Will you let me have the seat?" she asked.

"No," he blurted out. He was still bending over his drawing, his eyes fixed on the work. He did not even look up. "I'm goin' to stay here until I finish. You know the rules as well as I do. I wouldn't take your seat—what do you want to take mine for?" There was no animosity in his voice. He spoke as if announcing a fact.

The words had hardly left his lips when

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there came the sound of a chair being quickly pushed back, and Oliver stood beside Margaret. His eyes were flashing; his right shirt-cuff was rolled back, the bit of charcoal still between his fingers. Every muscle of his body was tense with anger. Margaret's quick instinct took in the situation at a glance. She saw Oliver's wrath and she knew its cause.

"Don't, Mr. Horn, please—please!" she cried, putting up her hand. "I'll begin another drawing. I see now that I took his seat when he was away, although I didn't know it."

Oliver stepped past her. "Get up, sir," he said, "and give Miss Grant her seat. What do you mean by speaking so to a lady?"

The apprentice — his name was Judson—raised his eyes quickly, took in Oliver's tense, muscular figure standing over him, and said, with a contemptuous wave of the hand:

"Young feller—you go and cool off somewhere, or I'll tell the professor. It's none of your business. I know the rules and——"

He never finished the sentence—not that anybody heard. He was floundering on the floor, an overturned easel and drawing-board lying across his body; Oliver standing over him with fists tightly clenched.

"I'll teach you how to behave to a lady." The words sounded as if they came from between closed teeth. "Here's your chair, Miss Grant," and with a slight bow he placed the chair before her and resumed his seat with as much composure as if he had been in his mother's drawing-room in Kennedy Square.

Margaret was so astounded that for a moment she could not speak. Then her voice came back to her. "I don't want it," she cried, in a half-frightened way, the tears starting in her eyes. "It was never mine—I told you so. Oh, what have you done?"

Never since the founding of the school had there been such a scene. The students jumped from their chairs and crowded about the group. The life class, which were at work in another room, startled by the uproar, swarmed out eager to know what had happened and why—and who—and what for. Old Mother Mulligan, who had been posing for the class, with a cloak about her fat shoulders and a red handkerchief binding up her head, rushed over to Margaret, thinking she had been hurt in some way, until she saw the student on the floor, still panting and half dazed from the effect of Oliver's blow. Then she fell on her knees beside him.

At this instant Professor Cummings entered, and a sudden hush fell upon the room. Judson, with the help of Mother Mulligan's arm, had picked himself up, and would have made a rush at Oliver had not big Jack Bedford stopped him.

"Who's to blame for this?" asked the professor, looking from one to the other.

Oliver rose from his seat.

"This man insulted Miss Grant and I threw him out of her chair," he answered, quietly.

"Insulted you!" cried the professor, in surprise, and he turned to Margaret. "What did he say?"

"I never said a word to her," whined Judson, straightening his collar. "I told her the seat was mine, and so it is. That wasn't insulting her."

"It's all a mistake, professor—Mr. Horn did not understand," protested Margaret. "It *was* his seat, not mine. He began his drawing first. I didn't know it when I commenced mine. I told Mr. Horn so."

"Why did you strike him?" asked the professor, and he faced Oliver.

"Because he had no business to speak to her as he did. She is the only lady we have among us and every man in the class ought to remember it, and every man has since I've been here except this one."

There was a slight murmur of applause. Judson's early training had been neglected as far as his manners went, and he was not popular.

The professor looked searchingly into Oliver's eyes and a flush of pride in the boy's pluck tinged his pale cheeks. He had once thrown a fellow student out of a window in Munich himself for a similar offence, and old as he was he had never forgotten it.

"You come from the South, Mr. Horn, I hear," he said in a gentler voice, "and you are all a hot-tempered race, and often do foolish things. Judson meant no

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harm—he says so, and Miss Grant says so. Now you two shake hands and make up. We are trying to learn to draw here, not to batter each other's heads."

Oliver's eyes roved from one to the other; he was too astonished to make further reply. He had only done what he knew every other man around Kennedy Square would have done under similar circumstances, and what any other woman would have thanked him for. Why was everybody here against him—even the girl herself! What sort of people were these who would stand by and see a woman insulted and make no defence or outcry. He could not have looked his father in the face again, nor Sue, nor anyone else in Kennedy Square, if he had done differently.

For a moment he hesitated, his eyes searching each face. He had hoped that someone who had witnessed the outrage would come forward and uphold his act. When no voice broke the stillness he crossed the room and taking the lithographer's hand extended rather sullenly, answered, quietly: "If Miss Grant is satisfied, I am," and peace was once more restored.

Margaret sharpened her charcoals and bent over her drawing. She was so agitated she could not trust herself to touch its surface. "If I am *satisfied*," she kept repeating to herself. The words, somehow, seemed to carry a reproach with them. "Why shouldn't I be satisfied? I have no more rights in the room than the other students about me; that is, I thought I hadn't until I heard what he said. How foolish for him to cause all this fuss about nothing, and make me so conspicuous."

But even as she said the words to herself she remembered Oliver's tense figure and the look of indignation on his face. She had never been accustomed to seeing men take up the cudgels for women. There had been no opportunity, perhaps, nor cause, but even if there had been, she could think of no one whom she had ever met who would have done as much for her, just because she was a woman.

A little sob, which she could not have explained to herself, welled up to her throat. Much as she gloried in her own self-reliance, there was something in which she suddenly and unexpectedly found herself exulting still more—that quality in the man who had just defended her, which had compelled him instantly to protect her, to take her part. Then the man himself! the man who had had the courage, strength, and skill to carry his point in her defence. How straight and strong and handsome he was as he stood looking at Judson, and then the uplifted arm, the quick spring, and, best of all, the calm, graceful way in which he had handed her the chair! She could not get the picture out of her mind. Last, she remembered the chivalrous look in his face when he held out his hand to the man who a moment before had received its full weight about his throat. This pleased her most of all.

She had not regained mastery over herself even when she leaned across her drawing-board, pretending to be absorbed in her work. The curves of the Milo seemed in some strange way to have melted into the semblance of the outlines of other visions sunk deep in her soul since the days of her childhood. Visions which for years past had been covered over by the ice of a cold, hard puritanical training, which had prevented any bubbles of sentiment from ever rising to the surface of her heart. As remembrances of them rushed through her mind the half-draped woman, with the face of the Madonna and the soul of the Universal Mother shining through every line of her beautiful body, no longer stood before her. It was a knight in glittering armor now, with drawn sword and vizor up, beneath which looked out the face of a beautiful youth aflame with the fire of a holy zeal. She caught the flash of the sun on his breastplate of silver, and the sweep of his blade, and heard his clarion voice sing out. And then again, as she closed her eyes, this calm, lifeless cast became a gallant, blue-eyed prince, who knelt beside her and kissed her finger-tips, his doffed plumes trailing at her feet.

When the band of students were leaving the rooms that night, Margaret called Oliver to her side, and extending her hand, said, with a direct simplicity that carried conviction in every tone of her voice and in which no trace of her former emotions were visible:

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"I hope you'll forgive me, Mr. Horn. I'm all alone here in the city and I have grown so accustomed to depending on myself that, perhaps, I failed to understand how you felt about it. I am very grateful to you. Good-night."

She had turned away before he could do more than express his regret over the occurrence. He wanted to follow her; to render her some assistance; to comfort her in some way. It hurt him to see her go out alone into the night. He wished he might offer his arm, escort her home, make some atonement for the pain he had caused her. But there was a certain proud poise of the head and swift glance of the eye which held him back.

While he stood undecided whether to break through her reserve and join her, he saw Mrs. Mulligan come out of the basement, stop a passing stage, and helping Margaret in, take the seat beside her.

"I am glad she does not go out alone," he said to himself and turned away.

## CHAPTER XII

### BELOW MOOSE HILLOCK

THE political situation necessitated the exercise of economies in every department of business life, and it was not long before the bare rooms of the Academy School began to suffer.

One night the students found the gas turned out and a small card tacked on the door of the outer hall. It read—

> SCHOOL CLOSED FOR WANT OF FUNDS. WILL PERHAPS BE OPENED IN THE AUTUMN.

Signs of like character were not unusual in the history of the school. The wonder was, considering the vicissitudes through which the Academy had passed, that it was opened at all. From the institution's earlier beginnings in the old house on Bond Street, to its flight from the loft close to Grace Church and then to the abandoned building opposite the old hotel near Washington Square, where Amos Cobb always stayed when he came to New York, and so on down to its own home on Broadway, its history had been one long struggle for recognition and support.

This announcement, bitter enough as it was to Oliver, was followed by another even more startling, when he reached the office next day, and Mr. Slade called him into his private room.

"Mr. Horn," said his employer, motioning Oliver to a seat and drawing his chair close beside him so that he could lay his hand upon the young man's knee, "I am very sorry to tell you that after the first of June we shall be obliged to lay you off. It is not because we are dissatisfied with your services, for you have been a faithful clerk, and we all like you and wish you could stay, but the fact is if this repudiation goes on we will all be ruined. I'm not going to discharge you; I'm only going to give you a holiday for a few months. Then, if the war scare blows over we want you back again. I appreciate that this has come as suddenly upon you as it has upon us, and I hope you will not feel offended when, in addition to your salary I hand you the firm's check for an extra amount. You must not look upon it as a gift, for you have earned every cent of it."

These two calamities were duly reported to his mother by our young hero, sitting alone, as he wrote, up in his sky-parlor, crooning over his dismal coke fire. "Was he, then, to begin over again the weary tramping of the streets," he said to himself. "And the future! What did that hold in store for him? Would the time ever come when he could follow the bent of his tastes? He was getting on so well—even Miss Grant had said so—and it had not interfered with his work at the store either. The check in his pocket proved that."

His mother's answer made his heart bound with joy.

"Take Mr. Slade at his word. He is your friend and means what he says. Find a place for the summer where you can live cheaply and where the little money which you now have will pay your way. In the fall you can return to your work. Don't think of coming home, much as I should like to put my arms around you. I cannot spare the money to bring you here now, as I have just paid the interest on the mortgage.

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Moreover, the whole of Kennedy Square is upset, and our house seems to be the centre of disturbance. Your father's views on slavery are well known, and he is already being looked upon with disfavor by some of our neighbors. At the club the other night he and Judge Bowman had some words which were very distressing to me. Mr. Cobb was present, and was the only one who took your father's part. Your father, as you may imagine, is very anxious over the political situation, but I cannot think our people are going to fight and kill each other, as Colonel Clayton predicts they will before another year has passed."

Oliver's heart bounded like a loosened balloon as he laid down his mother's letter and began pacing the room. Neither the political outlook, nor club discussions, nor even his mother's hopes and fears, concerned him. It was the sudden loosening of all his bonds that thrilled him. Four months to do as he pleased in—the dreadful mortgage out of the way for six months; his mother willing, and he with money enough in his pocket to pay his way without calling upon her for a penny! Was there ever such luck! All care rolled from his shoulders — even the desire to see his mother and Sue and those whom he loved at home was forgotten in the rosy prospect before him.

Long before the June days came he had packed his old hair trunk—there were other and more modern trunks to be had, but Oliver loved this one because it had been his father's—gathered his painting materials together—his easel, brushes, leather case and old slouch hat that he wore to fish in at home—and spent his time counting the days and hours when he could leave the world behind him and, as he told Fred, "begin to live."

He was not alone in this planning for a summer exodus. The other students had indeed all cut their tether strings and disappeared long before his own freedom came. Jack Bedford had gone to the coast to live with a fisherman and paint the surf, and Fred was with his people away up near the lakes. As for the lithographers, sign-painters, and beginners, they were spending their evenings somewhere else than in the old room under the shaded gas-jets. Even Margaret, so Mother Mulligan told him, was up "wid her folks, somewheres."

"And she was that broken-hearted," she added, "whin they shut up the school —bad cess to 'em! Oh, ye would a-nigh kilt yerself wid grief to a-seen her, poor darlint."

"Where is her home?" asked Oliver, ignoring the tribute to his sympathetic tendencies. He had no reason for asking, except that she had been the only lady among them, and he accordingly felt that a certain courtesy was due her even in her absence.

"I've bothered me head loose tryin' to remimber, but for the soul o' me I can't. It's cold enough up there, I know, to freeze ye solid, for Miss Margaret had wan o' her ears nipped last time she was home."

Of course Oliver told Mr. Slade of his plans at once, and read him part of his mother's letter.

"Very sensible woman, your mother," his employer answered, with his bluff heartiness. "Just the thing for you to do; and I've got the very spot for you. Go to Ezra Pollard's. He lives up in the mountains at a little place called East Branch, on the edge of a wilderness. I fish there every spring, and I'll give you a letter to him."

And so one fine morning in June, with Oliver bursting with happiness, the hair trunk and the leather case and sketching umbrella were thrown out at a New England way station in the gray dawn from a train in which Oliver had spent the night curled up on one of the seats.

Just as he had expected the old coach that was to carry him was waiting beside the platform. There was a rush for top seats, and Oliver got the one beside the driver, and the trunk and traps were stored in the boot under the driver's seat—it was a very small trunk and took up but little room—and Marvin cracked his whip and away everybody went, the dogs barking behind and the women waving their aprons from the porches of the low houses facing the road.

And it was a happy young fellow who filled his lungs with the fresh air of the morning and held on to the iron rail of the top seat as they bumped over the "Thank

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ye marms," and who asked the driver innumerable questions which it was part of the noted whip's duty and always his pleasure to answer. The squirrels darted across the road as if to get a look at the enthusiast and then ran for their lives to escape the wheels; and the crows heard the rumble and rose in a body from the sparse cornfields for a closer view; and the big trees arched over his head, cooling the air and casting big shadows, and even the sun kept peeping over the edge of the hills from behind some jutting rock or clump of pines or hemlock as if bent on lighting up his face so that everybody could see how happy he was.

As the day wore on and the coach rattled over the big open bridge that spanned the rushing mountain-stream, Oliver's eye caught, far up the vista, the little dent in the line of blue that stood low against the sky. The driver said this was the Notch and that the big hump to the right was Moose Hillock, and that Ezra's cabin nestled at its feet and was watered by the rushing stream, only it was a jolly little brook away up there that anybody could step over.

"'Taint bigger'n yer body where it starts out fresh up in them mountings," the driver said, touching his leaders behind their ears with the lash of his whip. "Runs clean 'round Ezra's, and's jest as chuck-full o' trout, be gosh, as a hive is o' bees."

And the swing and the freedom of it all! No office hours to keep; no boxes to nail up and roll out—nothing but sweetness and cool draughts of fresh mountain-air, and big trees that he wanted to get down and hug; and jolly laughing brooks that ran out to meet him and called to him as he trotted along, or as the horses did, which was the same thing, he being part of the team.

And the day! Had there ever been such another? And the sky, too, filled with soft white clouds that sailed away over his head—the little ones far in advance and already crowding up the Notch, which was getting nearer every hour.

And Marvin the driver—what a character he was and how quaint his speech. And the cabins by the road, with their trim fences and winter's wood piled up so neatly under the sheds—all so different from any which he had seen at the South and all so charming and exhilarating.

Never had he been so happy!

And why not? Twenty-three and in perfect health, without a care, and for the first time in all his life doing what he wanted most to do, with opportunities opening up every hour for doing what he believed he could do best.

Oh, for some planet where such young saplings can grow without hindrance from the ignorant and the unsympathetic; where they can reach out for the sun on all sides and stretch their long arms skyward; where each vine can grow as it would in all the luxuriance of its nature, free from the pruning-knife of criticism and the strait-laced trellis of conventionality,—a planet on which the Puritan with his creeds, customs, fads, issues, and dogmas never set foot. Where every round peg fits a round hole, and men toil with a will and with unclouded brows because their hearts find work for their hands and each day's task is a joy.

If the road and the country on each side of it, and the giant trees, now that they neared the mountains, and the deep ravines and busy, hurrying brooks had each inspired some exclamation of delight from Oliver, the first view of Ezra's cabin filled him so full of uncontrollable delight that he could hardly keep his seat long enough for Marvin to rein in his horses and get down and swing back the gate that opened into the pasture surrounding the house.

"Got a boarder for ye, Ezra," Marvin called to Oliver's prospective host, who had come down to meet the stage and get his empty butter-pails. Then, in a lower tone: "Sezs he's a painter chap, and that Mr. Slade sent him up. He's goin' to bunk in with ye all summer, he sezs. Seems like a knowin', happy kind er young feller."

They were pulling the pails from the rear boot, each one tied up in a wheat-sack, with a card marked "Ezra Pollard" sewed on the outside to distinguish it from the property of other East Branch settlers up and down the road.

Oliver had slipped from his seat and was tugging at his hair trunk. He did not know that the long, thin, slab-sided old fellow in a slouch hat, hickory shirt

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held up by one suspender, and heavy cowhide boots was his prospective landlord. He supposed him to be the hired man, and that he would find Mr. Pollard waiting for him in the little sitting-room with the windows full of geraniums that looked so inviting and picturesque.

"Marve sez you're lookin' fur me. Come along. Glad ter see ye."

"Are you Mr. Pollard?" His surprise not only marked the tones of his voice but the expression of his face.

"No, jes' Ezry Pollard, that's all. Hope Mr. Slade's up and hearty?"

Mr. Slade was never so "up and hearty" as was Oliver that next morning.

Up with the sun he was, and hearty as a young buck out of a bed of mountain-moss.

"Time to be movin', ain't it?" came Ezra Pollard's voice, shouting up the unpainted staircase, tumbling Oliver out of bed in a jiffy. "Hank's drawed a bucket out here at the well for ye to wash in. Needn't worry about no towel. Samanthy's got one fur ye, but ye kin bring yer comb."

Oliver sprang from the coarse straw mattress—it had been as eider-down to his stage-jolted body—pushed open the wooden blind and looked out. The sun was peeping over the edge of the Notch and looking with wide eyes into the saucer-shaped valley in which the cabin stood. The fogs which at twilight had stolen down to the meadows and had made a night of it, now startled into life by the warm rays of the sun, were gathering up their skirts of shredded mist and tiptoeing back up the hillside, looking over their shoulders as they fled. The fresh smell of the new corn watered by the night dew and the scent of pine and balsam from the woods about him, filled the morning air. Songs of birds were all about, a robin on a fence-post and two larks high in air, singing as they flew.

Below him, bounding from rock to rock, ran the brook, laughing in the sunlight and tossing the spray high in the air in a mad frolic. Across this swirling line of silver lay a sparse meadow strewn with rock, plotted with squares of last year's crops—potatoes, string-beans, and cabbages, and now combed into straight green lines of early buckwheat and turnips. Beyond this a ragged pasture, fenced with blackened stumps, from which came the tinkle of cow-bells, and farther on the grim, silent forest—miles and miles of forest seamed by a single road leading to Moose Hillock and the great Stone Face.

Oliver slipped into his clothes; ran down the stairs and out into the fresh morning air. As he walked toward the well his eyes caught sight of Hank's bucket tilted on one edge of the well-curb, over which hung the big sweep, its lower end loaded with stone. On the platform stood a wooden bench always sloppy with the drippings of the water-soaked pail. This bench held a tin basin and half a bar of rosin soap. Beside it was a single post sprouting hickory prongs, on which were hung as many cleanly scoured milk-pails glittering in the sun. On this post Hank had nailed a three-cornered piece of looking-glass—Hank had a sweetheart in the village below—a necessary and useful luxury, he told Oliver afterward, "in slickin' yerself up fer meals."

Once out in the sunshine Oliver, with the instinct of the painter suddenly roused, looked about him. He found that the cabin which had delighted him so in the glow of the afternoon, was but a long box with a door in the middle of each side, front and back. When these doors were open one could see through the house. On each side of this hallway were two suits of rooms—one a sitting-room, from which opened a bedroom in which Ezra and his wife slept, with the windows choked with geraniums, their red noses pressed against the small panes, and the other a kitchen, connecting with a pantry and a long, rambling woodshed. The roof came to a peak and was covered with shingles. Oliver's bed lay under the ridge-pole of this peak. He remembered the shingles—he had reached up in the night and touched them with his hands. He remembered, too, the fragrance they gave out—a hot, dry, spicy smell. He remembered also the dried apples spread out on a board beside his bed, and the broken spinning-wheel, and the wasp's nest. He was sure, too, there were many other fascinating relics stored away in this old attic. But for the sputtering tallow-candle, which

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the night before was nearly burnt out, he would have examined everything else about him before he went to sleep.

Then his eye fell on the woodshed and the huge pile of chips that Hank's ax had made in supplying Samanthy's stove, and the rickety, clay-plastered buggy and buckboard that had never known water since the day of their birth. And the two muskrat skins nailed to the outside planking—spoils of the mill-dam, a mile below.

Yes; he could paint here!

With a thrill of delight surging through him he rolled up his sleeves, then, tilting the bucket, he filled the basin with ice-cold water which Hank had drawn for him, a courtesy only shown a stranger guest, and plunging in his hands and face, dashed the water over his head. Samanthy, meanwhile, had come out with the towel—half a salt-sack, washed and rewashed to phenomenal softness (an ideal towel is a salt-sack to those who know). Then came the rubbing until his flesh was aglow, and the parting of the wet hair with the help of Hank's glass, and with a toss of a stray lock back from his forehead Oliver went in to breakfast.

It fills me with envy when I think of that first toilet of Oliver's! I have had just such morning dips;—one in Como, with the great cypresses standing black against the glow of an Italian dawn; another in the Lido at sunrise, my gondolier circling about me as I swam; still a third in Stamboul with the long slants of light piercing the gloom of the stone dome above me—but O, the smell of the pines that Oliver knew and the great sweep of openness, with the mountains looking down and the sun laughing at him, and the sparkle and joyousness of it all! Ah, what a lucky dog was this Oliver!

And the days that followed! Each one a delight—each one happier than the one before. The sun seemed to have soaked into his blood; the strength of the great hemlocks with their giant uplifted arms seemed to have found its way to his muscles. He grew stronger, more supple. He could follow Hank all day now, tramping the brook or scaling the sides of Bald Face, its cheeks scarred with thunderbolts. And with this joyous life there came a light into his eyes, a tone in his voice, a spring and buoyancy in his step that brought him back to the days when he ran across Kennedy Square and had no care for the day nor thought for the morrow. Before the week was out he had covered half a dozen canvases with pictures of the house as he saw it that first morning, bathed in the sunshine; of the brook; the sweep of the Notch, and two or three individual trees that he had fallen in love with—a ragged birch in particular—a tramp of a birch with its toes out of its shoes and its bark coat in tatters.

Before the second week had begun he had sought the main stage-road and had begun work on a big hemlock that stood sentinel over a turn in the highway. There was a school-house in the distance and a log-bridge beneath which the brook plunged. And here he settled himself for serious work. He was so engrossed that he had not noticed the school-children who had come up noiselessly from behind and were looking in wonder at his drawings. Presently a child, who in her eagerness had touched his shoulder, broke the stillness in apology.

"Say, Mister, there's a lady comes to school every day. She's a painter too, and drawed Sissy Mathers."

Oliver glanced at the speaker and the group about her; wished them all good-morning and squeezed a fresh tube on his palette. He was too much absorbed in his work for prolonged talk. The child, emboldened by his cheery greeting, began again, the others crowding closer. "She drawed the bridge too, and me and Jennie Waters was sitting on the rail—she's awful nice."

Oliver looked up smiling.

"What's her name?"

"I don't know. Teacher calls her Miss Margaret, but there's more to it. She comes every year."

Oliver bent over his easel, drew out a fine brush from the sheaf in his hand, caught up a bit of yellow ochre from his palette and touched up the shadow of the birch. "All the women painters must be Margarets," he said to himself. Then he fell to wondering what had become of her since the school closed. He had always felt uncomfortable over the night when he defended Miss Grant—the red-headed girl in blue gingham, as she was called by the

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students. She had placed him in the wrong by misunderstanding his reasons for serving her. The students had always looked upon him after that as a quarrelsome person, when he was only trying to protect a woman from insult. He could not find it in his heart to blame her, but he wished that it had not happened. As these thoughts filled his mind he became so engrossed that the children's good-by failed to reach his ear.

That day Hank had brought him his luncheon—two ears of hot corn in a tin bucket, four doughnuts and an apple—the corn in the bottom of the bucket and the doughnuts and apple on top. He could have walked home for his midday meal, for he was within sound of Samanthy's dinner-horn, but he liked it better this way.

Leaving his easel standing in the road, he had waved his hand in good-by to Hank, had picked up the bucket and had crept under the shadow of the bridge to eat his luncheon. He had finished the corn, thrown the cobs to the fish, and was beginning on the doughnuts, when a step on the planking above him caused him to look up. A girl in a tam-o'-shanter cap was leaning over the rail. The sun was behind her, throwing her face into shadow—so blinding a light that Oliver only caught the nimbus of fluffy hair that framed the black dot of her head. Then came a voice that sent a thrill of surprise through him.

"Why, Mr. Horn! Who would have thought of meeting you here?"

Oliver was on his feet in an instant—a half-eaten doughnut in one hand, his slouch hat in the other. With this he was shading his eyes against the glare of the sun. He was still ignorant of who had spoken to him.

"I beg your pardon, I—*why*, MISS GRANT!" The words burst from his lips as if they had been fired from a gun. "You here!"

"Yes, I live only twenty miles away, and I come here every year. Where are you staying?"

"At Pollard's."

"Why, that's the next clearing from mine. I'm at old Mrs. Taft's. Oh, please don't leave your luncheon."

Oliver had bounded up the bank to a place beside her.

"How good it is to find you here. I am so glad." He *was* glad; he meant every word of it. "Mrs. Mulligan said you lived up in the woods, but I had no idea it was in these mountains. Have you had your luncheon?"

"No, not yet," and Margaret held up a basket. "Look!" and she raised the lid. "Elderberry pie, two pieces of cake——"

"Good! and I have three doughnuts and an apple. I swallowed every grain of my hot corn like a greedy Jack Horner, or you should have half of it. Come down under the bridge, it's so cool there," and he caught her hand to help her down the bank.

She followed him willingly. She had seen him greet Fred, and Jack Bedford, and even the gentle Professor with just such outbursts of affection, and she knew there was nothing especially personal to her in it all. It was only his way of saying he was glad to see her.

Oliver laid the basket and tin can on a flat stone that the spring freshets had scoured clean; spread his brown corduroy jacket on the pebbly beach beside it, and with a laugh and the mock gesture of a courtier, conducted her to the head of his improvised table. Margaret laughed and returned the bow, stepping backward with the sweep of a great lady, and settled herself beside him. In a moment she was on her knees bending over the brook, her hands in the water, the tam-o'-shanter beside her. She must wash her hands, she said—"there was a whole lot of chrome yellow on her fingers"—and she held them up with a laugh for Oliver's inspection. Oliver watched her while she bathed and dried her shapely hands, smoothed the hair from her temples and tightened the coil at the back of her head which held all this flood of gold in check, then he threw himself down beside her, waiting until she should serve the feast.

As he told her of his trip up the valley and of the effect it made upon him, and how he had never dreamed of anything so beautiful, and how good the Pollards were; and what he had painted and what he expected to paint; talking all the time with his thumb circling about as if it was a bit of charcoal and the air it swept through but a sheet of Whatman's best, her critical eye roamed over his figure and

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costume. She had caught in her first swift, comprehensive glance from over the bridge-rail, the loose jacket and broad-brimmed planter's hat, around which, with his love of color, Oliver had twisted a spray of nasturtium blossoms and leaves culled from the garden-patch that morning; but now that he was closer, she saw the color in his cheeks and noticed, with a suppressed smile, the slight mustache curling at the ends, a new feature since the school had closed. She followed too the curves of the broad chest and the muscles outlined through his shirt. She had never thought him so strong and graceful, nor so handsome. (The smile came to the surface now—an approving, admiring smile.) It was the mountain-climbing, no doubt, she said to herself, and the open-air life that had wrought the change.

With a laugh and toss of her head she unpacked her own basket and laid her contribution to the feast on the flat rock—the pie on a green dock-leaf, which she reached over and pulled from the water's edge, and the cake on the pink napkin—the only sign of city luxury in her outlay. Oliver's eye, meanwhile wandered over her figure and costume—a costume he had never seen before on any living woman, certainly not on any woman around Kennedy Square. The cloth skirt came to her ankles, which were covered with yarn stockings, and her feet were encased in shoes that gave him the shivers, the soles being as thick as his own and the leather as tough. (Sue Clayton would have died with laughter had she seen those shoes.) Her blouse was of gray flannel, belted to the waist by a cotton saddle-girth—white and red—and as broad as her hand. The tam-o'-shanter was coarse and rough, evidently home-made, and not at all like McFudd's, which was as soft as the back of a kitten and without a seam.

Then his eyes sought her face. He noticed how brown she was—and how ruddy and healthy. How red the lips—red as mountain-berries, and back of them big white teeth—white as peeled almonds. He caught the line of the shoulders and the round of the full arm and tapering wrist, and the small, well-shaped hand. "Queer clothes," he said to himself—"but the girl inside is all right."

Sitting under the shadow of the old bridge on the main highway, each weighed and balanced the other, even as they talked aloud of the Academy School, and the pupils, and the dear old Professor whom they both loved. They discussed the prospect of its doors being opened the next winter. Then they talked of Mrs. Mulligan, and the old Italian who sold peanuts, and whose head Margaret had painted; and of Jack Bedford and Fred Stone—the dearest fellow in the world—and last year's pictures—especially Church's "Niagara," the sensation of the year, and Whittredge's "Mountain Brook," and every other subject their two busy brains could rake and scrape up except the one that really engrossed their two minds and that one was the overturning of Mr. Judson's body on the art school floor, and the upsetting of Miss Grant's mind for days thereafter. Once Oliver had unintentionally neared the danger-line by mentioning the lithographer's name, but Margaret had suddenly become interested in the movements of a chipmunk that had crept down for the crumbs of their luncheon, and with a woman's wit had raised her finger to her lips to command silence lest he should be frightened off.

They painted no more that afternoon. When the shadows began to fall in the valley they started up the road, picking up Oliver's easel and trap—both had stood unmolested and would have done so all summer with perfect safety—and Oliver walked with Margaret as far as the bars that led into Taft's pasture. There they bade each other good-night, Margaret promising to be ready in the morning with her big easel and a fresh canvas, which Oliver was to carry, when they would both go sketching together and make a long, blessed summer day of it.

That night Oliver's upraised, restless hands felt the shingles over his head more than once before he could get to sleep. He had not thought he could be any happier—but he was. Margaret's unexpected appearance had restored to him something of what the old life at home had always yielded. He was never really happy without the companionship of a woman, and this he had not had since leaving Kennedy Square. Those he had met on rare occasions in New York were either too conventional or self-conscious,

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or they seemed to be offended at his familiar Southern ways. This one was so sensible and companionable, and so appreciative and sympathetic. He felt he could say anything to her and she would understand; he liked her better every time he saw her.

Margaret lay awake, too—not long—not more than five minutes, perhaps. Long enough, however, to wish she was not so sunburnt, and that she had brought her other dress and a pair of gloves and a hat instead of this rough mountain suit. Long enough, too, to recall Oliver's standing beside her on the bridge with his big hat sweeping the ground, and the color mounting to his cheeks as she greeted him—a joyous look in his eyes.

"Was he really glad to see me," she said to herself, as she dropped off into dream-land, "or is it his way with all the women he meets?"

(To be continued.)

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# THE AMERICAN "COMMERCIAL INVASION" OF EUROPE

## BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury

### THIRD PAPER—ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND RUSSIA

IT is in Great Britain that we find in its fullest development the effect of the American commercial invasion of the world's markets. It is true that American competition has been making notable inroads into the commerce of all the countries of Europe. But important as is the effect which has been produced upon commercial conditions in the Continental countries, that result is almost insignificant when compared with the consequence of this competition in Great Britain. From the beginning of our history England has formed our most important market, and for two generations at least we have been the largest customers for English products. In the last half-dozen years a change has taken place in the trade balance between the two nations which is, perhaps, the most notable single commercial event to be recorded in the last decade. We have been steadily reducing our purchases from the mother-country; we have been making astounding increases in our sales to her. Comparing, for instance, the change which has taken place in the trade movement between the two nations in the last half-dozen years we see that our annual purchases from the United Kingdom have dropped $16,000,000, standing last year at $143,000,000. In the same period our sales to Great Britain nearly doubled, going up from $387,000,000 in 1895 to $631,000,000 last year. This change in the annual trade balance, showing for us a more favorable total by $260,000,000 than we had six years ago, is a change of such import as can only mean revolutionary transformation in the industrial life of the two nations. These figures are so significant that they need to be dwelt on somewhat, to fix in the mind their importance. Six years ago we sold to Great Britain $228,000,000 more than we bought. Last year we sold to her $488,000,000 more than our purchases. In every business day last year we sent to her $1,500,000 more than we bought. For every dollar's worth of goods we bought we sold her four dollars and forty-one cents' worth of our products.

The relative importance of the increase in our trade with Great Britain is shown when we compare it with the increase which we have made in our sales to all the rest of Europe. Noting that our favor-

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able balance in the trade with Great Britain last year showed an increase of $488,000,000 over the record of 1895, we find that that figure compares with an increase in the same period of $219,000,000 in our trade with all Continental Europe.

Such figures as these make it easy to see why the industries of Great Britain have more keenly felt our competition than has the rest of Europe, but even these statistics by no means measure in its full significance the effect upon British commerce of the "American invasion."

The nineteenth century may well be said to have been the century of Great Britain's commercial supremacy. During that hundred years the industries of the country stood pre-eminent in almost every line of manufacturing. British manufacturers commanded completely their domestic field, but they did much more than that. They were in easy control of the greater part of the world's commerce in manufactured products. Not only have their workshops held a commanding position, but pre-eminence has been made more secure by control, in large measure, of the commercial fleets of the world.

When our own manufacturers began seriously to reach out a few years ago for foreign trade, there were few of them with the hardihood to attempt to meet British competition in the home field. What we did do was successfully to compete at points so far distant from the British factories that our own producers were little handicapped in the way of freight charges. We successfully entered the South African gold-fields and supplied most of the machinery for operating the deep mines of the Rand. We went into the harvest fields of almost every British colony and sold agricultural implements to cultivate and gather their grain. We began successfully to compete in bridge-building on the pioneer railroads of Africa, and then we supplied those railways with locomotives, as we did also the government lines of India and the Far East. Our success extended rapidly and it soon became evident that the political ties of Great Britain's colonies were not in themselves sufficient to bind to her their trade. For a good many years English contractors had things their own way in railroad-building in the British colonies. One day we shocked them when their own best bid of 15 guineas a ton for constructing the Atbara Bridge was met by an American bid of £10 13s. 6d., and their time of twenty-six weeks was cut by the American contractor to fourteen weeks. They were soon still more surprised when the bids for the Gokteik viaduct in Burma were opened. This was a much more important work. The best English bid was £26 10s. per ton, with three years' time to complete the job. Americans took the contract at £15 a ton and completed the work in twelve months. The Ugandy viaducts, still more important in size, were built by American contractors at a cost twenty per cent. below the English price, and they were completed in forty-six weeks, against the English requirement of 130 weeks.

Such illustrations might be almost indefinitely extended, nor would they need to be confined to bridge-building. Their special importance is in the basis which they formed for a manufacturing competition which drew nearer and nearer to the home market of English manufacturers. Success upon success has attended our efforts to compete industrially with England, until we are at last sending our manufactured goods into the centre of the Englishmen's domestic field. There are English districts whose names have become words in our language synonymous with certain great classes of manufactured goods. We have come to compete successfully in those very fields in their great specialties. It is literally true that we have sold cottons in Manchester, pig-iron in Lancashire, and steel in Sheffield.

Details of this invasion cover a broad field. The changed relations between the industries of the two countries are probably the most pronounced in the production of iron and steel, but in a hundred lines of manufactures statistics tell the same story of great growth in our exports and quiescence or decadence in the corresponding British field. Much less than a score of years ago England produced twice as much pig-iron as was produced in the United States. Now we have an output half as much again as England's, in spite of the fact that her own industry has steadily grown. For many years we drew upon England for great stocks of iron. Our early railroads were laid with

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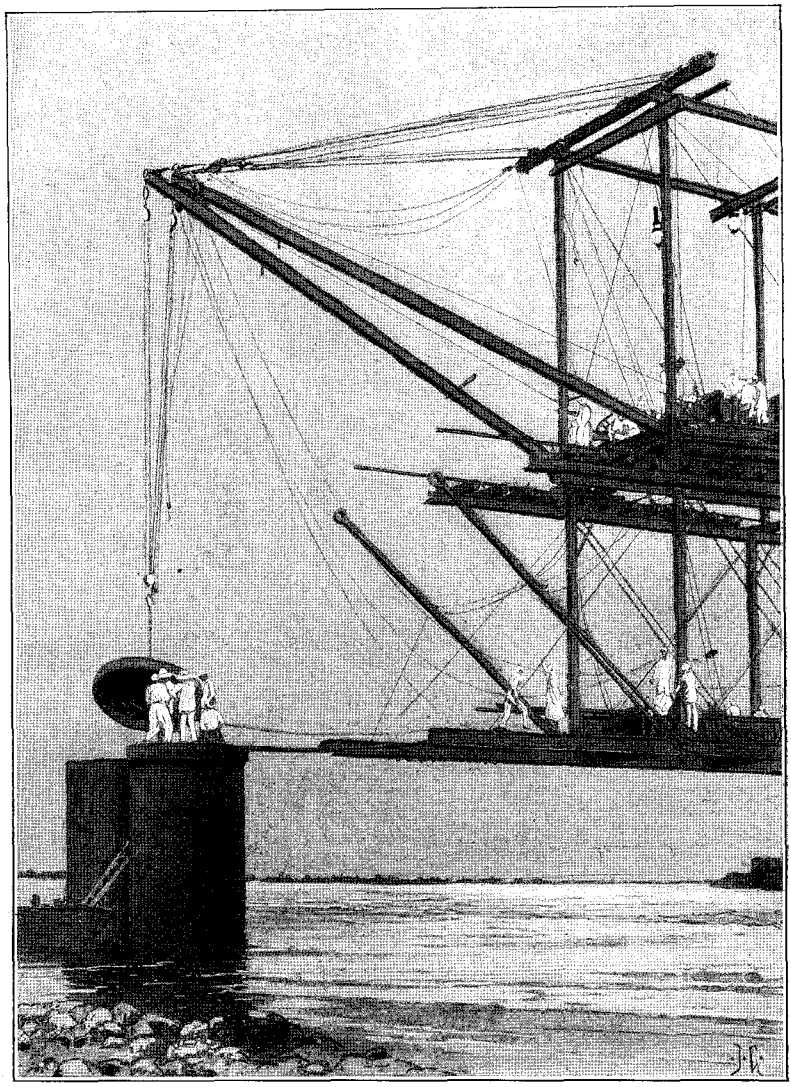

The Atbara Bridge, Sudan, in the Course of Construction.

This bridge was built by an American firm, who underbid the English contractors and also cut the time required by the English bidders from twenty-six weeks to fourteen.

English rails. Now we are shipping many thousand tons back across the Atlantic to her and to her colonies around the world. The record in iron has been far eclipsed by the development in steel production. We reached a point where we could put unwrought steel into the English markets in successful competition with the steel-mills there, and with that as a basis to build on and with the aid of superior mechanical genius we have built up a market of great proportions for almost every line of iron and steel manufactures. We sent to England in a single year 100 locomotives. We have sent numberless stationary engines of all types and sizes, and with them boilers, pipes, pumps and pumping machinery, car-wheels by the thousand, wire and wire nails, metal-working machinery of every type, and great shipments of electrical dynamos and appliances.

One of the industries that has felt most severely the American competition is the tin-plate trade of South Wales. Ten years ago it was a gigantic industry. It



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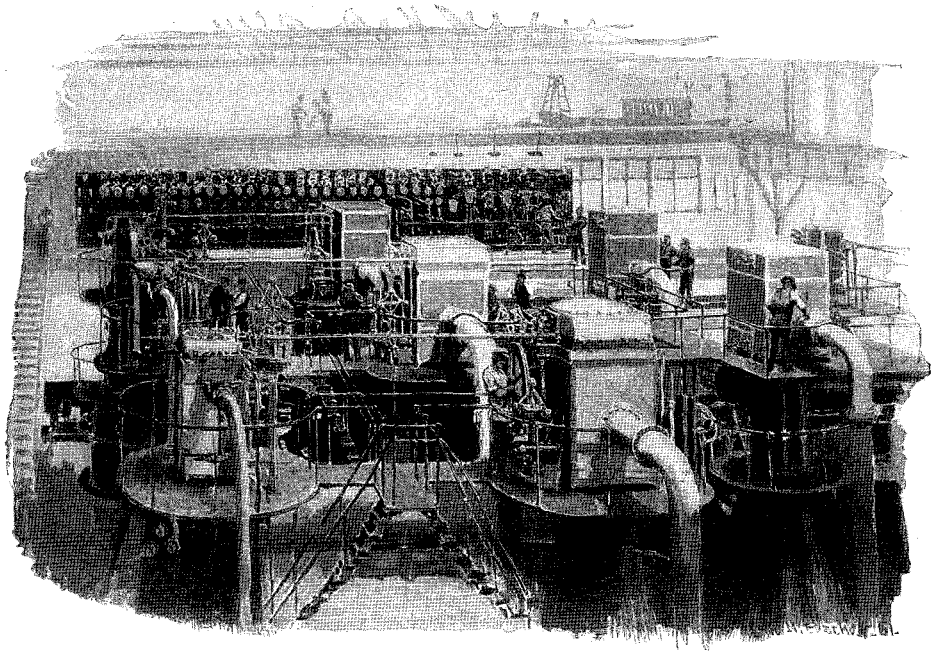
had no thought of competition in the home field and had complete control of the American market. In 1890, 330,000 tons of tin-plates were exported from Wales to America. Soon after that we began turning out, almost in an experimental way, a small product of tin-plate. That production has increased with such rapidity that our manufacturers are practically in control of their home market



American-built Engines in a Glasgow Electric Line Power-house.

and have actually landed at Cardiff large shipments of American tin-plate.

England's coal-mines have been one of her most important sources of wealth. They have given to her manufacturers cheap motive power which has been one of their most important advantages. They have propelled the commercial fleets of the world, and their product has formed England's most important export. Coal has been the main support of the shipping industries which have given her so much of her commercial supremacy, constituting, as it has, four-fifths of the weight of all the commodities exported from the British Isles. England owns sixty per cent. of the world's steam tonnage, and anything which threatens seriously to alter the established order in freight movements is of great commercial import. The foreign-trade returns do not yet show us as a great factor in the world's coal trade. England is still the dominating producer. But while the extent to which our exports have attained is not material, the figures which show the beginning of our entrance into the world's coal markets are in some ways more significant than any others that our foreign trade presents. We are just in the beginning of what is certain to be an economic development of world-wide importance. English authorities themselves recognize this and admit that a new current of trade has been set in motion that will sweep away a lot of old landmarks. Our production of 36,000,000 tons in 1870, increased to 71,000,000 in 1880, to 170,000,000 in 1890, and to 240,965,917 by the end of the century, passing with the closing years Great Britain's production and establishing our coal-fields as the greatest source of supply in the world. The enormous development of our own consumption kept pace with the increase of the product, so that little attention has been turned toward the export trade. Plans are now in hand, however, which

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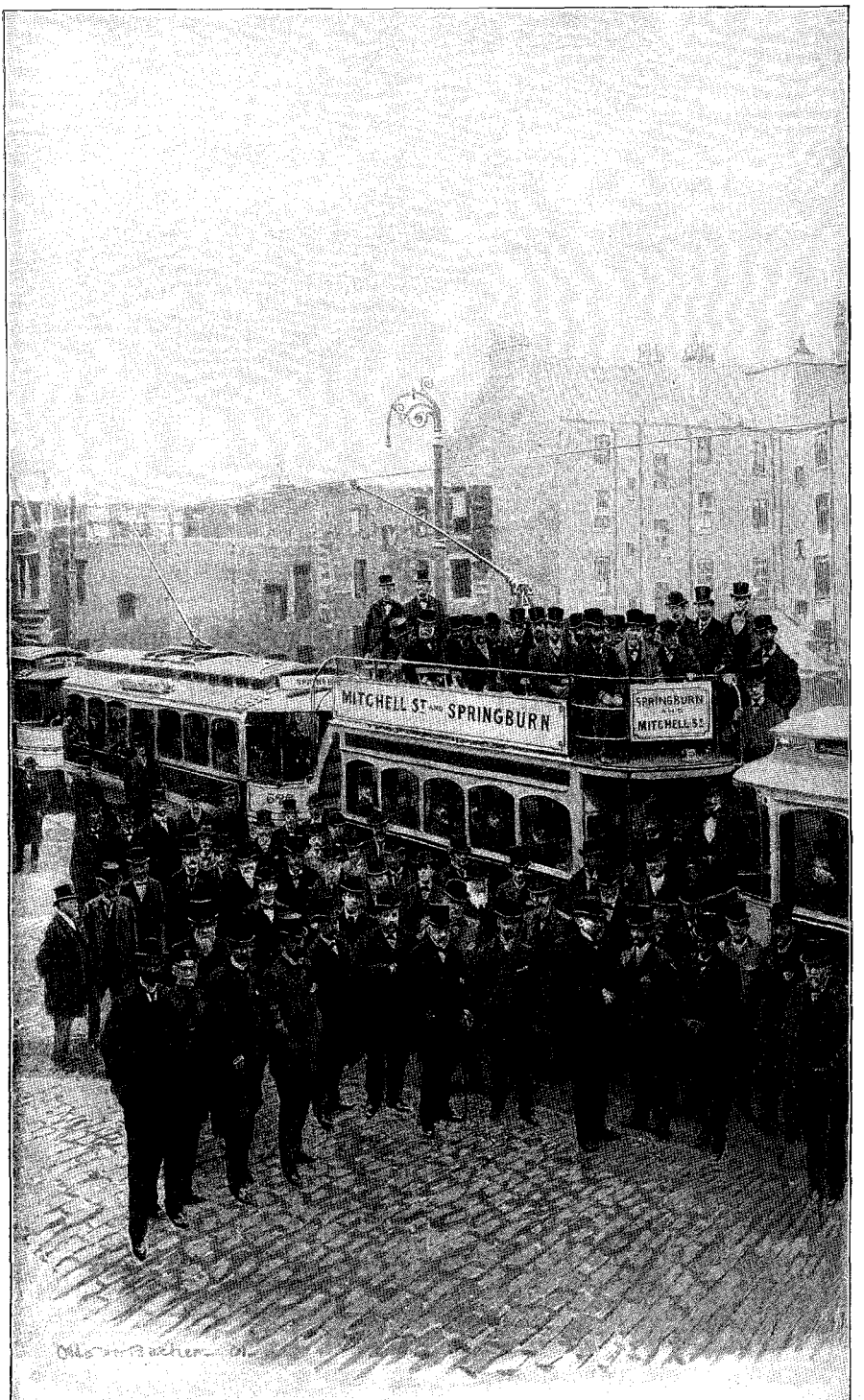


*Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph.*

The Opening of an American-equipped Electric Line in Glasgow.

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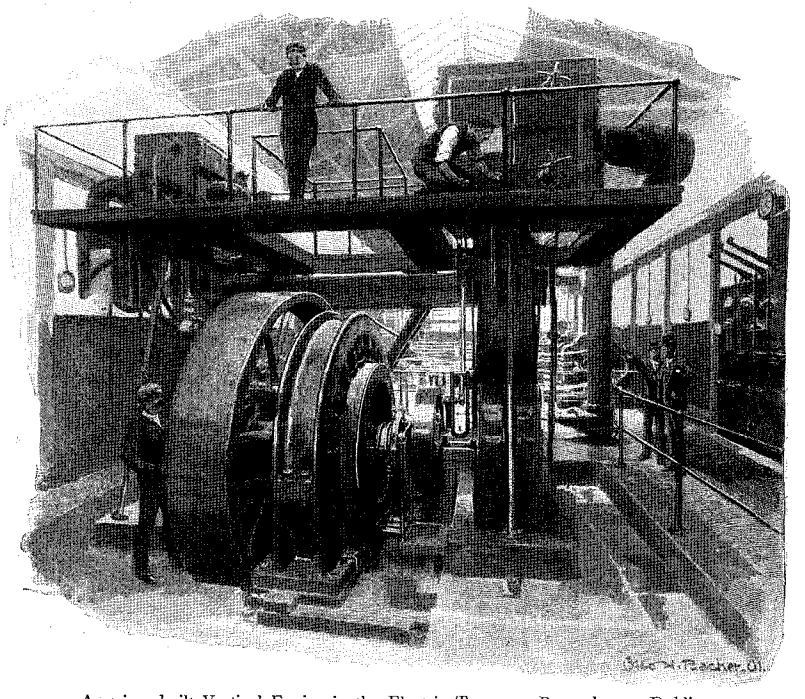

American-built Vertical Engine in the Electric Tramway Power-house, Dublin.

will make the development of that export business the dominating feature of our foreign trade within the next few years, and which promise more powerfully to affect British industry than any other single development that has influenced the trade of the two countries.

The position which we occupy as a source of coal production is of such great importance in any discussion of international trade that it is worth while noting some of its significant features. In 1870 the combined coal production of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium, our chief competitors in Europe, was 176,000,000 tons, about six times our own production of 29,000,000. By 1898 the European output had doubled, those countries producing 352,900,000 tons. But in that same time our output had increased 700 per cent. and stood at 218,000,000, or sixty per cent. of the total output of Europe, as compared with six and two-thirds per cent. in 1870. We have five times the coal area of Europe, 50,000 square miles as compared with 11,000 square miles, and we have in addition 200,000 square miles of lignite and other workable fields in reserve. Our bituminous coal lies near the surface, and most of it can be worked by drift mines above the water-level. European mines are frequently 3,000 and sometimes 4,000 feet deep. Our seams of coal average twice the thickness of the coal measures of Europe. The result of these conditions is seen in the increasing cost of European coal and the decline in American mine prices. In 1885 the average price of European mine coal was $1.62 per ton, and in the United States $1.58. Our methods were less skilful and the superior advantages of the mines in the United States were not yet manifest. In 1899, however, the mine price of European coal had risen to $1.96, and in the United States the price had fallen to $1.10, leaving a margin in our favor which operates, at every stage of production, to lower the manufacturing cost of American exports.

Illustrations of our successful competition might be multiplied into a tiresome catalogue. We have secured practical control of the match-making industry; our tobacco manufacturers have become the dominating influence in the English trade situation; half the newspapers of Eng-



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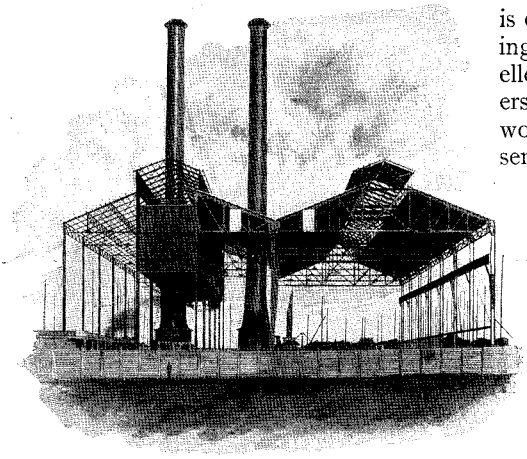
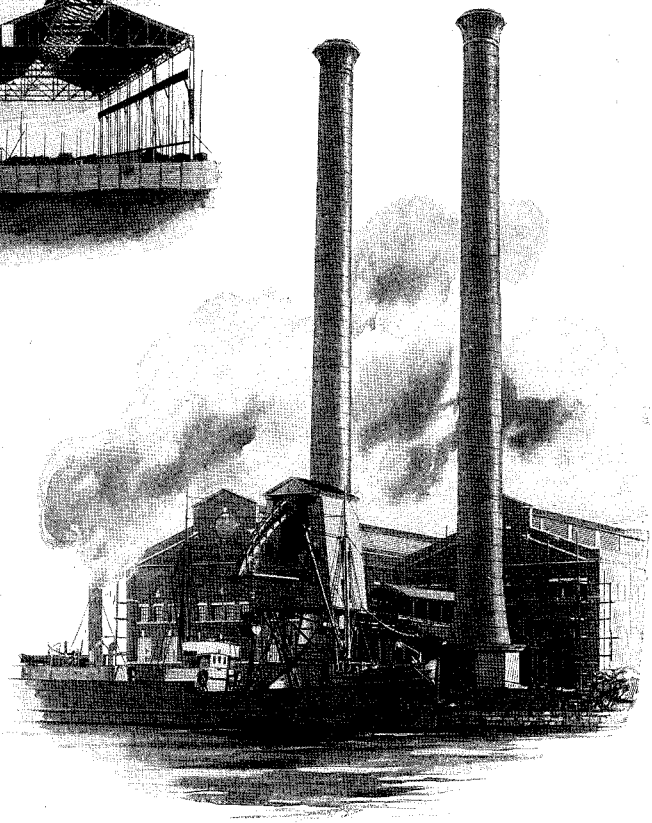
land are printed on American presses or upon presses built on American models in English shops that are branches of the home manufactories. Many of those newspapers are printed on American paper. One of the serious obstacles hampering English industries is illustrated in the paper trade. The freight from the New England paper-mills to the London Docks is less than from the Cardiff mills to the metropolis, and one-half the freight charge on an American shipment is made up of terminal charges incurred in the last twelve miles of the 3,000-mile journey. Probably half the electric-cars in the United Kingdom are driven by American-made motors. When the English postal authorities entered the telephone field, no English firm could supply the number of instruments wanted, and the contract went to a Chicago company. England is the home of cheap woollens, but our manufacturers of ready-made clothing are developing an important trade there, compensating for the higher cost of their cloth and the larger wages of their workmen by their advantages in specialized labor and superior methods and machines. Our car-builders, who have so specialized the building of freight-cars that the rough timber goes in at one end of the workshop and, almost under the eye of the spectator, comes out at the other end a finished car, found an easy market in competition with old-fashioned methods and hand labor. It is only within a few months that there have been in any English shop machines for boring square holes such as enable our car-manufacturers rapidly to mortise timbers in car construction. The work that is done in an instant with a whirl of flying chips was laboriously bored and chiselled out by hand by the English workers. The same advantage in labor-saving wood-working machines enables us to send finished wood-work, sash and doors, for buildings at prices which cannot be equalled in the English shops.





American Steel Buildings and Steel Chimney Stacks for an Electric Tramway Power-house, Dublin.

(In Course of Construction.)

Instead of enumerating the fields in which we have met with competitive suc-

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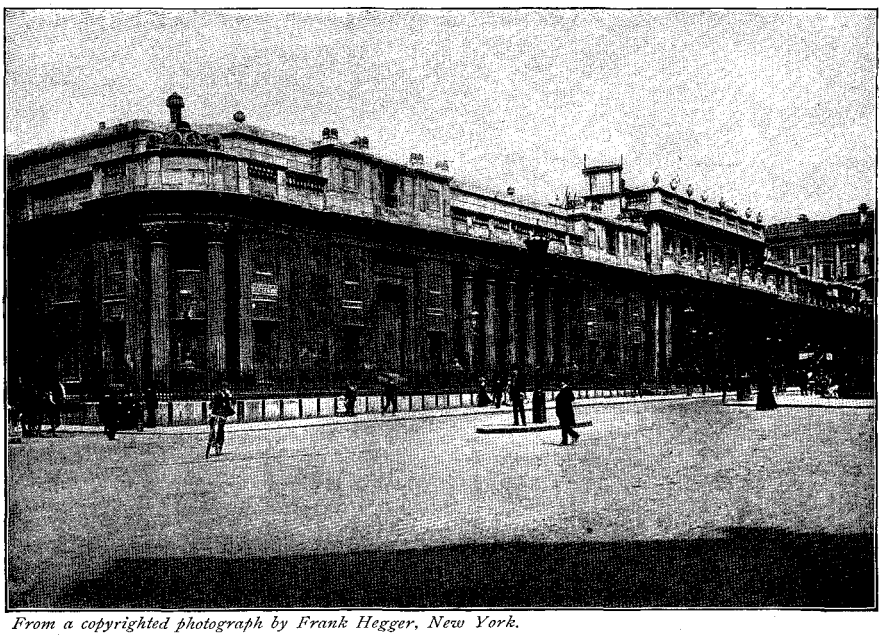
cess, it will be more profitable to analyze in some measure the reasons for our strength and for Great Britain's industrial weaknesses. A few weeks ago I was at a dinner in London at which was gathered a group of men representative of British industrial and commercial life. The conversation was on American competition, and at the conclusion of the discussion the views of these men were summed up in a conclusion with which all agreed, and



*From a copyrighted photograph by Frank Hegger, New York.*

The Bank of England, London.

English conservatism will not permit a telephone within the sacred precincts of this building.

their verdict, I suppose, may be taken in the main as representing the best commercial judgment in Great Britain. All agreed that there is a serious crisis in British industry, and they grouped the main reasons for it under three heads. The first is the attitude of the English workman in his desire, made effective by the power of trades-unionism, to restrict the output of labor to the lowest possible unit per man; the second is the conservativeness of employers and the hostility of workmen toward the introduction of labor-saving machinery; and the third is "municipal trading," a phrase which we have not encountered much at home, but which means the activities of municipalities in industrial undertakings, such as the development of systems of transportation and communication, the production of light and heat, in a word the municipal control of the utilities. On this last point there would undoubtedly be found wide differences of opinion among high authorities, and it is not my purpose here to enter into a discussion of the questions involved in it. In regard to the first two, however, I believe there is pretty unanimous agreement in the minds of trained observers of the conditions of industrial affairs.

The highest development of labor-unions has been in Great Britain. Much of the earlier growth of these organizations was along correct economic lines, resulted in distinct benefit to organized labor, and was undoubtedly helpful to British industries generally. A few years ago there came into existence a new unionism, which meant a unionism of force, a unionism which carried its points by strikes, and made strikes effective by forcible interference with non-union labor. That new unionism has lately been succeeded by a newer unionism, which has a false economic theory for its foundation, and is, I believe, more than any other

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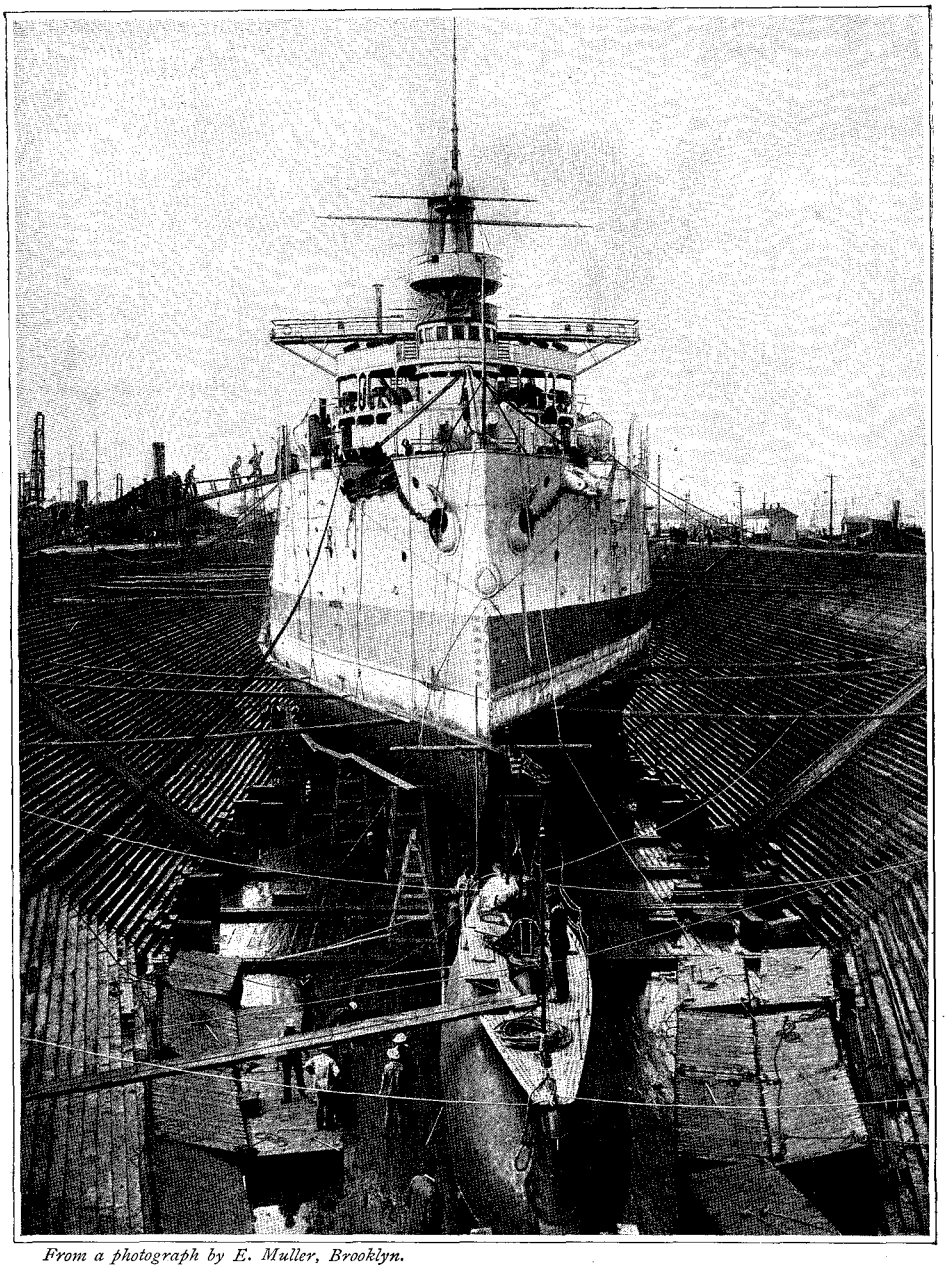

*From a photograph by E. Muller, Brooklyn.*

The Battle-ship Retvizan, built in America for the Russian Government.
(Holland submarine boat in foreground.)

single cause, the influence to which can be attributed the present unhappy state of British industry.

British trades-unions embrace nearly 2,000,000 members. The greater part of this army of organized labor has adopted a false economic theory. They hold that there is a given amount of work to be done in Great Britain, and that, if the day's output of the individual worker is decreased, the result will be an increase in the aggregate number of days' labor. They might not all of them state the proposition in just that way, but the irresistible logic of



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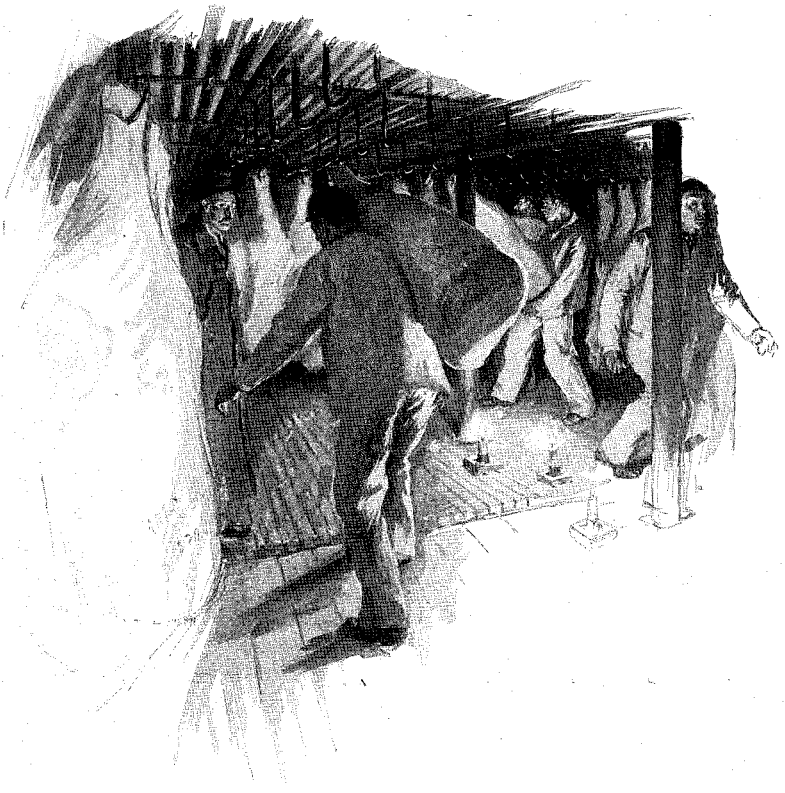
their position carries them to exactly that point. It is a cardinal principle with the members of most of the labor-unions in England to-day that it is desirable for them to produce with each day's work as small an output per man as it is possible to compel employers to accept. They believe that if a man does only half a given amount of work in a day, two men will have to be employed where one was before, or the job will furnish employment for the one for double the length of time. They have the further uneconomic principle of a minimum wage, which is to be paid to all men employed, without regard to the relative value of their labor. Here is how the situation is viewed by high English authority: With the principle of the minimum wage is conjoined the principle that there shall be no maximum wage; that is to say, if any workman shall induce his employer to offer him higher wages than his fellows, they at once demand that the same increased wages shall be paid to all of them alike. If the master seeks refuge in improved machinery, the principles of limitation of output and minimum wage are still enforced. The machine must not be allowed to do all it can, any more than the men; nor may it have an attendant, however simple his duties, at any lower rate of wages than that fixed for the skilled artisan who did the work before the machine was introduced. The machine, in short, must not increase output or displace labor. It is broadly argued that men will work their best if it is made worth their while, and not otherwise, but the unions say it shall not be made worth their while. It is not worth the while of a bad workman to do better because his minimum wage is secure. It is not worth the while of the good workman to put forth his strength or skill,



Packing Export Beef in the Refrigerator of an Ocean Liner.
The beef is stored for the voyage in this compartment where the temperature is very low.

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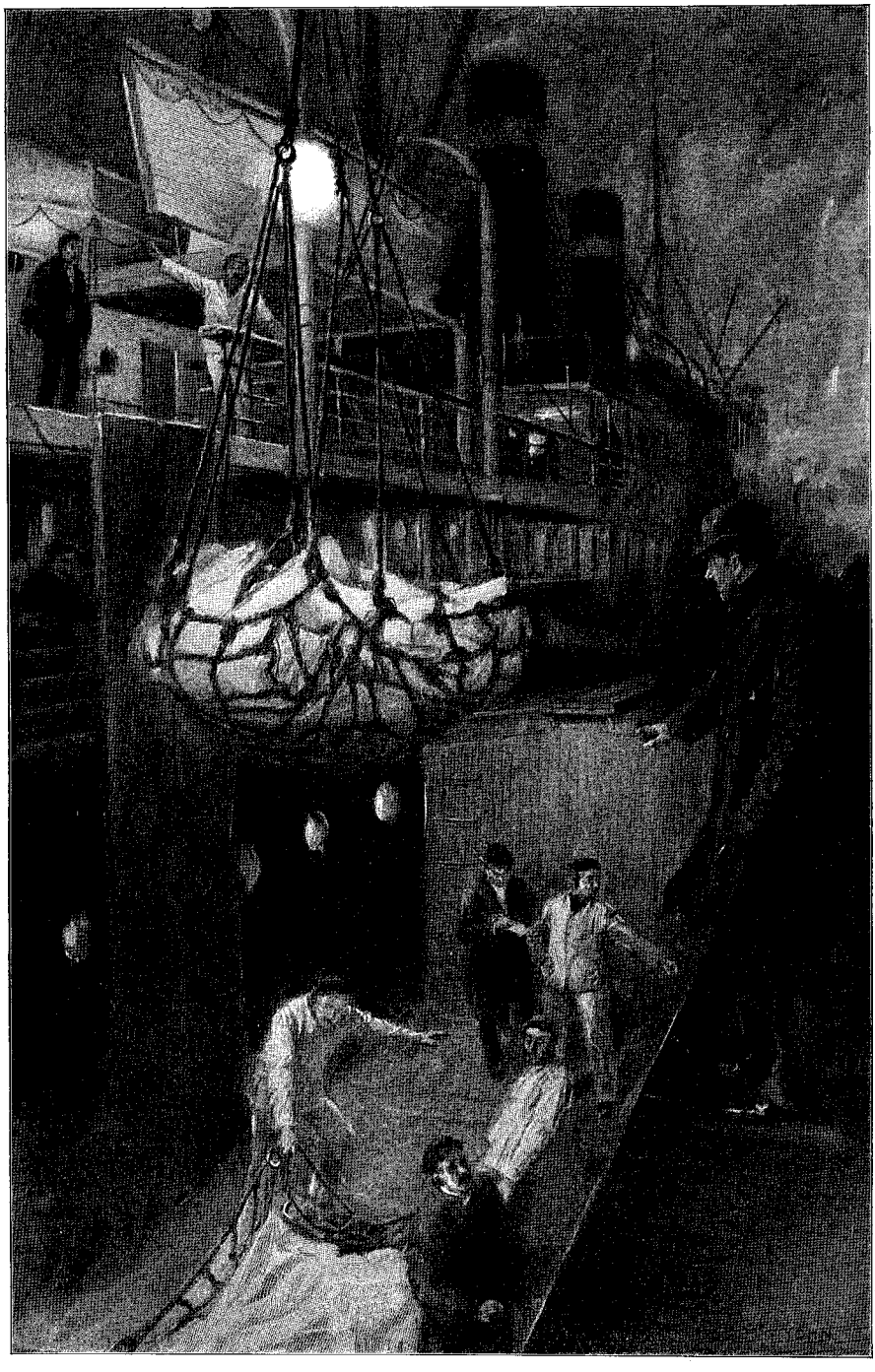

*Drawn by F. C. Yohn.*

Loading American Beef for England on an Outgoing Ocean Steamer.

The beef is brought alongside in freight-cars on floats and packed away in the steamer's refrigerator.

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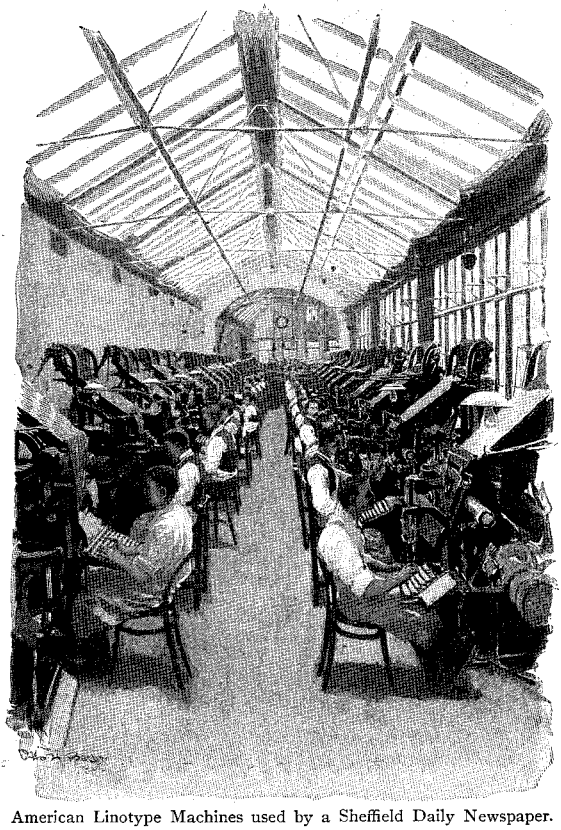
because he incurs odium among his class and cannot get increased wages in return.

It hardly seems credible that the great mass of organized labor in England should be so blind to plain economic truths as to believe that their country can maintain its commanding position in the world's competitive markets when labor uses its keenest ingenuity and best endeavors to devise ways to restrict individual production. Instances can be produced indefinitely to support the assertion that such is their belief. Such instances will show quotations from the rules of the organizations, which are devised to restrict labor and discourage energetic workmen. There are many examples of direct official discipline of members who have shown a tendency to turn out more work in a day than the minimum which employers can be forced to accept. I have heard of many cases where men of ambition and energy who found it difficult to adapt themselves to the easy-going pace which the union prescribes, got very much the worst of it in the contest which always follows a period of active work. Men who start in to turn out a full day's work are frequently directly disciplined by their unions; but if it does not reach that point, they are at least at once put under a social boycott. They are called "sweaters" and "masters' men," and much ingenuity goes into the devising of ways and means to make their lives miserable and their positions untenable.



American Linotype Machines used by a Sheffield Daily Newspaper.

Some of the notable illustrations of the spirit of curtailment of production are found in the building trades. Bricklayers in London, for instance, do not average over 400 bricks a day; those employed by the London County Council on public work lay materially less. When it is understood that an active man can readily lay 1,000 bricks a day, and from that up to 1,600 it will be seen what a disastrous grip this "go-easy" policy has. We have made, with our exportations running into millions of dollars, great inroads on the English boot and shoe industry. Some of that success can be accounted for by superior machinery and better organization and division of labor, but it is not surprising to find in this, as in a good many other fields where we have made pronounced competitive progress, that there is a clear understanding in the trades-unions controlling the manufacture of boots and shoes that a man's day's work shall be limited to a certain quantity, and that, should he do more, his life will be made intolerable. The delusion which the English workman has harbored, that there was a certain amount of work to be done in that industry, and that if everyone tried to do as much as he could there would not be work enough to go around, has led him to the natural result of such a fallacy. Chicago factories, usually paying wages from two to three times as high as are ruling in the English factories, are sending enormous

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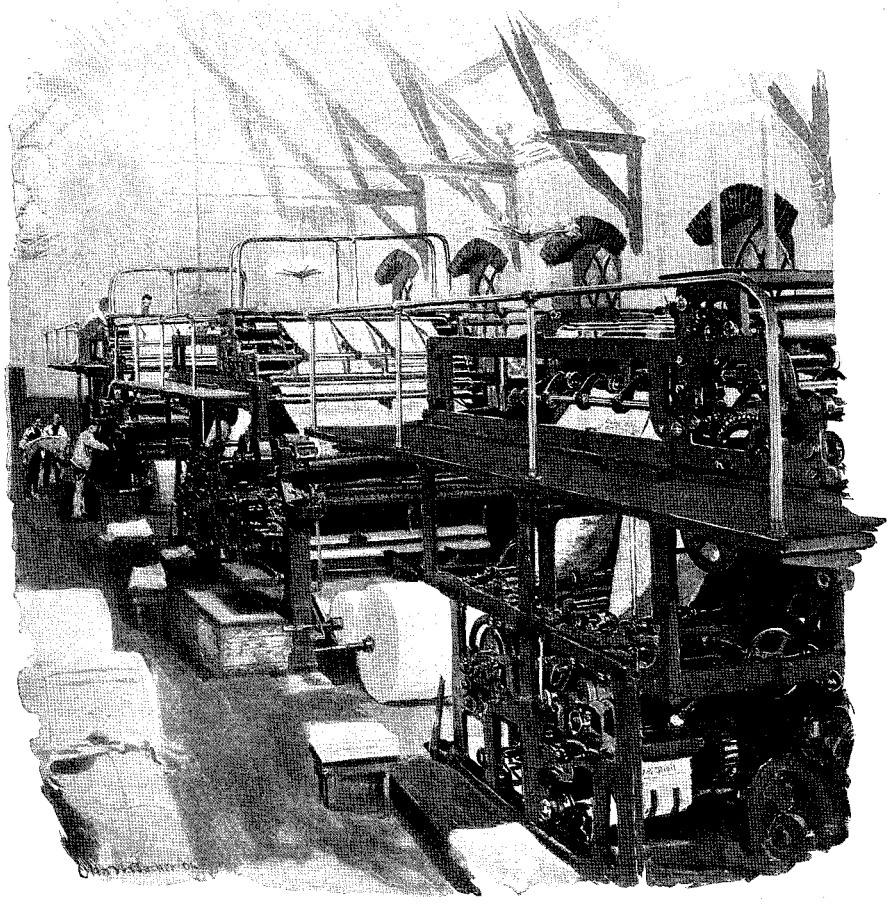

Three American-built Quadruple Presses used by a Manchester Daily Newspaper.

exports into the English field. Those exports two years ago were a little over $500,000; a year ago they passed the million, and last year they were well on toward $2,000,000.

Both English builders and workmen are having a most valuable object-lesson in the construction of the great manufacturing plant of the British Westinghouse Company. This company is building a $5,000,000 plant at Manchester, in which electrical machines of American model are to be built by American methods. One of the finest mechanical plants in the world is being installed, and the manner in which the building operations have been pushed forward have been the marvel of both English builders and workmen. The plant was started under English supervision, but the work dragged along in such hopeless fashion that the task of completing it was, last April, put into the hands of American building contractors. They spent $3,000,000 in eight months, and managed, though under great difficulty, to show a rapidity of construction such as England had probably in all her history never before seen. These contractors met with the same spirit among the English bricklayers that is to be found everywhere. With all their energy they could not get them up above 800 bricks a day, so they imported some American bricklayers and set them at work on the slowly rising walls. They laid nearly 2,000 bricks a day. The pride of the English workmen was at stake, and they abandoned their "go-easy" principles, took off their coats, and demonstrated that they were as good bricklayers as the imported Americans, but how they will rec-



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An Electric Company's Plant at Manchester, England. (In Course of Construction.)

Electrical Machines of American Model are to be built by American Methods.

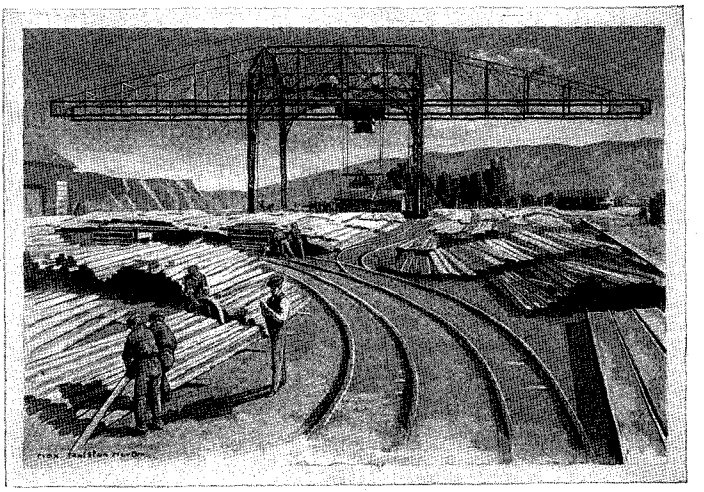
oncile the record that they made under the eyes of the St. Louis contractors with what they are willing to do under English superintendence is a little difficult to say.

In the coal-mining industry this fallacious policy of trades-unionism takes the form of "stop days," when all the miners stop work without respect to the views of the mine-owners because they believe that by so doing they will restrict production, hold up prices, and so keep up their own wages, which are regulated by a sliding scale based on the price of coal. Their economics have not been broad enough to grasp the prospect of American competition, but their methods are hastening its success.

Since the great machinists' strike of a few years ago conditions in that trade are somewhat better than before that dispute, which ended so disastrously for organized labor. There are still many restrictions imposed upon manufacturers which prevent them from securing anything like the best results from machinery which they introduce. Throughout the mechanical trade the same false notion that the less work a man does in a day the more he leaves to be done by himself or his fellows is particularly aimed against labor-saving machinery, and every rule the unions can devise to restrict the output of machinery and increase the labor cost is considered by the unions their material gain.

The second serious embarrassment in which British industries are involved is the difficulty surrounding the introduction of modern labor-saving machines and mechanical methods. In the way of that improvement is the double obstacle of the conservativeness of employers and the opposition of the men. Everyone who has studied the English industrial situation will agree unreservedly that labor-saving machinery must be extensively introduced, that the manufacturing plants must be put on mechanical equality with those of America and Germany, before the English manufacturers can hope again to produce at as low a unit of labor-cost as is done in the two competing countries.

Conservatism is a corner-stone of the English character, and it seems particularly pronounced in some of the families which have hereditarily been in control of manufacturing industries. A machine which did satisfactory service for a man's father and grandfather comes to be regarded with a certain veneration. With us there is no recommendation better than



An American-built Crane at Micheville, France.

Arranged for handling long beams and shapes in stock-yard. Capacity, 5,000 kilos.

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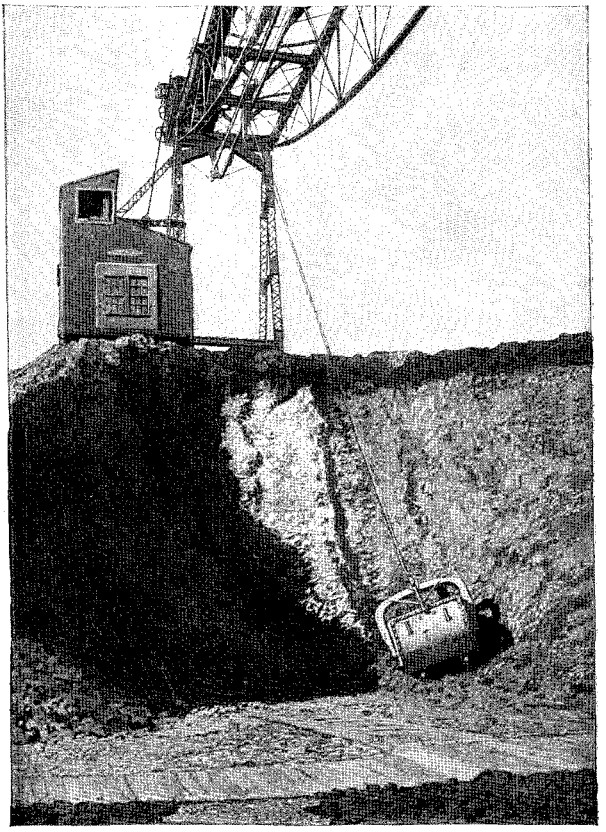
that a machine or method is new. To speak to a manufacturer of a new machine or a new process interests him at once. His mind is open to investigate any improvement that is suggested, and, what is still more important, he has the courage when the value of the improvement is demonstrated, to throw onto the scrap-heap machinery that may have cost him much, and to replace it with machinery which will accomplish more.

The mind of the English manufacturer does not work along these lines. As a rule he has a deep-seated prejudice against a thing that is new; it is not easy to win him over to an examination of a new machine or method, and it is always difficult to induce him to throw onto the scrap-heap machines which have for years done him good and profitable service.

The characteristics of conservatism that made the English business man for years combat the introduction of the typewriter, the conservatism which to-day will not permit a telephone within the sacred precincts of the Bank of England, has in its operation in the industrial field cost England dear.



A Shovel-bucket in Use at the American-built Storage and Rehandling Plant at Mariupol, Russia.

Only the smaller part of the difficulty is over when the manufacturer has grasped the necessity for introducing a machine. His workmen are more prejudiced than he against mechanical innovations. They may have seen many examples of machines which, though first taking away the necessity for hand labor, in the end create far more opportunity for labor than at first existed, but those examples have failed to impress them. It is only with the greatest difficulty that labor-saving machines, absolutely essential to the continuance of manufacturing establishments in a position to meet international competition, can be put into operation in the English workshops. Men sometimes refuse altogether to operate machines. The unions enforce restrictions in regard to the number of automatic machines that one workman will be permitted to attend. They go on strike because non-union labor is put at work, and they hamper and embarrass in a hundred ways the manufacturer who wishes to provide modern equipment.

All that looks unreasonable at first, but the antagonistic attitude of English workingmen toward labor-saving machinery can be better understood when some of the other restrictions of English labor organizations are comprehended. Each trades-union, believing there is a definite amount of work to do, and hoping to confine all of it of a particular character to its own members, has hedged about entrance into each trade with the greatest of difficulties. The result is that there is in England the least possible mobility of labor. A man, having learned one trade,

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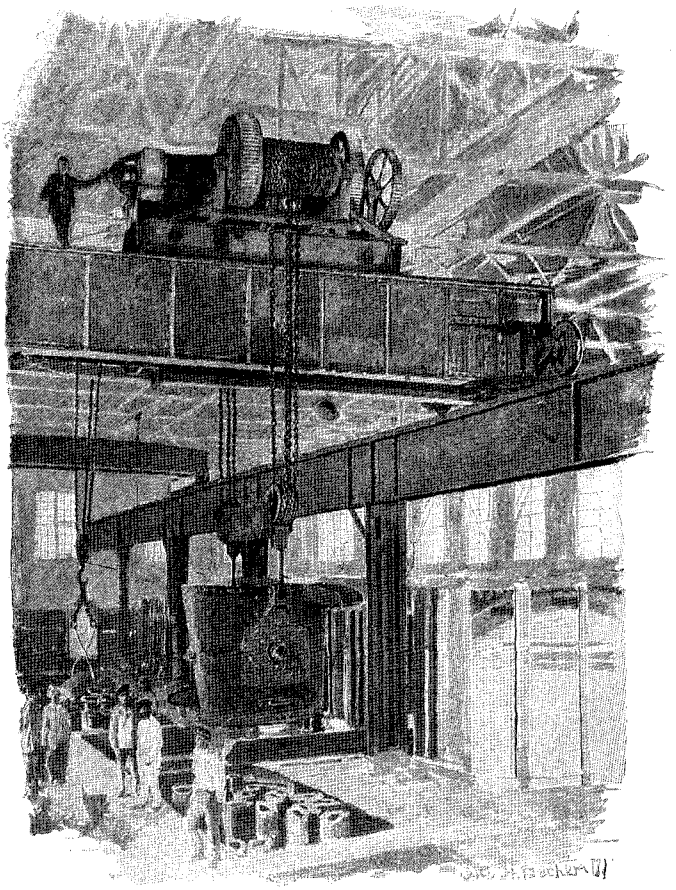
finds it almost impossible to draw out of that and enter another. There are minute restrictions regarding apprentices, and the rules provide fines and disciplines for any member who teaches an outsider or permits him to use tools or in any way aids him in learning the rudiments of a trade. When this is understood it will be seen that the position of an English workman, if his place be menaced by the introduction of labor-saving machinery which might force him to seek employment in some other trade, is a serious one.



Steel Ladle Crane in a Foundry, Mariupol, Russia.

Used for carrying the molten metal from the steel furnaces to the moulds. Capacity, fifty tons.

Conditions as they have been evolved under the rule of the walking delegate and of labor leaders with the shallowest notions of economics are the despair of Englishmen who hope to see their country win back a lost industrial position. Those conditions are most profitable subjects for study by us. We have the beginnings of just the sort of unionism which, in its full development, has brought distressing results on England. There cannot be found in Great Britain any more absurd regulations restricting the output of labor than were in force in the building trades in Chicago for two years, ending in paralyzing the building industry there. We have already grown accustomed to the strike which has for its object, not an increase of wages or a reduction of hours, but the imposition of restrictive regulations which would result in a decreased product. So long as our industries can go forward receiving the generous cooperation of labor which is still the rule, we will have an advantage over the countries of Europe in spite of a wage-scale more than double theirs, but that advantage will be menaced if the false conceptions which now rule most of the English labor organizations are ever generally adopted by our own workers.

When we turn to the statistics of trade between the United States and France, we find a condition in sharp contrast to that shown by the English trade returns. France has hardly heard of the American invasion. Her sales last year stood at almost the same point that they did ten years ago. Our sales to France during the same period have shown some increase, but taking the record of last year and comparing it with ten years ago the increase is but $18,000,000, while we remember that our annual sales to England increased in the last half-dozen years

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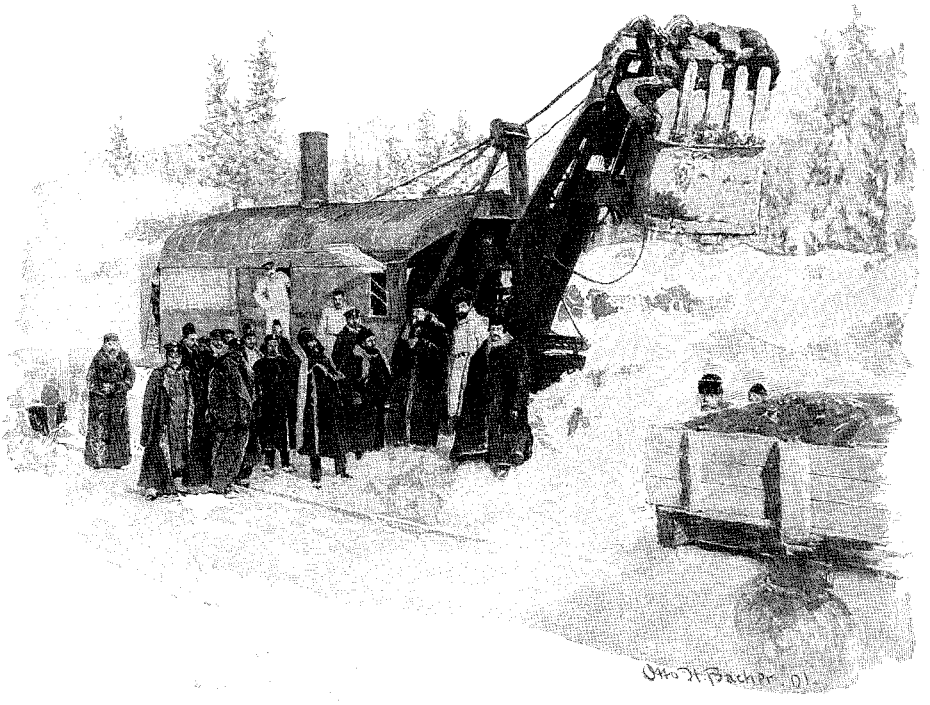

An American Steam Shovel at Work on the Moscow, Jaroslav and Archangelsk Railway between Vologda and Archangelsk, Russia.

$244,000,000. France has done everything she can with a high protective tariff to make competition difficult to foreign manufacturers. She has done even more than that, with legislation which has in some instances made foreign competition impossible without any regard to price. The franchises which have recently been granted to many electric railways have provided that all material for their construction and equipment must originate and be manufactured in France.

The exports of France are in the main of a kind that is not affected by the underbidding of foreign makers. French deftness, that artistic touch which the workers of few other nations can equal, gives a permanence to her hold on those foreign markets in which she is interested which has been little affected by those industrial developments that have made such profound impression upon the trade relations among England, Germany, and the United States. In ponderous lines of manufacturing we have reached unquestioned superiority over France, but the same sort of skill which, in the fingers of the Parisian workingwomen produces articles of unapproachable attractiveness, develops in the hands of the mechanic into a deftness which rivals the ingenuity of our best workmen, and leaves us without the advantage in the French market that we have in most of the other markets of the world.

Russia is another country which, in spite of its enormous extent, its important position in the world's politics, and the traditionally friendly relations between its peoples and our own, has been little affected by the "American invasion." With territory covering an eighth of the globe, and a population of 130,000,000, the trade between this greatest of political units and our own country is still comparatively insignificant, and has in the last decade shown no remarkable changes. Our exports have shown no significant increase. Russia is a country of high tariff, and the tendency is toward greater protective restrictions about her domestic industries. That policy has resulted in a number of American manufacturers building important plants within the em-



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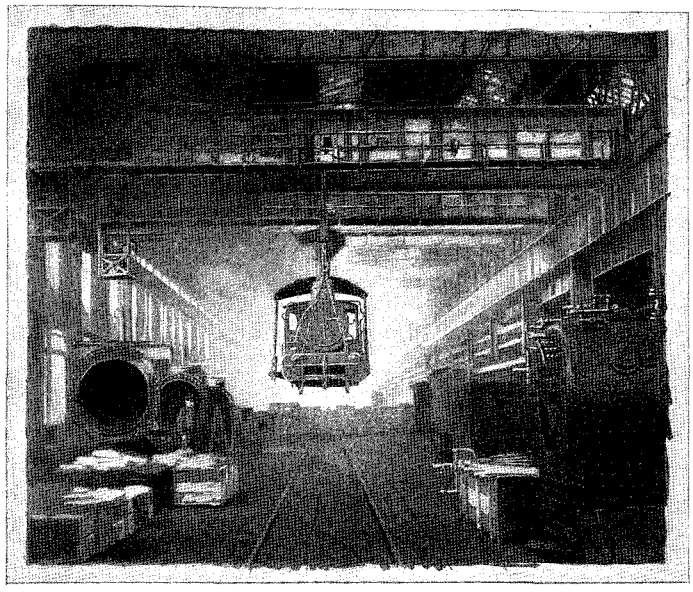
pire, but it has effectually prevented any remarkable development in our grasp of the Russian markets.

I asked M. de Witte, the Russian Finance Minister, how in his opinion commercial relations between the United States and Russia could be improved.

"Practically, there is nothing that can be done," he said. "Theoretically, there are unlimited possibilities. If you only had a government that could do things as our government can, a combination of the two countries would bring Europe to our feet. We could absolutely control the markets of the world for meat, bread, and light. I understand, of course, that that is impossible—impossible from your side. We could do it, but you, with your government, which must always listen to the people and shape its course for political reasons, could not."

It is possible that the unattainableness of political unity of action which the distinguished Russian deprecated may in effect be in some measure worked out by the combinations—the industrial trusts—which have such great influence in various fields and which are able to project into the commercial battle such effective unified efforts. European economists and industrial leaders are undoubtedly more alarmed over the advantages which they see we are attaining by the aid of these great organizations than over any other point in our position.

I have attempted in these articles to outline some of the weaknesses of our foreign competitors and some of the corresponding points of strength that have developed in our own industries. The list of our advantages is an imposing one, but we cannot expect that all of them will be maintained. Our competitors are by no means blind or without energy or ability. The superiority of our labor, our larger use of machinery, our low taxation and small military burden, the homogeneity of our people and the great breadth of the domestic field of consumption, our comparative freedom from militant trades-unionism, the omnipotence with us of the industrial ideal, our freedom from a caste which in other countries prevents the best brain and the most highly trained intellect from engaging in industrial enterprise—all these are advantages which, so long as they hold good, make a broad foundation upon which to rest an industrial development of commanding impor-



An American Electric Travelling Crane, Nijni Novgorod, Russia.

This shows a small locomotive hanging in the air, one end being supported by a frame and the other by a chain sling. Capacity, forty tons.

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tance. But unless the United States has some more permanent and fundamental advantage, I should lack the absolute faith which I now have in our development to a lasting commercial supremacy. No small part of our great exports in the last few years has been made up of labor-saving machines, which have at once been turned against us as guns captured from an enemy. From all over Europe deputations of technical experts are journeying to the United States and taking abundant advantage of our good-nature and hospitality. They praise our machines and make drawings of them; they satisfy our pride with appreciations of our methods and they make copious notes. The result is beginning to be seen in almost every workshop of Europe.

There can be no American monopoly of ideas. Civilization gives no patent on technical supremacy. America may lead the world now in her ingenious application of labor-saving machinery, but there can be no assurance of the permanent continuance of that advantage. Nor can assurance be given that American industrial society will always remain as mobile and as energetic as it is at present. We have already seen trades-unions attempting to force employers to make work rather than to produce wealth. We have seen strikes that have had for their basis only a desire for an increased power of interference, and from that it is not a long step to a position where union labor may be found struggling to restrict individual production. Strikes of that character have so far been successfully combated, but whatever there is left of the spirit that animated them remains a menace to American prosperity.

In our national conception of the dignity of work we have an enormous advantage, but that also may be in danger. Thus far industrial rewards have been made pretty strictly on a merit basis. There have been few sons and nephews of rich families to be taken care of. The future generation can hardly be so free from nepotism in industrial promotion. With the increase of wealth we have already the beginning of a leisure class, and it is not certain that industrial and commercial life can continue to command the full service of the best brain and energy that we have. Our military burdens may increase if we measure up to the full extent of our responsibilities as a world-power. Tariff walls may be built against us.

On all these points of present superiority we can have but small assurance of a lasting industrial supremacy, but I feel that a more fundamental reason for belief in such supremacy can be advanced, one which will warrant the conclusion that America must inevitably lead the world in the twentieth-century commercial struggle.

Of all nations the United States has the most unbounded wealth of natural resources. We have hardly comprehended the inevitable advantages which those resources are to give us.

Man's labor the world over is steadily decreasing in importance. It is the age of machinery. The forces of nature are to do man's work. All the world over the cost of production has fallen. The relative importance of labor in the cost of production is lessening; the sway of machinery is increasing. The twentieth century will be the century of machinery. Before it is half completed we may expect to see that sort of human labor that is the painful and laborious exercise of muscle almost supplanted by automatic machinery directed by trained intelligence. Such development of machine production steadily increases the importance of raw material in the productive process. As the proportion of labor cost decreases, the cost of the raw material forms a larger part of the value of the finished product.

The hand-weaver took a pound of cotton and spent a week in its manipulation. The cloth had to reimburse not only the cost of the pound of cotton, but six days of toil. Machinery was introduced into the industry, a week became an hour, and a hundred yards took the place of one. The price of each yard then had to pay the merest fraction of the cost of the labor which watched the looms. The proportion which the cost of the raw material bore to the cost of the finished product enormously increased. So, under these modern conditions of manufacturing industry, where machinery enters more and more into the manipulation, and the cost of labor forms a constantly decreasing relation to the whole, raw material comes to play



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a more and more important part. When machinery has fully entered into production, the cost of the crude products makes up the major portion of the cost of the finished article. We can in a measure reduce the cost of raw material by improved methods in production and in transportation. The steam hoist and electric drill in the mine, the steam harvester and the steam plough on the farm, the mogul engine and the fifty-ton car, fast steamships of huge tonnage, have all greatly reduced the price of raw material. But no matter how strong the appeal, Mother Nature yields a slow and grudging consent to the efforts of her children to relax her grip. Man's success in cheapening raw material must always fall short of achievements in the realm of manufacture.

Since the cost of material is an increasing part of the price of the product, those producers who can draw upon practically inexhaustible and rich supplies near at hand, who are not obliged to work poor ores and poor lands, or to transport materials great distances—the producers and the nation with those blessings are at tremendous advantage when compared with others whose supplies of material are less rich and less advantageously located.

The age of machinery is also the age of motive power, which is but another way of saying that it is the age of coal. The nation which has the cheapest raw material and the cheapest coal has a permanent and predominant advantage in the world's markets, and it is an advantage which every improvement in method of manufacture will only serve to emphasize.

When so much is admitted, the conclusion immediately follows that America's industrial future is secured. The United States has the most abundant and the cheapest raw materials and supplies of fuel in the world. Germans and Englishmen may dispute with us over relative advantages in methods, in machinery, in labor, in business organization, and in commercial practice. They may claim that they have much to teach us and that they can soon learn what we have to teach them. American labor may contract the disease of trades-unionism, and American public burdens and social-caste developments may lessen our advantage. But American soil and minerals are eternal, and the resources of no other great power are for one moment to be compared with them.

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# RENUNCIATION

## By Margaret Ridgely Schott

THE lips we love and may not kiss,
The self we love and cast aside,
The flowery ways we choose to miss
For paths where rue and thorns abide;

The wistful eyes that see the shore,
They may not seek beyond the seas—
Ah! Life to Come, hast thou in store
A fit exchange for gifts like these?

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# THE BAR SINISTER

## By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

THE Master was walking most unsteady, his legs tripping each other. After the fifth or sixth round, my legs often go the same way.

But even when the Master's legs bend and twist a bit, you mustn't think he can't reach you. Indeed, that is the time he kicks most frequent. So, I kept behind him in the shadow, or ran in the middle of the street. He stopped at many public-houses with swinging doors, those doors that are cut so high from the sidewalk that you can look in under them, and see if the Master is inside. At night when I peep beneath them the man at the counter will see me first and say, "Here's the Kid, Jerry, come to take you home. Get a move on you," and the Master will stumble out and follow me. It's lucky for us I'm so white, for no matter how dark the night, he can always see me ahead, just out of reach of his boot. At night the Master certainly does see most amazing. Sometimes, he sees two or four of me, and walks in a circle, so, that I have to take him by the leg of his trousers and lead him into the right road. One night, when he was very nasty tempered and I was coaxing him along, two men passed us and one of them says, "Look at that brute!" and the other asks "Which?" and they both laugh. The Master, he cursed them good and proper.

This night whenever we stopped at a public-house, the Master's pals left it and went on with us to the next. They spoke quite civil to me, and when the Master tried a flying kick, they gives him a shove. "Do you want we should lose our money?" says the pals.

I had had nothing to eat for a day and a night, and just before we set out the Master gives me a wash under the hydrant. Whenever I am locked up until all the slop-pans in our alley are empty, and made to take a bath, and the Master's pals speak civil, and feel my ribs, I know something is going to happen. And that night, when every time they see a policeman under a lamp-post, they dodged across the street, and when at the last one of them picked me up and hid me under his jacket, I began to tremble; for I knew what it meant. It meant that I was to fight again for the Master.

I don't fight because I like it. I fight because if I didn't the other dog would find my throat, and the Master would lose his stakes, and I would be very sorry for him and ashamed. Dogs can pass me and I can pass dogs, and I'd never pick a fight with none of them. When I see two dogs standing on their hind legs in the streets, clawing each other's ears, and snapping for each other's windpipes, or howling and swearing and rolling in the mud, I feel sorry they should act so, and pretend not to notice. If he'd let me, I'd like to pass the time of day with every dog I meet. But there's something about me that no nice dog can abide. When I trot up to nice dogs, nodding and grinning, to make friends, they always tell me to be off. "Go to the devil!" they bark at me, "Get out!" and when I walk away they shout "mongrel," and "gutter-dog," and sometimes, after my back is turned, they rush me. I could kill most of them with three shakes; breaking the back-bone of the little ones, and squeezing the throat of the big ones. But what's the good? They *are* nice dogs; that's why I try to make up to them, and though it's not for them to say it, I *am* a street dog, and if I try to push into the company of my betters, I suppose it's their right to teach me my place.

Of course, they don't know I'm the best fighting bull-terrier of my weight in Montreal. That's why it wouldn't be right for me to take no notice of what they shout. They don't know that if I once locked my jaws on them I'd carry away whatever I touched. The night I fought Kelley's White Rat, I wouldn't loosen up until the Master made a noose in my leash and strangled me, and if the handlers hadn't thrown red pepper down my nose, I *never*

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would have let go of that Ottawa dog. I don't think the handlers treated me quite right that time, but may be they didn't know the Ottawa dog was dead. I did.

I learned my fighting from my mother when I was very young. We slept in a lumber-yard on the river-front, and by day hunted for food along the wharves. When we got it, the other tramp dogs would try to take it off us, and then it was wonderful to see mother fly at them, and drive them away. All I know of fighting I learned from mother, watching her picking the ash heaps for me when I was too little to fight for myself. No one ever was so good to me as mother. When it snowed and the ice was in the St. Lawrence she used to hunt alone, and bring me back new bones, and she'd sit and laugh to see me trying to swallow 'em whole. I was just a puppy then, my teeth was falling out. When I was able to fight we kept the whole river range to ourselves. I had the genuine long, "punishing" jaw, so mother said, and there wasn't a man or dog that dared worry us. Those were happy days, those were; and we lived well, share and share alike, and when we wanted a bit of fun, we chased the fat old wharf-rats. My! how they would squeal?

Then the trouble came. It was no trouble to me. I was too young to care then. But mother took it so to heart that she grew ailing, and wouldn't go abroad with me by day. It was the same old scandal that they're always bringing up against me. I was so young then that I didn't know. I couldn't see any difference between mother—and other mothers.

But one day, a pack of curs we drove off, snarled back some new names at her, and mother dropped her head and ran, just as though they had whipped us. After that she wouldn't go out with me except in the dark, and one day she went away and never came back, and though I hunted for her in every court and alley and back street of Montreal, I never found her.

One night, a month after mother ran away, I asked Guardian, the old blind mastiff, whose Master is the night-watchman on our slip, what it all meant. And he told me.

"Every dog in Montreal knows," he says, "except you, and every Master knows. So I think it's time you knew."

Then he tells me that my father, who had treated mother so bad, was a great and noble gentleman from London. "Your father had twenty-two registered ancestors, had your father," old Guardian says, "and in him was the best bull-terrier blood of England, the most ancientest, the most royal; the winning 'blue-ribbon' blood, that breeds champions. He had sleepy pink eyes, and thin pink lips, and he was as white all over as his own white teeth, and under his white skin you could see his muscles, hard and smooth, like the links of a steel chain. When your father stood still, and tipped his nose in the air it was just as though he was saying, 'Oh, yes, you common dogs and men, you may well stare. It must be a rare treat for you Colonials, to see a real English royalty.' He certainly was pleased with hisself, was your father. He looked just as proud and haughty as one of them stone dogs in Victoria Park—them as is cut out of white marble. And you're like him," says the old mastiff—"by that, of course, meaning you're white, same as him. That's the only likeness. But, you see, the trouble is, Kid—well, you see, Kid, the trouble is—your mother——"

"That will do," I said, for I understood then without his telling me, and I got up and walked away, holding my head and tail high in the air.

But I was, oh, so miserable, and I wanted to see mother that very minute, and tell her that I didn't care.

Mother is what I am, a street dog; there's no royal blood in mother's veins, nor is she like that father of mine, nor—and that's the worst—she's not even like me. For while I, when I'm washed for a fight, am as white as clean snow, she—and this is our trouble, she—my mother, is a black and tan.

When mother hid herself from me, I was twelve months old and able to take care of myself, and, as after mother left me, the wharves were never the same, I moved uptown and met the Master. Before he came lots of other men folks had tried to make up to me, and to whistle me home. But they either tried patting me or coaxing me with a piece of meat; so I didn't take to 'em. But one day the Master pulled me out of a street fight by the hind legs, and kicked me good.

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"You want to fight, do you?" says he. "I'll give you all the *fighting* you want!" he says, and he kicks me again. So, I knew he was my Master, and I followed him home. Since that day I've pulled off many fights for him, and they've brought dogs from all over the province to have a go at me, but up to that night none, under thirty pounds, had ever downed me.

The Master will stumble out and follow me.—Page 307.

But that night, so soon as they carried me into the ring, I saw the dog was overweight, and that I was no match for him. It was asking too much of a puppy. The Master should have known I couldn't do it. Not that I mean to blame the Master, for when sober, which he sometimes was, though not, as you might say, his habit, he was most kind to me, and let me out to find food, if I could get it, and only kicked me when I didn't pick him up at night and lead him home.

But kicks will stiffen the muscles, and starving a dog so as to get him ugly-tempered for a fight, may make him nasty, but it's weakening to his insides, and it causes the legs to wabble.

The ring was in a hall, back of a public-house. There was a red-hot whitewashed stove in one corner, and the ring in the other. I lay in the Master's lap, wrapped in my blanket, and spite of the stove, shivering awful, but I always shiver before a fight; I can't help gettin' excited. While the men folks were a flashing their money and taking their last drink at the bar, a little Irish groom in gaiters came up to me and give me the back of his hand to smell, and scratched me behind the ears.

"You poor little pup," says he. "You haven't no show," he says. "That brute in the tap-room, he'll eat your heart out."

"That's what you think," says the Master, snarling. "I'll lay you a quid the Kid chews him up."

The groom he shook his head, but kept looking at me so sorry like, that I begun to get a bit sad myself. He seemed like he couldn't bear to leave off a patting of me, and he says, speaking low just like he would to a man-folk, "Well, good-luck to you, little pup," which I thought so civil of him, that I reached up and licked his hand. I don't do that to many men. And the Master, he knew I didn't, and took on dreadful.

"What 'ave you got on the back of your hand?" says he, jumping up.

"Soap!" says the groom, quick as a rat. "That's more than you've got on yours. Do you want to smell of it!" and he sticks his fist under the Master's nose. But the pals pushed in between 'em.

"He tried to poison the Kid!" shouts the Master.

"Oh, one fight at a time," says the referee. "Get into the ring, Jerry. We're waiting." So we went into the ring.

I never could just remember what did happen in that ring. He give me no time to spring. He fell on me like a horse. I couldn't keep my feet against him, and though, as I saw, he could get



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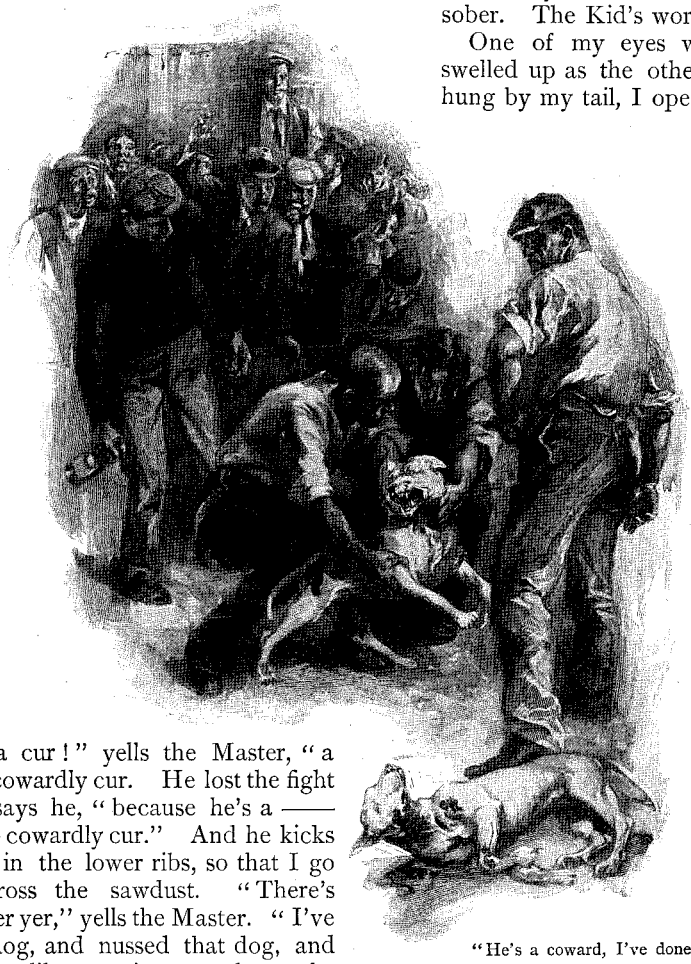
his hold when he liked, he wanted to chew me over a bit first. I was wondering if they'd be able to pry him off me, when, in the third round, he took his hold; and I began to drown, just as I did when I fell into the river off the Red C slip. He closed deeper and deeper, on my throat, and everything went black and red and bursting; and then, when I were sure I were dead, the handlers pulled him off, and the Master give me a kick that brought me to. But I couldn't move none, or even wink, both eyes being shut with lumps.



"He's a coward, I've done with him."

"He's a cur!" yells the Master, "a sneaking, cowardly cur. He lost the fight for me," says he, "because he's a —— —— —— cowardly cur." And he kicks me again in the lower ribs, so that I go sliding across the sawdust. "There's gratitude fer yer," yells the Master. "I've fed that dog, and nussed that dog, and housed him like a prince; and now he puts his tail between his legs, and sells me out, he does. He's a coward, I've done with him, I am. I'd sell him for a pipeful of tobacco." He picked me up by the tail, and swung me for the men folks to see. "Does any gentleman here want to buy a dog," he says, "to make into sausage meat," he says, "That's all he's good for."

Then I heard the little Irish groom say, "I'll give you ten bob for the dog."

And another voice says, "Ah, don't you do it; the dog's same as dead—meby he is dead."

"Ten shillings!" says the Master, and his voice sobers a bit, "make it two pounds, and he's yours."

But the pals rushed in again.

"Don't you be a fool, Jerry," they say. "You'll be sorry for this when you're sober. The Kid's worth a fiver."

One of my eyes was not so swelled up as the other, and as I hung by my tail, I opened it, and saw one of the pals take the groom by the shoulder.

"You ought to give 'im five pounds for that dog, mate," he says; "that's no ordinary dog. That dog's got good blood in him, that dog has. Why, his father—that very dog's father——"

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"I suppose I'm the ugliest bull-dog in America."—Page 314.

I thought he never would go on. He waited like he wanted to be sure the groom was listening.

"That very dog's father," says the pal, "is Regent Royal, son of Champion Regent Monarch, champion bull-terrier of England for four years!"

I was sore, and torn, and chewed most awful, but what the pal said sounded so fine that I wanted to wag my tail, only couldn't, owing to my hanging from it.

But the Master calls out, "Yes, his father was Regent Royal; whose saying he wasn't; but the pup's a cowardly cur, that's what his pup is, and why—I'll tell you why—because his mother was a black-and-tan street dog, that's why!"

I don't see how I get the strength, but some way I threw myself out of the Master's grip and fell at his feet, and turned over and fastened all my teeth in his ankle, just across the bone.

When I woke, after the pals had kicked me off him, I was in the smoking-car of a railroad train, lying in the lap of the little groom, and he was rubbing my open wounds with a greasy, yellow stuff, exquisite to the smell, and most agreeable to lick off.

## PART TWO

"Well—what's your name—Nolan? Well, Nolan, these references are satisfactory," said the young gentleman my new Master called "Mr. Wyndham, sir." "I'll take you on as second man. You can begin to-day."

My new Master shuffled his feet, and put his finger to his forehead. "Thank you, sir," says he. Then he choked like he had swallowed a fish-bone. "I have a little dawg, sir," says he.

"You can't keep him," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very short.

"'Es only a puppy, sir," says my new



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My long "punishing jaw" . . . locked on his woolly throat.—Page 316.

Master, "'E wouldn't go outside the stables, sir."

"It's not that," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," "I have a large kennel of very fine dogs; they're the best of their breed in America. I don't allow strange dogs on the premises."

The Master shakes his head, and motions me with his cap, and I crept out from behind the door. "I'm sorry, sir," says the Master. "Then I can't take the place. I can't get along without the dog, sir."

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," looked at me that fierce that I guessed he was going to whip me, so I turned over on my back and begged with my legs and tail.

"Why, you beat him!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very stern.

"No fear!" the Master says, getting very red. "The party I bought him off taught him that. He never learnt that from me!" He picked me up in his arms, and to show "Mr. Wyndham, sir," how well I loved the Master, I bit his chin and hands.

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," turned over the letters the Master had given him. "Well, these references certainly are very strong," he says. "I guess I'll let the dog stay this time. Only see you keep him away from the kennels—or you'll both go."

"Thank you, sir," says the Master, grinning like a cat when she's safe behind the area railing.

"He's not a bad bull-terrier," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," feeling my head. "Not that I know much about the smooth-coated breeds. My dogs are St. Bernards." He stopped patting me and held up my nose. "What's the matter with his ears?" he says. "They're chewed to pieces. Is this a fighting dog?" he asks, quick and rough like.

I could have laughed. If he hadn't been holding my nose, I certainly would have had a good grin at him. Me, the best under thirty pounds in the Province of Quebec, and him asking if I was a fighting dog! I ran to the Master and hung down my head modest like, waiting for him to tell my list of battles, but the Master he coughs in his cap most painful. "Fightin' dog, sir," he cries. "Lor' bless



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you, sir, the Kid don't know the word. 'Es just a puppy, sir, same as you see; a pet dog, so to speak. 'Es a regular old lady's lap-dog, the Kid is."

"Well, you keep him away from my St. Bernards," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," "or, they might make a mouthful of him."

"Yes, sir, that they might," says the Master. But when we gets outside, he slaps his knee and laughs inside hisself, and winks at me most sociable.

The Master's new home was in the country, in a province they called Long Island. There was a high stone wall about his home with big iron gates to it, same as Godfrey's brewery; and there was a house with five red roofs and the stables, where I lived, was cleaner than the aërated bakery shop, and then there was the kennels, but they was like nothing else in this world that ever I see. For the first days I couldn't sleep of nights for fear someone would catch me lying in such a cleaned-up place, and would chase me out of it, and when I did fall to sleep I'd dream I was back in the old Master's attic, shivering under the rusty stove, which never had no coals in it, with the Master flat on his back on the cold floor with his clothes on. And I'd wake up, scared and whimpering, and find myself on the new Master's cot with his hand on the quilt beside me; and I'd see the glow of the big stove, and hear the high-quality horses below stairs stamping in their straw-lined boxes, and I'd snoop the sweet smell of hay and harness-soap, and go to sleep again.

The stables was my jail, so the Master said, but I don't ask no better home than that jail.

"Now, Kid," says he, sitting on the top of a bucket upside down, "you've got to understand this. When I whistle it means you're not to go out of this 'ere yard. These stables is your jail. And if you leave 'em I'll have to leave 'em, too, and over the seas in the County Mayo, an old mother will 'ave to leave her bit of a cottage. For two pounds I must be sending her every month, or, she'll have naught to eat, nor no thatch over 'er head; so, I can't lose my place, Kid, an' see you don't lose it for me. You must keep away from the kennels," says he, "they're not for the likes of you. The kennels are for the quality. I wouldn't take a litter of them woolly dogs for one wag of your tail, Kid, but for all that they are your betters, same as the gentry up in the big house are my betters. I know my place and keep away from the gentry, and you keep away from the Champions."

So, I never goes out of the stables. All day I just lay in the sun on the stone flags, licking my jaws, and watching the grooms wash down the carriages, and the only care I had was to see they didn't get gay and turn the hose on me. There wasn't even a single rat to plague me. Such stables I never did see.

"Nolan," says the head groom, "some day that dog of yours will give you the slip. You can't keep a street dog tied up all his life. It's against his natur'." The head groom is a nice old gentleman, but he doesn't know everything. Just as though I'd been a street dog because I liked it. As if I'd rather poke for my vittles in ash-heaps than have 'em handed me in a wash-basin, and would sooner bite and fight than be polite and sociable. If I'd had mother there, I couldn't have asked for nothing more. But I'd think of her snooping in the gutters, or freezing of nights under the bridges, or, what's worse of all, running through the hot streets with her tongue down, so wild and crazy for a drink, that the people would shout "mad dog" at her, and stone her. Water's so good, that I don't blame the men folks for locking it up inside their houses, but when the hot days come, I think they might remember that those are the dog-days and leave a little water outside in a trough, like they do for the horses. Then we wouldn't go mad, and the policemen wouldn't shoot us. I had so much of everything I wanted that it made me think a lot of the days when I hadn't nothing, and if I could have given what I had to mother, as she used to share with me, I'd have been the happiest dog in the land. Not that I wasn't happy then, and most grateful to the Master, too, and if I'd only minded him, the trouble wouldn't have come again.

But one day the coachman says that the little lady they called Miss Dorothy had come back from school, and that same morning she runs over to the stables to pat her ponies, and she sees me.



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"Oh, what a nice little, white little dog," said she; "whose little dog are you," says she.

"That's my dog, miss," says the Master. "'Is name is Kid," and I ran up to her most polite, and licks her fingers, for I never see so pretty and kind a lady.

"You must come with me and call on my new puppies," says she, picking me up in her arms and starting off with me.

"Oh, but please, Miss," cries Nolan, "Mr. Wyndham give orders that the Kid's not to go to the kennels."

"That'll be all right," says the little lady; "they're my kennels too. And the puppies will like to play with him."

You wouldn't believe me if I was to tell you of the style of them quality dogs. If I hadn't seen it myself I wouldn't have believed it neither. The Viceroy of Canada don't live no better. There was forty of them, but each one had his own house and a yard—most exclusive—and a cot and a drinking-basin all to hisself. They had servants standing 'round waiting to feed 'em when they was hungry, and valets to wash 'em; and they had their hair combed and brushed like the grooms must, when they go out on the box Even the puppies had overcoats with their names on 'em in blue letters, and the name of each of those they called champions was painted up fine over his front door just like it was a public-house or a veterinary's. They were the biggest St. Bernards I ever did see. I could have walked under them if they'd have let me. But they were very proud and haughty dogs, and looked only once at me, and then sniffed in the air. The little lady's own dog was an old gentleman bull-dog. He'd come along with us, and when he notices how taken aback I was with all I see, 'e turned quite kind and affable and showed me about.

"Jimmy Jocks," Miss Dorothy called him, but, owing to his weight he walked most dignified and slow, waddling like a duck as you might say, and looked much too proud and handsome for such a silly name.

"That's the runway, and that's the Trophy House," says he to me, "and that over there is the hospital, where you have to go if you get distemper and the vet gives you beastly medicine."

"And which of these is your 'ouse, sir?" asks I, wishing to be respectful. But he looked that hurt and haughty. "I don't live in the kennels," says he most contemptuous. "I am a house dog. I sleep in Miss Dorothy's room. And at lunch I'm let in with the family, if the visitors don't mind. They most always do, but they're too polite to say so. Besides," says he, smiling most condescending, "visitors are always afraid of me. It's because I'm so ugly," says he. "I suppose," says he, screwing up his wrinkles and speaking very slow and impressive, "I suppose I'm the ugliest bull-dog in America," and as he seemed to be so pleased to think hisself so, I said "Yes, sir, you certainly are the ugliest ever I see," at which he nodded his head most approving.

"But I couldn't hurt 'em, as you say," he goes on, though I hadn't said nothing like that, being too polite. "I'm too old," he says, "I haven't any teeth. The last time one of those grizzly bears," said he, glaring at the big St. Bernards, "took a hold of me, he nearly was my death," says he. I thought his eyes would pop out of his head, he seemed so wrought up about it. "He rolled me around in the dirt, he did," says Jimmy Jocks, "an' I couldn't get up. It was low," says Jimmy Jocks, making a face like he had a bad taste in his mouth. "Low, that's what I call it, bad form, you understand, young man, not done in our circles—and —and low." He growled, way down in his stomach, and puffed hisself out, panting and blowing like he had been on a run.

"I'm not a street fighter," he says, scowling at a St. Bernard marked "Champion." "And when my rheumatism is not troubling me," he says, "I endeavor to be civil to all dogs, so long as they are gentlemen."

"Yes, sir," said I, for even to me he had been most affable.

At this we had come to a little house off by itself and Jimmy Jocks invites me in. "This is their trophy room," he says, "where they keep their prizes. Mine," he says, rather grand like, "are on the sideboard." Not knowing what a sideboard might be, I said, "Indeed, sir, that must be very gratifying." But he only

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wrinkled up his chops as much as to say, "It is my right."

The trophy-room was as wonderful as any public-house I ever see. On the walls was pictures of nothing but beautiful St. Bernard dogs, and rows and rows of blue and red and yellow ribbons; and when I asked Jimmy Jocks why they was so many more of blue than of the others, he laughs and says, "Because these kennels always win." And there was many shining cups on the shelves which Jimmy Jocks told me were prizes won by the champions.

"Now, sir, might I ask you, sir," says I, "wot is a champion?"

At that he panted and breathed so hard I thought he would bust hisself. "My dear young friend!" says he. "Wherever have you been educated! A champion is a—a champion," he says. "He must win nine blue ribbons in the 'open' class. You follow me—that is—against all comers. Then he has the title before his name, and they put his photograph in the sporting papers. You know, of course, that *I* am a champion," says he. "I am Champion Woodstock Wizard III., and the two other Woodstock Wizards, my father and uncle, were both champions."

"But I thought your name was Jimmy Jocks," I said.

He laughs right out at that.

"That's my Kennel name, not my registered name," he says. "Why, you certainly know that every dog has two names. Now, what's your registered name and number, for instance," says he.

"I've only got one name," I says. "Just Kid."

Woodstock Wizard puffs at that and wrinkles up his forehead and pops out his eyes.

"Who are your people," says he. "Where is your home?"

"At the stable, sir," I said. "My Master is the second groom."

At that Woodstock Wizard III. looks at me for quite a bit without winking, and stares all around the room over my head.

"Oh, well," says he at last, "you're a very civil young dog," says he, "and I blame no one for what he can't help," which I thought most fair and liberal. "And I have known many bull-terriers that were champions," says he, "though as a rule they mostly run with fire-engines, and to fighting. For me I wouldn't care to run through the streets after a hose-cart, nor to fight," says he; "but each to his taste."

I could not help thinking that if Woodstock Wizard III. tried to follow a fire-engine he would die of apoplexy, and that, seeing he'd lost his teeth, it was lucky he had no taste for fighting, but after his being so condescending I didn't say nothing.

"Anyway," says he, "every smooth-coated dog is better than any hairy old camel like those St. Bernard's, and if ever you're hungry down at the stables, young man, come up to the house and I'll give you a bone. I can't eat them myself, but I bury them around the garden from force of habit, and in case a friend should drop in. Ah, I see my Mistress coming," he says, "and I bid you good-day. I regret," he says, "that our different social position prevents our meeting frequent, for you're a worthy young dog with a proper respect for your betters, and in this country there's precious few of them have that." Then he waddles off, leaving me alone and very sad, for he was the first dog in many days that had spoken to me. But since he showed, seeing that I was a stable-dog, he didn't want my company, I waited for him to get well away. It was not a cheerful place to wait, the Trophy House. The pictures of the champions seemed to scowl at me, and ask what right had such as I even to admire them, and the blue and gold ribbons and the silver cups made me very miserable. I had never won no blue ribbons or silver cups; only stakes for the old Master to spend in the publics, and I hadn't won them for being a beautiful, high-quality dog, but just for fighting—which, of course, as Woodstock Wizard III. says, is low. So, I started for the stables, with my head down and my tail between my legs, feeling sorry I had ever left the Master. But I had more reason to be sorry before I got back to him.

The Trophy House was quite a bit from the Kennels, and as I left it I see Miss Dorothy and Woodstock Wizard III. walking back toward them, and that a fine, big St. Bernard, his name was Champion Red Elfberg, had broke his chain, and

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was running their way. When he reaches old Jimmy Jocks he lets out a roar like a grain steamer in a fog, and he makes three leaps for him. Old Jimmy Jocks was about a fourth his size ; but he plants his feet and curves his back, and his hair goes up around his neck like a collar. But he never had no show at no time, for the grizzly bear, as Jimmy Jocks had called him, lights on old Jimmy's back and tries to break it, and old Jimmy Jocks snaps his gums and claws the grass panting and groaning awful. But he can't do nothing, and the grizzly bear just rolls him under him, biting and tearing cruel. The odds was all that Woodstock Wizard III. was going to be killed. I had fought enough to see that, but not knowing the rules of the game among champions, I didn't like to interfere between two gentlemen who might be settling a private affair, and, as it were, take it as presuming of me. So I stood by, though I was shaking terrible, and holding myself in like I was on a leash. But at that Woodstock Wizard III., who was underneath, sees me through the dust, and calls very faint, "Help, you!" he says. "Take him in the hind leg," he says. "He's murdering me," he says. And then the little Miss Dorothy, who was crying, and calling to the Kennel men, catches at the Red Elfberg's hind legs to pull him off, and the brute, keeping his front pats well in Jimmy's stomach, turns his big head and snaps at her. So that was all I asked for, thank you. I went up under him. It was really nothing. He stood so high that I had only to take off about three feet from him and come in from the side, and my long, "punishing jaw" as mother was always talking about, locked on his woolly throat, and my back teeth met. I couldn't shake him, but I shook myself, and every time I shook myself there was thirty pounds of weight tore at his windpipes. I couldn't see nothing for his long hair, but I heard Jimmy Jocks puffing and blowing on one side, and munching the brute's leg with his old gums. Jimmy was an old sport that day, was Jimmy, or, Woodstock Wizard III., as I should say. When the Red Elfberg was out and down I had to run, or those kennel men would have had my life. They chased me right into the stables ; and from under the hay I watched the head groom take down a carriage whip and order them to the right about. Luckily Master and the young grooms were out, or that day there'd have been fighting for everybody.

Well, it nearly did for me and the Master. "Mr. Wyndham, sir," comes raging to the stables and said I'd half killed his best prize-winner, and had oughter to be shot, and he gives the Master his notice. But Miss Dorothy she follows him, and says it was his Red Elfberg what began the fight, and that I'd saved Jimmy's life, and that old Jimmy Jocks was worth more to her than all the St. Bernards in the Swiss mountains—wherever they be. And that I was her champion, anyway. Then she cried over me most beautiful, and over Jimmy Jocks, too, who was that tied up in bandages he couldn't even waddle. So when he heard that side of it, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," told us that if Nolan put me on a chain, we could stay. So it came out all right for everybody but me. I was glad the Master kept his place, but I'd never worn a chain before, and it disheartened me—but that was the least of it. For the quality dogs couldn't forgive my whipping their champion, and they came to the fence between the kennels and the stables, and laughed through the bars, barking most cruel words at me. I couldn't understand how they found it out, but they knew. After the fight, Jimmy Jocks was most condescending to me, and he said the grooms had boasted to the kennel men that I was a son of Regent Royal, and that when the kennel men asked who was my mother they had had to tell them that too. Perhaps that was the way of it, but, however, the scandal was out, and every one of the quality dogs knew that I was a street dog and the son of a black and tan.

"These misalliances will occur," said Jimmy Jocks, in his old-fashioned way, "but no well-bred dog," says he, looking most scornful at the St. Bernards, who were howling behind the palings, "would refer to your misfortune before you, certainly not cast it in your face. I, myself, remember your father's father when he made his début at the Crystal Palace. He took four blue ribbons and three specials."

But no sooner than Jimmy would leave me, the St. Bernards would take to howl-

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ing again, insulting mother and insulting me. And when I tore at my chain, they, seeing they were safe, would howl the more. It was never the same after that, the laughs and the jeers cut into my heart and the chain bore heavy on my spirit. I was so sad that sometimes I wished I was back in the gutter again where no one was better than me, and some nights I wished I was dead. If it hadn't been for the Master being so kind, and that it would have looked like I was blaming mother, I would have twisted my leash and hanged myself.

"How well Kid is!" she says.—Page 319.

About a month after my fight, the word was passed through the Kennels that the New York Show was coming, and such goings on as followed I never did see. If each of them had been matched to fight for a thousand pounds and the gate, they couldn't have trained more conscientious. But, perhaps, that's just my envy. The Kennel men rubbed 'em and scrubbed 'em and trims their hair and curls and combs it, and some dogs they fatted and some they starved. No one talked of nothing but the Show, and the chances "our Kennels" had against the other kennels, and if this one of our champions would win over that one, and whether them as hoped to be champions had better show in the "open" or the "limit" class, and whether this dog would beat his own dad, or whether his little puppy sister couldn't beat the two of them. Even the grooms had their money up, and day or night you heard nothing but praises of "our" dogs, until I, being so far out of it, couldn't have felt meaner if I had been running the streets with a can to my tail. I knew shows were not for such as me, and so I lay all day stretched at the end of my chain, pretending I was asleep, and only too glad that they had something so important to think of, that they could leave me alone.

But one day before the show opened, Miss Dorothy came to the stables with "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and seeing me chained up and so miserable, she takes me in her arms.

"You poor little tyke," says she. "It's cruel to tie him up so; he's eating his heart out. Nolan," she says, "I don't know nothing about bull-terriers," says she, "but I think Kid's got good points," says she, "and you ought to show him. Jimmy Jocks has three legs on the Rensselaer Cup now, and I'm going to show him this time so that he can get the fourth, and if you wish, I'll enter your dog too. How would you like that, Kid," says she. "How would you like to see the most beautiful dogs in the world. Maybe, you'd meet a pal or two," says she. "It would cheer you up, wouldn't it, Kid?" says she. But I was so upset, I could only wag my tail most violent. "He says it would!" says she, though, being that excited, I hadn't said nothing.

So, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," laughs and takes out a piece of blue paper, and sits down at the head groom's table.

"What's the name of the father of your dog, Nolan?" says he. And Nolan says, "The man I got him off told me he was a son of Champion Regent Royal, sir. But it don't seem likely, does it?" says Nolan.

"It does not!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," short like.

"Aren't you sure, Nolan?" says Miss Dorothy.



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"No, Miss," says the Master.

"Sire unknown," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and writes it down.

"Date of birth?" asks "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"I —— I —— unknown, sir," says Nolan. And "Mr. Wyndham, sir," writes it down.

"Breeder?" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"Unknown?" says Nolan, getting very red around the jaws, and I drops my head and tail. And "Mr. Wyndham, sir," writes that down.

"Mother's name?" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir."

"She was a —— unknown," says the Master. And I licks his hand.

"Dam unknown," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and writes it down. Then he takes the paper and reads out loud: "Sire unknown, dam unknown, breeder unknown, date of birth unknown. You'd better call him the 'Great Unknown,'" says he. "Who's paying his entrance fee?"

"I am," says Miss Dorothy.

Two weeks after we all got on a train for New York; Jimmy Jocks and me following Nolan in the smoking-car, and twenty-two of the St. Bernards, in boxes and crates, and on chains and leashes. Such a barking and howling I never did hear, and when they sees me going, too, they laughs fit to kill.

"Wot is this; a circus?" says the railroad man.

But I had no heart in it. I hated to go. I knew I was no "show" dog, even though Miss Dorothy and the Master did their best to keep me from shaming them. For before we set out Miss Dorothy brings a man from town who scrubbed and rubbed me, and sand-papered my tail, which hurt most awful, and shaved my ears with the Master's razor, so you could most see clear through 'em, and sprinkles me over with pipe-clay, till I shines like a Tommy's cross-belts.

"Upon my word!" says Jimmy Jocks when he first sees me. "What a swell you are! You're the image of your grand-dad when he made his début at the Crystal Palace. He took four firsts and three specials." But I knew he was only trying to throw heart into me. They might scrub, and they might rub, and they might pipe-clay, but they couldn't pipe-clay the insides of me, and they was black and tan.

Then we came to a Garden, which it was not, but the biggest hall in the world. Inside there was lines of benches, a few miles long, and on them sat every dog in the world. If all the dog-snatchers in Montreal had worked night and day for a year, they couldn't have caught so many dogs. And they was all shouting and barking and howling so vicious, that my heart stopped beating. For at first I thought they was all enraged at my presuming to intrude, but after I got in my place, they kept at it just the same, barking at every dog as he come in; daring him to fight, and ordering him out, and asking him what breed of dog he thought he was, anyway. Jimmy Jocks was chained just behind me, and he said he never see so fine a show. "That's a hot class you're in, my lad," he says, looking over into my street, where there were thirty bull-terriers. They was all as white as cream, and each so beautiful that if I could have broke my

Nolan leans against the rails, with his head hung down. —Page 321.

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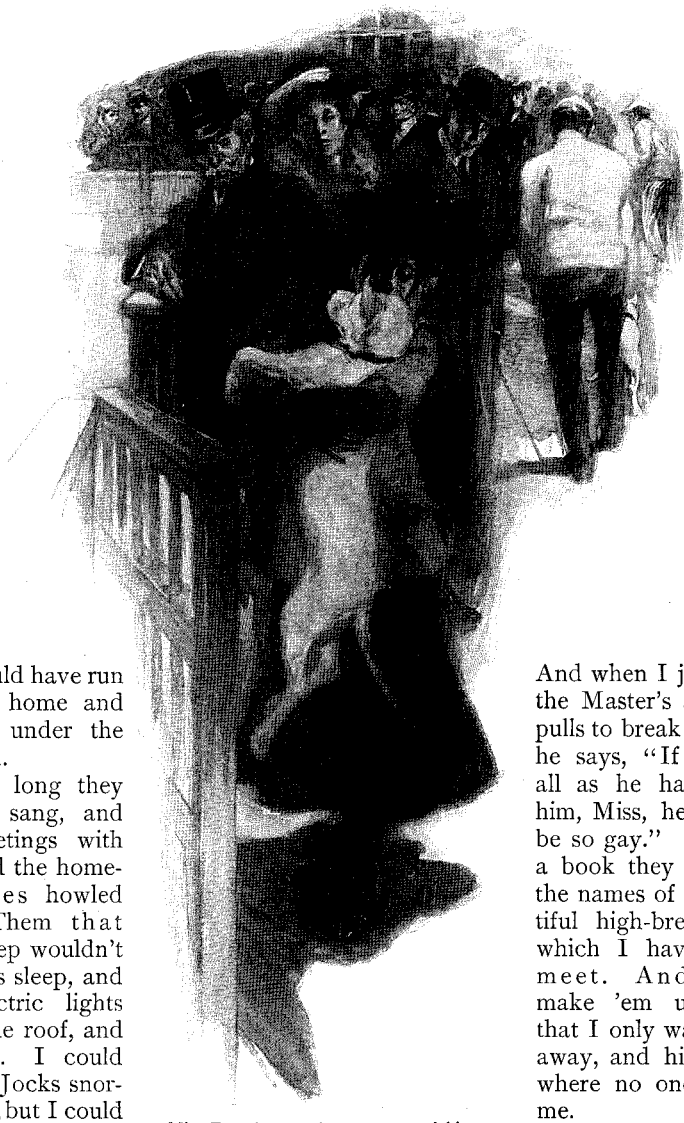

Miss Dorothy snatches me up and kisses me between the ears.—Page 321.

chain, I would have run all the way home and hid myself under the horse-trough.

All night long they talked and sang, and passed greetings with old pals, and the home-sick puppies howled dismal. Them that couldn't sleep wouldn't let no others sleep, and all the electric lights burned in the roof, and in my eyes. I could hear Jimmy Jocks snoring peaceful, but I could only doze by jerks, and when I dozed I dreamed horrible. All the dogs in the hall seemed coming at me for daring to intrude, with their jaws red and open, and their eyes blazing like the lights in the roof. "You're a street-dog! Get out, you street dog!" they yells. And as they drives me out, the pipe-clay drops off me, and they laugh and shriek; and when I looks down I see that I have turned into a black and tan.

They was most awful dreams, and next morning, when Miss Dorothy comes and gives me water in a pan, I begs and begs her to take me home, but she can't understand. "How well Kid is!" she says. And when I jumps into the Master's arms, and pulls to break my chain, he says, "If he knew all as he had against him, Miss, he wouldn't be so gay." And from a book they reads out the names of the beautiful high-bred terriers which I have got to meet. And I can't make 'em understand that I only want to run away, and hide myself where no one will see me.

Then suddenly men comes hurrying down our street and begins to brush the beautiful bull-terriers, and Nolan rubs me with a towel so excited that his hands trembles awful, and Miss Dorothy tweaks my ears between her gloves, so that the blood runs to 'em, and they turn pink, and stand up straight and sharp.

"Now, then, Nolan," says she, her voice shaking just like his fingers, "keep his head up—and never let the Judge lose sight of him." When I hears that my legs breaks under me, for I knows all about judges. Twice, the old Master goes up before the Judge for fighting me with other dogs, and



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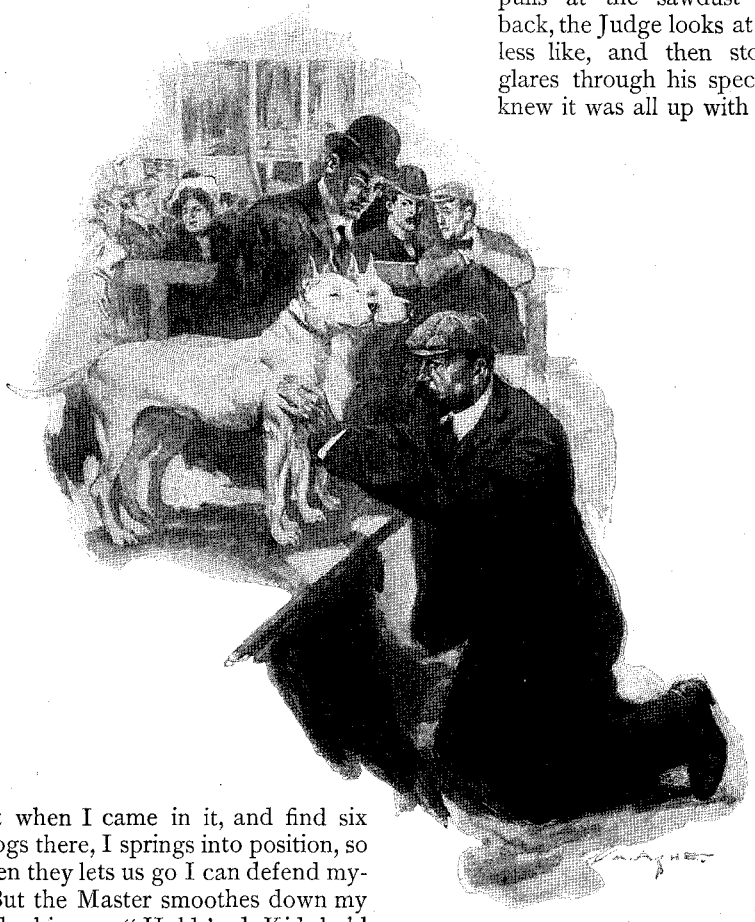
the Judge promises him if he ever does it again, he'll chain him up in jail. I knew he'd find me out. A Judge can't be fooled by no pipe-clay. He can see right through you, and he reads your insides.

The judging ring, which is where the Judge holds out, was so like a fighting pit, that when I came in it, and find six other dogs there, I springs into position, so that when they lets us go I can defend myself. But the Master smoothes down my hair and whispers, "Hold 'ard, Kid, hold 'ard. This ain't a fight," says he. "Look your prettiest," he whispers. "Please, Kid, look your prettiest," and he pulls my leash so tight that I can't touch my pats to the sawdust, and my nose goes up in the air. There was millions of people a-watching us from the railings, and three of our Kennel men, too, making fun of Nolan and me, and Miss Dorothy with her chin just reaching to the rail, and her eyes so big that I thought she was a-going to cry. It was awful to think that when the Judge stood up and exposed me, all those people, and Miss Dorothy, would be there to see me driven from the show.

The Judge, he was a fierce-looking man with specs on his nose, and a red beard. When I first come in he didn't see me owing to my being too quick for him and dodging behind the Master. But when the Master drags me round and I pulls at the sawdust to keep back, the Judge looks at us careless like, and then stops and glares through his specs, and I knew it was all up with me.



For a long time he kneels in the sawdust.—Page 323.

"Are there any more?" asks the Judge, to the gentleman at the gate, but never taking his specs from me.

The man at the gate looks in his book. "Seven in the novice class," says he. "They're all here. You can go ahead," and he shuts the gate.

The Judge, he doesn't hesitate a moment. He just waves his hand toward the corner of the ring. "Take him away," he says to the Master. "Over there and keep him away," and he turns and looks most

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solemn at the six beautiful bull-terriers. I don't know how I crawled to that corner. I wanted to scratch under the sawdust and dig myself a grave. The Kennel men they slapped the rail with their hands and laughed at the Master like they would fall over. They pointed at me in the corner, and their sides just shaked. But little Miss Dorothy she presses her lips tight against the rail, and I see tears rolling from her eyes. The Master, he hangs his head like he had been whipped. I felt most sorry for him, than all. He was so red, and he was letting on not to see the Kennel men, and blinking his eyes. If the Judge had ordered me right out, it wouldn't have disgraced us so, but it was keeping me there while he was judging the high-bred dogs, that hurt so hard. With all those people staring too. And his doing it so quick, without no doubt nor questions. You can't fool the judges. They see insides you.

But he couldn't make up his mind about them high-bred dogs. He scowls at 'em, and he glares at 'em, first with his head on the one side and then on the other. And he feels of 'em, and orders 'em to run about. And Nolan leans against the rails, with his head hung down, and pats me. And Miss Dorothy comes over beside him, but don't say nothing, only wipes her eye with her finger. A man on the other side of the rail he says to the Master, "The Judge don't like your dog?"

"No," says the Master.

"Have you ever shown him before," says the man.

"No," says the Master, "and I'll never show him again. He's my dog," says the Master, "An' he suits me! And I don't care what no judges think." And when he says them kind words, I licks his hand most grateful.

The Judge had two of the six dogs on a little platform in the middle of the ring, and he had chased the four other dogs into the corners, where they was licking their chops, and letting on they didn't care, same as Nolan was.

The two dogs on the platform was so beautiful that the Judge hisself couldn't tell which was the best of 'em, even when he stoops down and holds their heads together. But at last he gives a sigh, and brushes the sawdust off his knees and goes to the table in the ring, where there was a man keeping score, and heaps and heaps of blue and gold and red and yellow ribbons. And the Judge picks up a bunch of 'em and walks to the two gentlemen who was holding the beautiful dogs, and he says to each "What's his number?" and he hands each gentleman a ribbon. And then he turned sharp, and comes straight at the Master.

"What's his number?" says the Judge. And Master was so scared that he couldn't make no answer.

But Miss Dorothy claps her hands, and cries out like she was laughing, "Three twenty-six," and the Judge writes it down, and shoves Master the blue ribbon.

I bit the Master, and I jumps and bit Miss Dorothy, and I waggled so hard that the Master couldn't hold me. When I get to the gate Miss Dorothy snatches me up and kisses me between the ears, right before millions of people, and they both hold me so tight that I didn't know which of them was carrying of me. But one thing I knew, for I listened hard, as it was the Judge hisself as said it.

"Did you see that puppy I gave 'first' to?" says the Judge to the gentleman at the gate.

"I did. He was a bit out of his class," says the gate gentleman.

"He certainly was!" says the Judge, and they both laughed.

But I didn't care. They couldn't hurt me then, not with Nolan holding the blue ribbon and Miss Dorothy hugging my ears, and the Kennel men sneaking away, each looking like he'd been caught with his nose under the lid of the slop can.

We sat down together, and we all three just talked as fast as we could. They was so pleased that I couldn't help feeling proud myself, and I barked and jumped and leaped about so gay, that all the bull-terriers in our street stretched on their chains, and howled at me.

"Just look at him!" says one of those I had beat. "What's he giving hisself airs about?"

"Because he's got one blue ribbon!" says another of 'em. "Why, when I was a puppy I used to eat 'em, and if that Judge could ever learn to know a toy from a mastiff, I'd have had this one."

But Jimmy Jocks he leaned over from his bench, and says, "Well done, Kid.



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Didn't I tell you so!" What he 'ad told me was that I might get a "commended," but I didn't remind him.

"Didn't I tell you," says Jimmy Jocks, "that I saw your grandfather make his début at the Crystal —— ——"

"Yes, sir, you did, sir," says I, for I have no love for the men of my family.

A gentleman with a showing leash around his neck comes up just then and looks at me very critical. "Nice dog you've got, Miss Wyndham," says he; "would you care to sell him?"

"He's not my dog," says Miss Dorothy, holding me tight. "I wish he were."

"He's not for sale, sir," says the Master, and I was *that* glad.

"Oh, he's yours, is he?" says the gentleman, looking hard at Nolan. "Well, I'll give you a hundred dollars for him," says he, careless like.

"Thank you, sir, he's not for sale," says Nolan, but his eyes get very big. The gentleman he walked away, but I watches him, and he talks to a man in a golf cap, and by and by the man comes along our street, looking at all the dogs, and stops in front of me.

"This your dog?" says he to Nolan. "Pity he's so leggy," says he. "If he had a good tail, and a longer stop, and his ears were set higher, he'd be a good dog. As he is, I'll give you fifty dollars for him."

But before the Master could speak Miss Dorothy laughs, and says, "You're Mr. Polk's kennel man, I believe. Well, you tell Mr. Polk from me that the dog's not for sale now any more than he was five minutes ago, and that when he is, he'll have to bid against me for him." The man looks foolish at that, but he turns to Nolan quick like. "I'll give you three hundred for him," he says.

"Oh, indeed!" whispers Miss Dorothy, like she was talking to herself. "That's it, is it," and she turns and looks at me just as though she had never seen me before. Nolan, he was a gaping too, with his mouth open. But he holds me tight.

"He's not for sale," he growls, like he was frightened, and the man looks black and walks away.

"Why, Nolan!" cries Miss Dorothy, "Mr. Polk knows more about bull-terriers than any amateur in America. What can he mean? Why, Kid is no more than a puppy! Three hundred dollars for a puppy!"

"And he ain't no thoroughbred neither!" cries the Master. "He's 'Unknown,' ain't he? Kid can't help it, of course, but his mother, Miss ——"

I dropped my head. I couldn't bear he should tell Miss Dorothy. I couldn't bear she should know I had stolen my blue ribbon.

But the Master never told, for at that, a gentleman runs up, calling, "Three Twenty-Six, Three Twenty-Six," and Miss Dorothy says, "Here he is, what is it?"

"The Winner's Class," says the gentleman. "Hurry, please. The Judge is waiting for him."

Nolan tries to get me off the chain onto a showing leash, but he shakes so, he only chokes me. "What is it, Miss?" he says. "What is it?"

"The Winner's Class," says Miss Dorothy. "The Judge wants him with the winners of the other classes—to decide which is the best. It's only a form," says she. "He has the champions against him now."

"Yes," says the gentleman, as he hurries us to the ring. "I'm afraid it's only a form for your dog, but the Judge wants all the winners, puppy class even."

We had got to the gate, and the gentleman there was writing down my number.

"Who won the open?" asks Miss Dorothy.

"Oh, who would?" laughs the gentleman. "The old champion, of course. He's won for three years now. There he is. Isn't he wonderful," says he, and he points to a dog that's standing proud and haughty on the platform in the middle of the ring.

I never see so beautiful a dog, so fine and clean and noble, so white like he had rolled hisself in flour, holding his nose up and his eyes shut, same as though no one was worth looking at. Aside of him, we other dogs, even though we had a blue ribbon apiece, seemed like lumps of mud. He was a royal gentleman, a king, he was. His Master didn't have to hold his head with no leash. He held it hisself, standing as still as an iron dog on a lawn, like

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he knew all the people was looking at him. And so they was, and no one around the ring pointed at no other dog but him.

"Oh, what a picture," cried Miss Dorothy; "he's like a marble figure by a great artist—one who loved dogs. Who is he?" says she, looking in her book. "I don't keep up with terriers."

"Oh, you know him," says the gentleman. "He is the Champion of champions, Regent Royal."

The Master's face went red.

"And this is Regent Royal's son," cries he, and he pulls me quick into the ring, and plants me on the platform next my father.

I trembled so that I near fall. My legs twisted like a leash. But my father he never looked at me. He only smiled, the same sleepy smile, and he still keep his eyes half shut, like as no one, no, not even his son, was worth his lookin' at.

The Judge he didn't let me stay beside my father, but one by one he placed the other dogs next to him and measured and felt and pulled at them. And each one he put down, but he never put my father down. And then he comes over and picks up me and sets me back on the platform shoulder to shoulder with the Champion Regent Royal and goes down on his knees, and looks into our eyes.

The gentleman with my father, he laughs, and says to the Judge, "Thinking of keeping us here all day, John?" but the Judge he doesn't hear him, and goes behind us and runs his hand down my side, and holds back my ears, and takes my jaws between his fingers. The crowd around the ring is very deep now, and nobody says nothing. The gentleman at the score table, he is leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, and his eyes very wide, and the gentleman at the gate is whispering quick to Miss Dorothy, who has turned white. I stood as stiff as stone. I didn't even breathe. But out of the corner of my eye I could see my father licking his pink chops, and yawning just a little, like he was bored.

The Judge he had stopped looking fierce, and was looking solemn. Something inside him seemed a troubling him awful. The more he stares at us now, the more solemn he gets, and when he touches us he does it gentle, like he was patting us. For a long time he kneels in the sawdust looking at my father and at me, and no one around the ring says nothing to nobody.

Then the Judge takes a breath and touches me sudden. "It's his," he says, but he lays his hand just as quick on my father. "I'm sorry," says he.

The gentleman holding my father cries: "Do you mean to tell me——"

And the Judge, he answers, "I mean the other is the better dog." He takes my father's head between his hands, and looks down at him most sorrowful. "The King is dead," says he, "long live the King. Good-by, Regent," he says.

The crowd around the railings clapped their hands, and some laughed scornful, and everyone talks fast, and I start for the gate so dizzy that I can't see my way. But my father pushes in front of me, walking very daintily, and smiling sleepy, same as he had just been waked, with his head high, and his eyes shut, looking at nobody.

So that is how I "came by my inheritance," as Miss Dorothy calls it, and just for that, though I couldn't feel where I was any different, the crowd follows me to my bench, and pats me, and coos at me, like I was a baby in a baby-carriage. And the handlers have to hold 'em back so that the gentlemen from the papers can make pictures of me, and Nolan walks me up and down so proud, and the men shakes their heads and says, "He certainly is the true type, he is!" And the pretty ladies asks Miss Dorothy, who sits beside me letting me lick her gloves to show the crowd what friends we is, "Aren't you afraid he'll bite you?" and Jimmy Jocks calls to me, "Didn't I tell you so! I always knew you were one of us. Blood will out, Kid, blood will out. I saw your grandfather," says he, "make his début at the Crystal Palace. But he was never the dog you are!"

After that if I could have asked for it there was nothing I couldn't get. You might have thought I was a snow dog, and they was afeerd I'd melt. If I wet my pats, Nolan give me a hot bath and chained me to the stove; if I couldn't eat my food, being stuffed full by the cook, for I am a house-dog now, and let in to lunch whether there is visitors or not, Nolan

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would run to bring the vet. It was all tommy rot, as Jimmy says, but meant most kind. I couldn't scratch myself comfortable, without Nolan giving me nasty drinks, and rubbing me outside till it burnt awful, and I wasn't let to eat bones for fear of spoiling my "beautiful" mouth, what mother used to call my "punishing jaw," and my food was cooked special on a gas-stove, and Miss Dorothy gives me an overcoat, cut very stylish like the champions', to wear when we goes out carriage driving.

After the next show, where I takes three blue ribbons, four silver cups, two medals, and brings home forty-five dollars for Nolan they gives me a "Registered" name, same as Jimmy's. Miss Dorothy wanted to call me "Regent Heir Apparent," but I was THAT glad when Nolan says, "No, Kid don't owe nothing to his father, only to you and hisself. So if you please, Miss, we'll call him Wyndham Kid." And so they did, and you can see it on my overcoat in blue letters, and painted top of my kennel. It was all too hard to understand. For days I just sat and wondered if I was really me, and how it all come about, and why everybody was so kind. But, oh, it was so good they was, for if they hadn't been, I'd never have got the thing I most wished after. But, because they was kind, and not liking to deny me nothing, they gave it me, and it was more to me than anything in the world.

It came about one day when we was out driving. We was in the cart they calls the dog-cart, because it's the one Miss Dorothy keeps to take Jimmy and me for an airing. Nolan was up behind, and me in my new overcoat was sitting beside Miss Dorothy. I was admiring the view, and thinking how good it was to have a horse pull you about so that you needn't get yourself splashed and have to be washed, when I hears a dog calling loud for help, and I pricks up my ears and looks over the horse's head. And I sees something that makes me tremble down to my toes. In the road before us three big dogs was chasing a little old lady dog. She had a string to her tail where some boys had tied a can and she was dirty with mud and ashes, and torn most awful. She was too far done up to get away, and too old to help herself, but she was making a fight for her life, snapping her old gums savage, and dying game. All this I see in a wink, and then the three dogs pinned her down, and I can't stand it no longer and clears the wheel and lands in the road on my head. It was my stylish overcoat done that, and I curse it proper, but I gets my pats again quick, and makes a rush for the fighting. Behind me I hear Miss Dorothy cry, "They'll kill that old dog. Wait, take my whip. Beat them off her! The Kid can take care of himself," and I hear Nolan fall into the road, and the horse come to a stop. The old lady dog was down, and the three was eating her vicious, but as I come up, scattering the pebbles, she hears, and thinking it's one more of them, she lifts her head and my heart breaks open like someone had sunk his teeth in it. For under the ashes and the dirt and the blood I can see who it is, and I know that my mother has come back to me.

I gives a yell that throws them three dogs off their legs.

"Mother!" I cries. "I'm the Kid," I cries. "I'm coming to you, mother, I'm coming."

And I shoots over her, at the throat of the big dog, and the other two they sinks their teeth into that stylish overcoat, and tears it off me, and that sets me free, and I lets them have it. I never had so fine a fight as that! What with mother being there to see, and not having been let to mix up in no fights since I become a prize winner, it just naturally did me good and it wasn't three shakes before I had 'em yelping. Quick as a wink mother she jumps in to help me, and I just laughed to see her. It was so like old times. And Nolan he made me laugh too. He was like a hen on a bank, shaking the butt of his whip, but not daring to cut in for fear of hitting me.

"Stop it, Kid," he says, "stop it. Do you want to be all torn up," says he. "Think of the Boston show next week," says he. "Think of Chicago. Think of Danbury. Don't you never want to be a champion?" How was I to think of all them places when I had three dogs to cut up at the same time. But in a minute two of 'em begs for mercy, and mother and me lets 'em run away. The big one,

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he ain't able to run away. Then mother and me we dances and jumps, and barks and laughs, and bites each other and rolls each other in the road. There never was two dogs so happy as we, and Nolan he whistles and calls and begs me to come to him, but I just laugh, and play larks with mother.

"Now you come with me," says I, "to my new home and never try to run away again." And I shows her our house with the five red roofs, set on the top of the hill. But mother trembles awful and says: "They'd never let the likes of me in such a place. Does the Viceroy live there, Kid?" says she. And I laugh at her. "No, I do," I says; "and if they won't let you live there too, you and me will go back to the streets together, for we must never be parted no more." So we trots up the hill side by side, with Nolan trying to catch me, and Miss Dorothy laughing at him from the cart.

"The Kid's made friends with the poor, old dog," says she. "Maybe, he knew her long ago when he ran the streets himself. Put her in here beside me, and see if he doesn't follow."

So when I hears that I tells mother to go with Nolan and sit in the cart, but she says no, that she'd soil the pretty lady's frock; but I tells her to do as I say, and so Nolan lifts her, trembling still, into the cart, and I runs alongside, barking joyful.

When we drives into the stables I takes mother to my kennel, and tells her to go

I pricks up my ears and looks over the horse's head.—Page 324.

inside it and make herself at home. "Oh, but he won't let me!" says she.

"Who won't let you?" says I, keeping my eye on Nolan, and growling a bit nasty, just to show I was meaning to have my way.

"Why Wyndham Kid," says she, looking up at the name on my kennel.

"But I'm Wyndham Kid!" says I.

"You!" cries mother. "You! Is my little Kid the great Wyndham Kid the dogs all talk about?" And at that, she, being very old, and sick, and hungry, and nervous, as mothers are, just drops down in the straw, and weeps bitter.

Well, there ain't much more than that to tell. Miss Dorothy she settled it.

"If the Kid wants the poor old thing in the stables," says she, "let her stay."

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"You see," says she, "she's a black-and-tan, and his mother was a black-and-tan, and maybe that's what makes Kid feel so friendly toward her," says she.

"Indeed, for me," says Nolan, "she can have the best there is. I'd never drive out no dog that asks for a crust nor a shelter," he says. "But what will Mr. Wyndham do?"

"He'll do what I say," says Miss Dorothy, "and if I say she's to stay, she will stay, and I say—she's to stay!"

And so mother and Nolan, and me, found a home. Mother was scared at first—not being used to kind people—but she was so gentle and loving, that the grooms got fonder of her than of me, and tried to make me jealous by patting of her, and giving her the pick of the vittles. But that was the wrong way to hurt my feelings. That's all, I think. Mother is so happy here that I tell her we ought to call it the Happy Hunting Grounds, because no one hunts you, and there is nothing to hunt; it just all comes to you. And so we live in peace, mother sleeping all day in the sun, or behind the stove in the head groom's office, being fed twice a day regular by Nolan, and all the day by the other grooms most irregular. And, as for me, I go hurrying around the country to the bench shows; winning money and cups for Nolan, and taking the blue ribbons away from father.

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# FROM ONE LONG DEAD

## By Robert Bridges

WHAT! *You* here in the moonlight and thinking of me?
Is it you, O my comrade, who laughed at my jest?
But you wept when I told you I longed to be free,
And you mourned for a while when they laid me at rest.

I've been dead all these years! and to-night in your heart
There's a stir of emotion, a vision that slips—
It's *my* face in the moonlight that gives you a start,
It's my name that in joy rushes up to your lips!

Yes, I'm young, oh so young, and so little I know!
A mere child that is learning to walk and to run;
While I grasp at the shadows that wave to and fro
I am dazzled a bit by the light of the Sun.

I am learning the lesson, I try to grow wise,
But at night I am baffled and worn by the strife;
I am humbled, and then there's an impulse to rise,
And a voice whispers, "Onward and win! This is Life!"

And the Force that is drawing me up to the Height,
That inspires me and thrills me—each day a new birth,
Is the Force that to Chaos said, "Let there be Light!"
And it gave us sweet glimpses of Heaven on Earth.

It is Love! and you know it and feel it, my Soul!
For you love me in spite of the grave and its bars.
And it moves the whole Universe on to its goal,
And it draws frail Humanity up to the stars!

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# THE LAUNCHING OF A UNIVERSITY

By Daniel C. Gilman

DURING the last five decades, American universities have grown up with unprecedented rapidity. It is not necessary to fix an exact date for the beginning of this progress. Some would like to say that the foundation of the Lawrence Scientific School in Harvard University, and, almost simultaneously, the organization of the School of Science in New Haven were initial undertakings. These events indicated that the two oldest colleges of New England were ready to introduce instruction of an advanced character, far more special than ever before, in the various branches of natural and physical science. An impulse was given by the passage of the Morrill Act, by which a large amount of scrip, representing public lands, was offered to any State that would maintain a college devoted to agriculture and the mechanic arts, without the exclusion of other scientific and literary studies. The foundation of Cornell University was of the highest significance, for it fortunately came under the guidance of one who was equally devoted to historical and scientific research, one whose plans showed an independence of thought and a power of organization then without precedent in the field of higher education. The changes introduced in Harvard, under masterful leadership, when the modern era of progress began, had profound influence. The gifts of Johns Hopkins, of Rockefeller, of Stanford, of Tulane, promoted the establishment of new institutions, in sympathy with the older colleges, yet freer to introduce new subjects and new methods. The State universities of the Northwest and of the Pacific coast, as population and wealth increased, became an important factor. These multiform agencies must all be carefully considered when an estimate is made up of the progress of the last half-century.

The theme is too large for discussion in these pages. No such task has been given to me. But I have been requested to put in form some reminiscences of events and persons. I was a close observer of the changes which were introduced at Yale in the fifties and sixties, the grafting of a new branch—"a wild olive," as it seemed—upon the old stock. Then I had some experience, brief but significant, in California, as the head of the State University, at a time when it was needful to answer the popular cry that it should become chiefly a school of agriculture, and when it was important to show the distinction between a university and a polytechnic institute. Then came a call to the East and a service of more than a quarter of a century in the organization and development of a new establishment. These are three typical institutions. Yale was a colonial foundation, wedded to precedents, where an effort was made to introduce new studies and new methods. California was a State institution, benefited by the so-called agricultural grant, where it was necessary to emphasize the importance of the liberal arts, because the practical arts were sure to take care of themselves. Baltimore afforded an opportunity to develop a private endowment free from ecclesiastical or political control, where from the beginning the old and the new, the humanities and the sciences, theory and practice, could be generously promoted.

In looking over this period, remarkable changes are manifest. In the first place, science receives an amount of support unknown before. This is a natural consequence of the wonderful discoveries which have been made in respect to the phenomena and laws of nature, and the improvements made in scientific instruments and researches. Educational leaders perceived the importance of the work carried on in laboratories and observatories under the impulse of such men as Liebig and Faraday. With this increased attention to science, the old-fashioned curriculum disappeared, of necessity, and many combinations of studies are permitted in the most conservative institutions.

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Absolute freedom of choice is allowed in many places. Historical and political science has come to the front, and it is no longer enough to learn from a text-book long lists of names and dates; reference must be made to original sources of information, or at any rate many books must be consulted in order to understand the progress of human society. Some knowledge of German and French is required of everyone. English literature receives an amount of attention never given to it in early days. Medicine is no longer taught by lectures only, but the better schools require continued practice in the biological laboratories and the subsequent observation of patients in hospitals and dispensaries. The admission of women to the advantages of higher education is also one of the most noteworthy advances of the period we are considering.

The historian that takes up these and allied indications of the progress of American universities, will have a difficult and an inspiring theme. It has been a delightful and exhilarating time in which to live and to work, to observe and to try. All the obstacles have not been overcome, some mistakes have been made, much remains for improvement, but on the whole the record of the last forty or fifty years exhibits substantial and satisfactory gains. The efforts of scholars have been sustained by the munificence of donors, and more than one institution now has an endowment larger than that of all the institutions which were in existence in 1850.

In the middle of the century, the word "university" was in the air. It was cautiously used in Cambridge and New Haven, where a number of professional schools were living vigorous lives near the parental domicile, then called "the college proper," as if the junior departments were colleges improper. To speak of "our university" savored of pretence in these old colleges. A story was told at Yale that a dignitary from a distant State introduced himself as chancellor of the university. "How large a faculty have you?" asked Dominie Day. "Not any," was the answer. "Have you any library or buildings?" "Not yet," replied the visitor. "Any endowment?" "None," came the monotonous and saddening negative. "What have you?" persisted the Yale president. The visitor brightened as he said, "We have a very good charter."

Among enlightened and well-read people, the proper significance of a university was of course understood. Students came home from Europe, and especially from Germany, with clear conceptions of its scope. Everett, Bancroft, Ticknor, Hedge, Woolsey, Thacher, Whitney, Gildersleeve, and many more were familiar with the courses of illustrious teachers on the Continent. European scholars were added to the American faculties — Follen, Beck, Lieber, Agassiz, Guyot, and others less distinguished. But the American colleges had been based on the idea of an English college, and upon this central nucleus the limited funds and the unlimited energies of the times were concentrated, not indeed exclusively, but diligently. Any diversion of the concentrated resources of the treasury to "outside" interests, like law, medicine, and theology, was not to be thought of. Even now, one hears occasionally the question, "After all, what *is* the difference between a university and a college?" To certain persons, the university simply means the best place of instruction that the locality can secure. The country is full of praiseworthy foundations which ought to be known as high-schools or academies or possibly as colleges, but which appear to great disadvantage under the more pretentious name they have assumed. Just after the war the enthusiastic sympathy of the North for the enfranchised blacks led to the bestowal of the highest term in educational nomenclature upon the institutes where the freedmen were to be taught. Fortunately, Hampton and Tuskegee escaped this christening, but Fiske, Atlanta, and Howard foundations were thus named. It was much nearer the truth to say that the complete university includes four faculties—the liberal arts or philosophy, law, medicine, and theology. Sometimes a university is regarded as the union, under one board of control, of all the highest institutions of a place or region. There is one instance where the name "university" is given to a board which in a general way supervises all the degree-giving institutions in the State.

When the announcement was made to the public, at the end of 1873, that a

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wealthy merchant of Baltimore had provided by his will for the establishment of a new university, a good deal of latent regret was felt because the country seemed to have already more higher seminaries than it could supply with teachers, students, or funds. Another "college" was expected to join the crowded column, and impoverish its neighbors by its superior attractions. Fortunately, the founder was wise as well as generous. He used the simplest phrases to express his wishes; and he did not define the distinguished name that he bestowed upon his child, nor embarrass its future by needless conditions. Details were left to a sagacious body of trustees whom he charged with the duty of supervision. They travelled east and west, brought to Baltimore experienced advisers, Eliot, Angell, and White, and procured many of the latest books that discussed the problem of education. By and by they chose a president, and accepted his suggestion that they should give emphasis to the word "university" and should endeavor to build up an institution quite different from a college, thus making an addition to American education, not introducing a rival. Young men who had already gone through that period of mental discipline which commonly leads to the baccalaureate degree, were invited to come and pursue those advanced studies for which they might have been prepared, and to accept the inspiration and guidance of professors selected because of acknowledged distinction or of special aptitudes. Among the phrases that were employed to indicate the project were many which then were novel, although they are now the commonplaces of catalogues and speeches.

Opportunities for advanced, not professional, studies, were then scanty in this country. In the older colleges certain graduate courses were attended by a small number of followers—but the teachers were for the most part absorbed with undergraduate instruction, and could give but little time to the few who sought their guidance. Probably my experience was not unusual. After taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in Yale College, I was undecided what profession to follow. The effect of the collegiate discipline, which "introduced" me, according to the phrase of the day, to not less than twenty subjects in the senior year, was to arouse an interest of about equal intensity in as many branches of knowledge. I remained a year at New Haven as a resident graduate. President Woolsey, whom I consulted, asked me to read Rau's political economy and come and tell him its contents; I did not accept the challenge. I asked Professor Hadley if I might read Greek with him; he declined my proposal. Professor Porter did give me some guidance in reading, especially in German. I had many talks of an inspiring nature with Professor Dana—but on the whole I think that the year was wasted. The next autumn I went to Cambridge and called upon President Sparks, to learn what opportunities were there open. "You can hear Professor Agassiz lecture," he said, "if you want to; and I believe Mr. Longfellow is reading Dante with a class." I did not find at Cambridge any better opportunities than I had found at New Haven—but in both places I learned to admire the great teachers, and to wish that there were better arrangements for enabling a graduate student to ascertain what could be enjoyed and to profit by the opportunities. The day has now come when there is almost a superfluity of advanced courses. Let me tell some of the conditions which brought the Johns Hopkins foundations into close relations with the upward and onward movements in American universities, during the period from 1876 to 1901.

Before a university can be launched there are six requisites: An idea; capital, to make the ideal feasible; a definite plan; an able staff of coadjutors; books and apparatus; students. On each of these points, I shall briefly dwell, conscious of one advantage as a writer—conscious, also, of a disadvantage. I have the advantage of knowing more than any one else of an unwritten chapter of history; the disadvantage of not being able or disposed to tell the half that I remember.

"The idea of the university" was early accepted by the trustees. This was a phrase to which Cardinal Newman had given currency in a remarkable series of letters in which he advocated the establishment of a Catholic foundation in Dub-

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lin. At a time when ecclesiastical or denominational colleges were at the front, and were considered by many people the only defensible places for the education of young men, his utterances for academic freedom were emancipating; at a time when early specialization was advocated, his defence of liberal culture was reassuring. The evidence elicited by the British university commissions was instructive, and the writings of Mark Pattison, Dr. Appleton, Matthew Arnold, and others were full of suggestions. Innumerable essays and pamphlets had appeared in Germany discussing the improvements which were called for in that land of research. The endeavors of the new men at Cambridge and New Haven, and the instructive success of the University of Virginia, were all brought under consideration. It is safe to say that the Johns Hopkins was founded upon the idea of a university as distinct from a college.

The capital was provided by a single individual. No public meeting was ever held to promote subscriptions or to advocate higher education; no speculation in land was proposed; no financial gains were expected; no religious body was involved, not even the Society of orthodox Friends, in which the founder had been trained, and from which he selected several of his confidential advisers. He gave what seemed at the time a princely gift; he supplemented it with an equal gift for a hospital. It was natural that he should also give his name. That was then the fashion. John Harvard and Elihu Yale had lived long ago, and they never sought the remembrance which their contemporaries insured; but in late years Girard, Smithson, Lawrence, Cornell, and Cooper, had all regarded their foundations as children entitled to bear the parental name. Their follower in Maryland did likewise.

It is always interesting to know the genesis of great gifts. Johns Hopkins, who had never married, was in doubt, when he grew old, respecting the bestowal of his acquisitions. The story is current that a sagacious friend said to him, "There are two things which are sure to live—a university, for there will always be the youth to train; and a hospital, for there will always be the suffering to relieve." This germ, implanted in a large brain, soon bore fruit. The will was drawn, and after provision for the nearest of kin, the fortune was divided between the two institutions which bear the founder's name. It was his wish that they should be united in the promotion of medical science, and this wish has controlled all subsequent proceedings.

There is another story which is worth repeating, for it shows the relation of one benefaction to another. When George Peabody, near the end of his life, came to Baltimore, the place of his former residence, he was invited to dine by Mr. John W. Garrett, and Mr. Hopkins was invited to meet him. It is my impression that they were alone at the table. The substance of Mr. Peabody's remarks has thus been given by the host:

"Mr. Hopkins, we both commenced our commercial life in Baltimore, and we knew each other well. I left Baltimore for London, and from the commencement of my busy life I must state that I was extremely fond of money, and very happy in acquiring it. I labored, struggled, and economized continuously and increased my store, and I have been very proud of my achievements. Leaving Baltimore, after a successful career in a relatively limited sphere, I began in London, the seat of the greatest intellectual forces connected with commerce, and there I succeeded wonderfully, and, in competition with houses that had been wealthy, prosperous, and famous for generations, I carved my way to opulence. It is due to you, Mr. Hopkins, to say, remembering you so well, that you are the only man I have met in all my experience more thoroughly anxious to make money and more determined to succeed than myself; and you have enjoyed the pleasure of success, too. In vigorous efforts for mercantile power, capital, of course, and large capital, was vital. I had the satisfaction, as you have had, of feeling that success is the test of merit, and I was happy in the view that I was in this sense, at least, very meritorious. You also have enjoyed a great share of success and of commercial power and honor. But, Mr. Hopkins, though my progress was for a long period satisfactory and gratifying, yet, when age came upon me, and when aches and pains made me realize that I was not

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immortal, I felt, after taking care of my relatives, great anxiety to place the millions that I had accumulated so as to accomplish the greatest good for humanity. I looked about me and formed the conclusion that there were men who were just as anxious to work with integrity and faithfulness, for the comfort, consolation, and advancement of the suffering and the struggling poor, as I had been to gather fortune. After careful consideration, I called a number of my friends in whom I had confidence to meet me, and I proposed that they should act as my trustees, and I organized my first scheme of benevolence. The trust was accepted, and I then for the first time felt there was a higher pleasure and a greater happiness than accumulating money, and that was derived from giving it for good and humane purposes ; and so, sir, I have gone on, and from that day realized, with increasing enjoyment, the pleasure of arranging for the greatest practicable good for those who would need my means to aid their well-being, progress, and happiness."

Given the idea and the funds, the next requisite was a plan. I remember very well my first interviews with the trustees at their office in North Charles Street, and subsequently at the Mount Vernon Hotel. They were men of intelligence, dignity, and public spirit, devoid of personal, political, or ecclesiastical bias. I was strongly impressed by their desire to do the very best that was possible under the circumstances in which they were placed.

We quickly reached concurrence. Without dissent, it was agreed that we were to develop, if possible, something more than a local institution, and were at least to aim at national influence ; that we should try to supplement, and not supplant, existing colleges, and should endeavor to bring to Baltimore, as teachers and as students, the ablest minds that we could attract. It was understood that we should postpone all questions of building, dormitories, commons, discipline, and degrees ; that we should hire or buy in the heart of the city a temporary perch, and remain on it until we could determine what wants should be revealed, and until we could decide upon future buildings. We were to await the choice of a faculty before we matured any schemes of examination, instruction, and graduation.

I was encouraged to travel freely at home and abroad. Among many men of distinction whom I met on these journeys, it may be invidious to make a selection, but a few must be named. Foremost was President Eliot *facile princeps* among the college presidents of that day, whose encouragement and counsel have never been wanting. At New Haven, among many former colleagues, there were two, Professors Whitney and Brush, whom it was natural to consult in the confidence of friendship, and through them I came into closer relations with Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, the renowned chemist. With the president of Cornell University, now the United States ambassador in Germany, I had been on intimate terms since our undergraduate days, and his recent experiences in the development of an original project made him a very valuable adviser. In Oxford, Cambridge, Glasgow, Dublin, and Manchester much interest was shown in our new undertaking. I remember vividly and with special pleasure my visit to Lord Kelvin in his laboratory, and a dinner with the X Club in London, to which Professor Tyndall invited me, and where I met Spencer, Hooker, Huxley, Frankland, and other leaders of science. The story of this club is given in Huxley's memoirs. To many leaders in the profession of medicine I was introduced by Dr. John S. Billings. On the Continent I visited Paris, Berlin, Heidelberg, Strasburg, Freiburg, Leipsic, Munich, and Vienna. In all these places the laboratories were new and even more impressive than the libraries. Everywhere the problems of higher education were under discussion ; everywhere, readiness to be helpful and suggestive was apparent. One Sunday afternoon I sat for a long while on the vine-clad hill of Freiburg, looking at the beautiful spire of the cathedral and talking with the historian, Professor Von Holtz — already well acquainted with American conditions. He became one of our lecturers, and afterward took part in the development of the University of Chicago. He gave me an inside view of the workings of the German University system. Professor James Bryce was a most ser-

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viceable interpreter of the intricacies of Oxford and Cambridge. Through a college classmate who had become an agrégé in the University of France, I had a similar introduction to the methods of the French. Among my note-books I think there is one in which, while at Oxford, in the autumn of 1875, I drew up an outline of the possible organization of our work in Baltimore. It was brief, but it was also comprehensive.

The first real difficulty was the selection of a faculty. The announcement was boldly made that the best men who could be found would be first appointed without respect to the place from which they came, the college wherein they were trained, or the religious body to which they belonged. The effort would be made to secure the best men who were free to accept positions in a new, uncertain, and, it must be acknowledged, somewhat risky organization. I will not recall the overtures made to men of mark, nor the overtures received from men of no mark. Nor can I say whether it was harder to eliminate from the list of candidates the second best, or to secure the best. All this it is well to forget. When I die, the memory of those anxieties and perplexities will forever disappear. It is enough to remember that Sylvester, Gildersleeve, Remsen, Rowland, Morris, and Martin were the first professors. As a faculty "we were seven." Our education, our antecedents, our peculiarities were very different, but we were full of enthusiasm, and we got on together without a discordant note. Four of the six are dead; one is still as vigorous and incisive as ever; one is now president. An able corps of associates, lecturers, and fellows was appointed with the professors, and they were admirable helpers in the inception of the work. This is not the place, and perhaps I am not the person to give the characteristics of this corps.

One incident only I will tell, for the recent death of Professor Rowland has brought his name before the public, and I have often been asked how at the age of twenty-eight he was selected for the important chair of physics. The facts are these.

While on service as a member of the Board of Visitors at West Point in the summer of 1875, I became well acquainted with General Michie, then professor of physics in the United States Military Academy. I asked him who there was that could be considered for our chair of physics. He told me that there was a young man in Troy, of whom probably I had not heard, whom he had met at the house of Professor Forsyth and who seemed to him full of promise.

"What has he done?" I said.

"He has lately published an article in the *Philosophical Magazine*," was his reply, "which shows great ability. If you want a young man you had better talk with him."

"Why did he publish it in London," said I, "and not in the *American Journal?*"

"Because it was turned down by the American editors," he said, "and the writer at once forwarded it to Professor Clerk Maxwell, who sent it to the English periodical."

This at once arrested my attention and we telegraphed to Mr. Rowland to come from Troy, where he was an assistant instructor in the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. He came at once, and we walked up and down Kosciusko's Garden, talking over his plans and ours. He told me in detail of his correspondence with Maxwell, and I think he showed me the letters received from him. At any rate, it was obvious that I was in confidential relations with a young man of rare intellectual powers and of uncommon aptitude for experimental science. When I reported the facts to the trustees in Baltimore they said at once, "Engage that young man and take him with you to Europe, where he may follow the leaders in his science and be ready for a professorship." And so we did. His subsequent career is well known.

The purchase of books and apparatus is of but little interest to the public, so I pass that subject by, and will proceed at once to the sixth requisite. After plans had been formed and teachers installed, the question was still open, Where are the students? We were very fortunate in those that came to us. They were not many at first, and it was comparatively easy to become acquainted with every one. Among the pleasantest recollections

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of my life are the relations which I have held with the young men among whom my lot has been cast. In later years the numbers have been large, the helpers many, so that I have not been quite as fortunate, but for a long while I was brought into close acquaintance with every student. This half-official, half-fraternal intercourse has ripened into life-long friendships. In Baltimore, I have always regarded the original body of fellows as the advance-guard, carefully chosen, well taught, and quickly promoted. Without exception these twenty men soon won distinction. Most of them are happily living—so I will not dwell upon their merits; but of two who have lately passed away I will say a few words.

Professor Adams came to us at the very opening of the university, fresh from his studies under Bluntschli in Heidelberg. He quickly showed the rare qualities which were manifest through his life—enthusiasm, application, versatility, and a generous appreciation of others. His mind was suggestive, capable of forming wise plans, and quick in devising the methods by which those plans could be carried out. A remarkable trait was the power of perceiving the adaptation of his scholars to such posts as were open. He could almost always suggest the right man for a given vacancy; and he was just as ready to deter one that he thought unsuitable from seeking a place beyond his powers.

He began at an early day what was not exactly an association nor a seminary, but a weekly reunion of the teachers and scholars in the department of historical and political science. These meetings were stimulating to all who took part in them, and while the leadership fell upon Dr. Adams, many men of distinction came to the gatherings and did their part in making them of interest. He also initiated that remarkable series of publications, which continued under his editorship until his death—a repository of memoirs, longer and shorter, pertaining to American institutional history. He edited for the Bureau of Education a series of monographs on instruction in the various States of the Union. To his bright mind (I suspect), the idea of forming an American historical association is due. Certainly he was in its early days the most efficient promoter of that society, and he continued to be, until his health broke down, the secretary and the editor of the annual reports.

After all, surely, his highest service was in the art of inspiring others; and when I think of those who came under his influence, Woodrow Wilson, Albert Shaw, J. F. Jameson, Charles H. Levermore, D. R. Dewey, F. W. Blackmar, B. C. Steiner, W. W. Willoughby, C. H. Haskins, F. J. Turner, J. M. Vincent, and many more, it seems to me that no higher achievement could have been attained by him, no greater reward secured.

Before it was publicly known that Professor Sylvester was to have charge of our mathematical work, Thomas Craig, from Lafayette College, inquired of me whether Sylvester was coming to us. Now, Sylvester had no popular reputation. His writings were diffused through a multitude of scientific journals, and he had never published them in separate volumes. I was surprised by the inquiry of a youthful schoolmaster from the country, and said, "What do you know about Professor Sylvester?" His reply was, "Not to know the name of Sylvester, is to know nothing of modern mathematics." I said, "Very true, but is that all you know of him?" He then acknowledged that he had read some of the memoirs of this illustrious geometer. Then I asked what made him think that Sylvester was coming. He said that Professor Peirce, of Harvard, had told him. "Do you know Professor Peirce?" said I. "Not personally," was his reply, "but I have had several letters from him, and in one of them he told me that I ought to go to Baltimore and study with Sylvester." So I took the young man into confidence and told him that, although the arrangements were not quite perfected, we did expect the co-operation of this English savant. The young man came to us and accepted one of the fellowships, and from that time onward until his health gave way he was a brilliant member of our mathematical corps. He became the successor of Sylvester and the associate of Newcomb in the editorial control of the *American Journal of Mathematics* and was thus brought into personal re-

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lations with most of the renowned mathematicians of Europe, whose letters as they lie before me indicate their respect for this American correspondent. His text-books were used at one time in the University of Cambridge, England, and his other mathematical writings were of distinct value, though they were not numerous.

Among the early students one of the most brilliant was Dr. Keeler, later director of the Lick Astronomical Observatory, in California. He came of good New England stock, but had been far away from all opportunities of superior education at his home in Florida. One day he appeared in Baltimore and asked leave to be received as a student in optics. A visitor in Florida, Mr. Charles H. Rockwell, had seen him engaged in surveying land with a theodolite of his own construction, and had asked the future astronomer what career he wished to follow. Keeler replied, "I should like to be an optician." With remarkable insight Mr. Rockwell encouraged him to go to Cambridge and consult with Alvan Clark. This maker of telescopes said: "I cannot receive you as a student; go to the Sheffield School in New Haven and see what they will do for you." At New Haven they told him, "Go to Baltimore and work with Dr. Hastings." So he came to us. His means were very small, and he was glad to earn a little money by the making of diagrams, by drawing a plot of our grounds, and in other ways. He showed so much ability that he was encouraged to clear off our requirements for matriculation, and subsequently he proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Not long afterward, he went to California with Professor Langley and aided him in original investigations respecting the heat of the sun, on the summit of Mount Whitney. He became an assistant in the Allegheny Observatory, and finally he ended his career while in charge of the great instrument at Mount Hamilton, California, having won the highest recognition from all the astronomers of his day.

These are by no means the only examples that occur to me of brilliant young men whom we were at once able to encourage. The list is long. Fortunately most of them are still winning reputation. Whatever service we have rendered them is largely due to the freedom of our methods, and to the close contact which has prevailed between the leading scholars and those that have come under their guidance, and above all to the brilliant and learned minds whose influence, often unconscious, has been the most potent factor in the university at Baltimore. Thus with the six requisites, an idea, a plan, an endowment, a faculty, apparatus and students, we proceeded to launch our bark upon the Patapsco.

As the day drew near for the opening of our doors and the beginning of instruction the word reached us that Professor Huxley, of London, was coming to this country. We had already decided that, in view of the attention which was to be given to medicine, biology should receive a large amount of attention, more than ever before in this country. That meant the study, in the laboratory, of vegetable and animal forms and functions, so that the eyes and hands and brains of the students might be well prepared for the study of the human body in health and in disease. Huxley, among English-speaking people, was the leader in these studies. His repute as an investigator was good, and as the popular interpreter and defender of biological investigations he was without a peer. His acquaintance with the problems of medical education was also well known. He had rendered us a service by nominating Dr. Martin to the professorship of biology. The moment was opportune for informing the public, through the speech of this master, in respect to the requirements of modern medicine and the value of biological research. I do not suppose that anyone connected with the university had thought of the popular hostility toward biology. We did not know that to many persons this mysterious term was like a red flag of warning. The fact that some naturalists were considered irreligious filled the air with suspicions that the new foundation would be handed over to the Evil One. The sequel will show what happened. Professor Huxley was invited; he accepted, he came to Baltimore, he addressed a crowded assembly—then came a storm.

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An amusing incident in this visit has been told by his biographer; but as my recollections differ in slight details, I will tell the story in my own way:

On his arrival in Baltimore, Professor Huxley was driven to the country seat of Mr. Garrett, who had offered him hospitality and had invited a large company to meet him in an afternoon party. There was but one intervening day between his arrival, tired out by a long journey in the interior, and his delivery of the address. He had hardly reached the residence of his host, before the reporters discovered him and asked for the manuscript of his speech. "Manuscript?" he said, "I have none. I shall speak freely on a theme with which I am quite familiar." "Well, professor," said the interlocutor, "that is all right, but our instructions are to send the speech to the papers in New York, and if you cannot give us the copy, we must take it down as well as we can and telegraph it, for the Associated Press is bound to print it the morning after it is spoken." This was appalling, for in view of the possible inaccuracy of the short-hand, and the possible condensation of the wire-hand, the lecturer was afraid that technical and scientific terms might not be rightly reproduced. "You can have your choice, professor," said the urbane reporter, "to give us the copy or to let us do the best we can; for report the speech we shall." The professor yielded, and the next day he walked up and down his room at Mr. Garrett's, dictating to a stenographer, in cold and irresponsive seclusion, the speech which he expected to make before a receptive and hospitable assembly.

I sat very near the orator as he delivered the address in the Academy of Music, and noticed that, although he kept looking at the pile of manuscript on the desk before him, he did not turn the pages over. The speech was appropriate and well received, but it had no glow, and the orator did not equal his reputation for charm and persuasiveness. When the applause was over, I said to Mr. Huxley, "I noticed that you did not read your address; I am afraid the light was insufficient." "Oh," said he, "that was not the matter. I have been in distress. The reporters brought me, according to their promise, the copy of their notes. It was on thin translucent paper, and to make it legible, they put clean white sheets between the leaves. That made such bulk that I removed the intermediate leaves, and when I stood up at the desk I found I could not read a sentence. So I have been in a dilemma—not daring to speak freely, and trying to recall what I dictated yesterday and allowed the reporters to send to New York." If he used an epithet before the word "reporters" I am sure he was justified, but I forget what it was.

Those of us who wanted guidance and encouragement from a leading advocate of biological studies were rewarded and gratified by the address, and have often referred to it as it was printed in his American discourses and afterward in his collected works.

We had sowed the wind and were to reap the whirlwind. The address had not been accompanied by any accessories except the presentation of the speaker, no other speech, no music, no opening prayer, no benediction. I had proposed to two of the most religious trustees that there should be an introductory prayer, and they had said no, preferring that the discourse should be given as lectures are given at the Peabody Institute, without note or comment.

It happened that a correspondent of one of the religious weeklies in New York was present, and he wrote a sensational letter to his paper, calling attention to the fact that there was no prayer. This was the storm-signal. Many people who thought that a university, like a college, could not succeed unless it was under some denominational control, were sure that this opening discourse was but an overture to the play of irreligious and anti-religious actors. Vain it was to mention the unquestioned orthodoxy of the trustees, and the ecclesiastical ties of those who had been selected to be the professors. Huxley was bad enough; Huxley without a prayer was intolerable.

Some weeks afterward, a letter came into my hands addressed to a Presbyterian minister of Baltimore, by a Presbyterian minister of New York. Both have now gone where such trifles have no importance, so I venture to give the letter,

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quoting from the autograph. The italics are mine.

"NEW YORK, 3 Oct. '76.

"Thanks for your letter, my friend, and the information you give. The University advertised Huxley's Lecture as the 'Opening' and so produced the impression which a Baltimore correspondent increased by taking the thing as it was announced. *It was bad enough to invite Huxley. It were better to have asked God to be present. It would have been absurd to ask them both.*

"I am sorry Gilman began with Huxley. But it is possible yet to redeem the University from the stain of such a beginning. No one will be more ready than I to herald a better sign."

It was several years before the black eye gained its natural color. People were on the alert for impiety, and were disappointed to find no traces of it—that the faculty was made up of just such men as were found in other faculties, and that in their private characters and their public utterances there was nothing to awaken suspicion or justify mistrust. It was a curious fact, unobserved and perhaps unknown, that four of the first professors came from the families of gospel ministers, and a fifth of the group of six was a former Fellow of Oriel and a man of quite unusual devoutness. The truth is that the public had been so wonted to regard colleges as religious foundations, and so used to their control by ministers, that it was not easy to accept at once the idea of an undenominational foundation controlled by laymen. Harvard and Cornell both incurred the like animosity. At length the prejudice wore away without any manifesto or explanation from the authorities. From the beginning there was a voluntary assembly daily held for Christian worship; soon the Young Men's Christian Association was engrafted; the students became active in the churches and Sunday-schools and charities of Baltimore; some graduates entered the ministry, and one became a bishop, while the advanced courses in Hebrew, Greek, history, and philosophy were followed by ministers of many Protestant denominations, Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis. It is also gratifying to remember that many of the ministers of Baltimore, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Baptist, have intrusted their sons to the guidance of the local seminary whose influence and instructions they could readily watch and carefully estimate. As I consider the situation in these days of reconstruction, I wish it were possible for religious people to agree upon what should be taught to the young, in respect to religious doctrine or at least to agree in religious worship, yet I cannot forget that, in ages and in countries where one authority has been recognized and obeyed, neither intellect nor morals have attained their highest development.

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# EVENING IN MARCH

## By Albert Bigelow Paine

FAR-LYING leas where grows the wild night wind.
Dun, sodden earth beneath a starless sky.
Chill gusts of rain that drown relentlessly
The few dim lights along the distant town;
And then the sunless, dreary day goes down,
And oh, the long night waste that lies behind!

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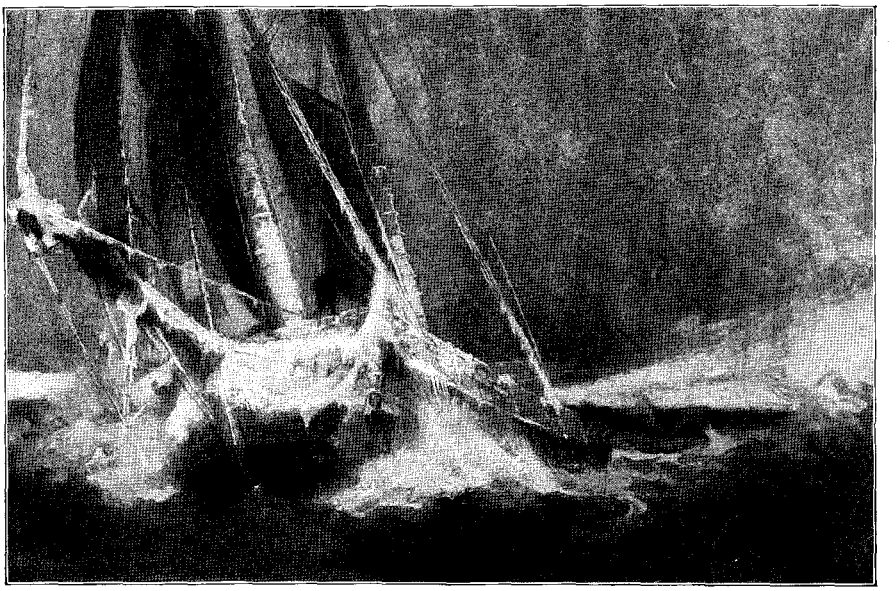

All day the Jens . . . slewed and stumbled through the seas.—Page 340.

# THE ECHO IN A BOY

## By William B. MacHarg

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

WHEN a man dies, it is well if he die with a steadfast heart. Tielen, the master of the Mary T. and the father of Thaddeus Tielen, died thus, looking with quiet eyes upon his death.

The lake was white beneath him and beaten into whistling foam, a wild wind bit the tops off waves and stretched the sand-hills in straight lines through the air; and his schooner had cracked herself upon the sands and was ashore north of the harbor entrance to Manistee. Men who hardly could keep their footing against the wind, watched her from the beach, seeing six black spots against her rigging, which were her crew; and a line, the cable of the breeches-buoy, now high above the waves, now swallowed by the sea, stretched from the vessel to the shore.

Nansen of Manistee went first, because it was possible his wife was watching from the beach; then Apfeld of Ludington, and Bannel of Ludington, and Petersen of the same, and so going, after each the buoy travelled slowly back. There were only two spots in the rigging then, but the schooner was crunching to pieces like a shell trodden underfoot; on the shore they could hear her shrieking in her pain, and every wave carried planks torn from her sides. One man might leave her yet, perhaps, not two. Alsen of Elk Rapids went—a fat, light-haired man—crying because the other had made him go first; and it was like seeing a cow weep, but the waves washed away his tears.

"You'll look out for the boy," said the man who was left.

Alsen bellowed an answer. People upon the shore, seeing that neither of them wished to go before the other, were clapping their hands at the two men as though they had been watching a play. The men could not hear it, of course, could barely hear one another speak; neither could they see it, and one of them never knew. For when Alsen was safe and the buoy was travelling back again, suddenly the Mary T. rolled over like a floating cask, and the waters took that last man for themselves. He was Tielen, the master.



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Afterward, Alsen, who had promised to look after Tielen's little son, searched for the boy, but could not find him. When news had come of his father's death the boy had gone away, no one knew where, nor why. He himself could not have told why. He had his luncheon in a tin pail and was on his way to school; the road stretched white before his feet and ankle-deep in sand; there was a feeling in him that somehow things where he was had come to an ending-place, and it was necessary to go. So he had gone.

What he did for a month, where he went, what the world said to him and what it did, no man knows. Crooked sandy roads were under him, and gravelly roads where trees met in narrow arches overhead; there were farm-houses with little patches of green before the doors, and bare, hoof-cut yards; there were harbors with piers piled with lumber, and boats lying; and there were wide, square-built men, who talked to him upon the piers; and he came at last to the docks at St. Ignace, where the ore-docks and the coal-docks are and the iron trade was expected to centre and has not, 150 miles or so from the place where he started.

In those days there was a man named Ericson, who was captain of the Olga Jens, a lumber-hooker; a little, gray Norwegian man with a nose like the end of a thumb, but his heart was larger. He found the boy upon the dock—a broad-faced little boy, but thin, with sun-faded hair hanging into his eyes—and took him aboard the Olga Jens and set him down to bacon and boiled potatoes. The boy was very hungry.

"You eat a great deal, little boy," said Ericson. "Where do you put it? Have you a false bottom?"

The boy grinned.

"What is your name, little boy?"

"Thaddeus Wells Tielen."

"Who feeds you?"

"Nobody."

Ericson looked at him with gray, gimlet eyes.

"That is bad. No boy will be a man unless he is fed. It is a rule. I will ask; if no one feeds you, I will feed you."

Afterward, when the Olga Jens went to and fro upon the Lakes, with her anchor-chains always dirty and her deck sometimes clean and bare, sometimes hidden under thousands of feet of piled lumber, the boy went with her. There were things to see. Passenger steamers went by, beautiful as stately women; ore and grain ships went by, and whalebacks in long tows, and schooners like the Jens; green and white shores which were unexplored lands, edged the broad waters, and in ports were wonderful sights for those who had eyes. Who shall say what was in the boy's heart that it rose and choked him while he watched the ships?

"How old is this boat?" he asked once of Bund, the cook, who was a Dutchman.

"Dis oldt Chens? She's oldt. Fifty year, I guess."

She had seen much, then—how much! The Lakes changing until they were no longer any good, Ericson said, but all steam—steam! While the boy lay on the warm deckload, smiled at, and mocked at, and made love to by the dimpled summer lake as by a woman, gray smoke-lines which were like ribs upon the sky showed the passage of that endless traffic which is greater than the traffic of the salted seas, and sealed with a smoky seal the death-warrant of the Olga Jens, her patched sails and her battered white-oak sides and all things pertaining to her and to her sort. She was outliving her time and the time of her class, but she moved yet as a breath upon the water.

At times the men teased him. Ericson had a cat, a gray and yellow beast a foot high, which in good weather lay about the deck, and in bad weather clawed the table-legs and slept among the men's dinner things. The boy did not like the cat.

"I tol' de ol' man you're afraid of hees cat," said Paulsen, a Swede from Mackinaw City. "I th'nk I never see a man so mad. 'Off he goes,' he say, 'off he goes nex' port. I th'nk I have no boy on dees bo't dat ees afraid of a cat.'"

"I ain't afraid of the cat."

"'We keep heem aboard,' say de ol' man—'what nex'? Some day a win' come, an' all we seet roun' an' cry, all jus' like de boy, afraid of de cat. What kin' of sailor-mans is dat?'"

"I ain't afraid of the cat!"

"Poof!"

"I don't like the way he feels—all soft and furry that way, and so big."

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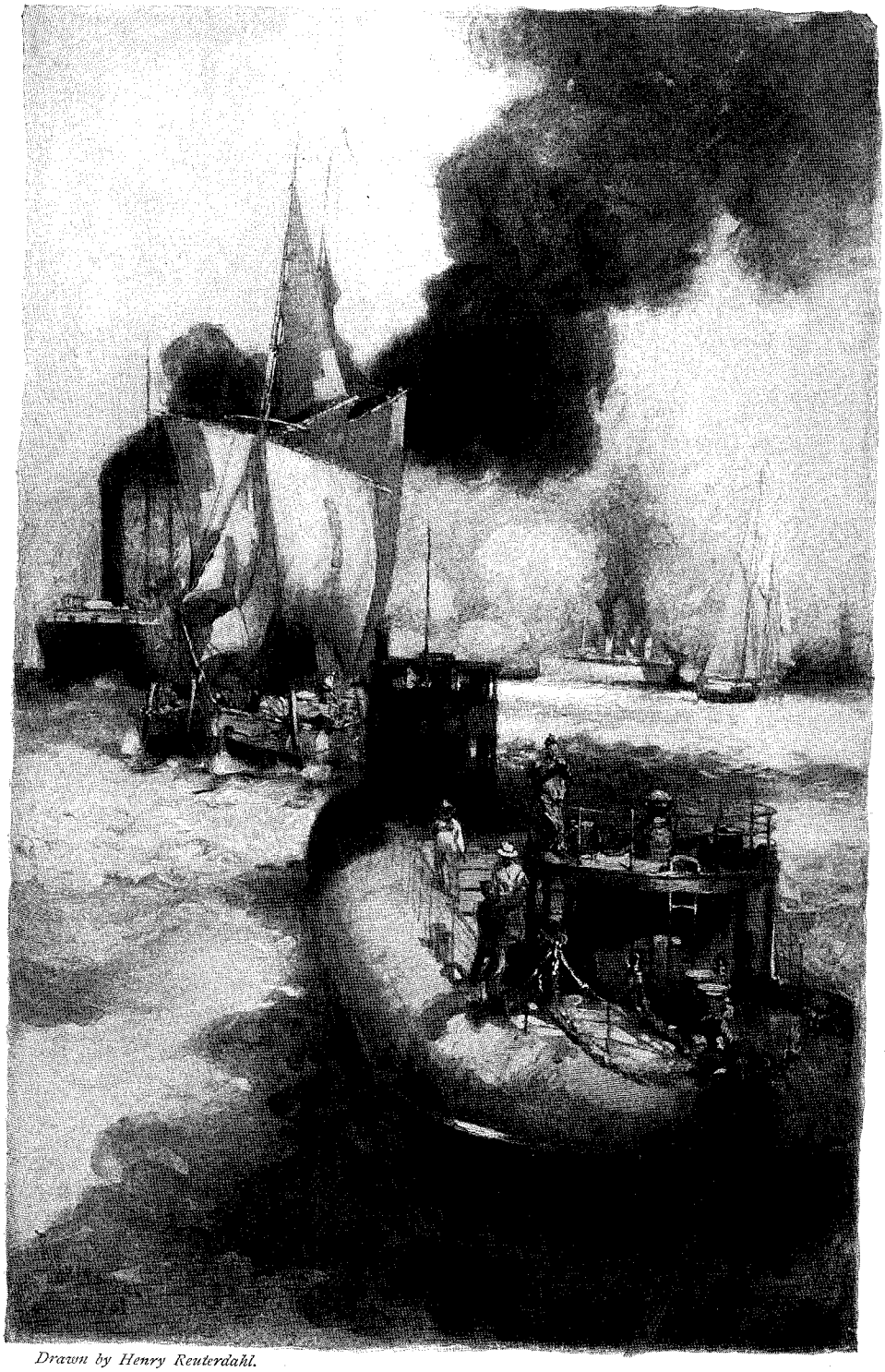

*Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.*

Ore and grain ships went by, and whalebacks in long tows.—Page 338.

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"Poof! Some day we all seet roun', nobody pull a rope. 'What's dees?' say de old man. 'We don't like de way de rope feel,' say de sailor-mans."

The men laughed; every way the boy looked were grinning mouths.

Sometimes, after the men had teased him thus, he woke in the night, stiff like a board, and cried out; but by daylight he knew the teasing for what it was, and saw the good hearts beneath it. All these beautiful men! and what was before them, but to die perhaps by the very water from which they made their living?

Deep in his heart the boy kept the memory of his father.

When one night in Sheboygan two drunken dock-rats invaded the Olga Jens, seeking perhaps what they could steal, and Pierre, a French-Canadian, drove them away, Pierre bragged amazingly.

"Ah'm not afraid of dose mans," he said. "Ah'll tak' de boat-hook an' poke hees face. B'am-bye he'll fall eento de water."

"My father was a braver man than you," said the boy.

The last weeks of the season came. The lake was no longer beautiful and like a woman, but grew gray and murmured upon its beaches. Water fell which was neither rain nor snow; cargoes were easy to get—all things told but one story, the winter hung by a thread.

The Olga Jens went out from Norwood, one of those unsheltered little ports of which a man may find a hundred along the Michigan shore, with 240,000 feet of hemlock in her, Sheboygan bound. Half the night, men, urged by extra pay, had been feeding lumber into her by lantern-light, by day other men had taken their places; as they went home along the bluff they could see her ploughing through the round swells a mile outside; when their children came to drive home the cows the Jens was a dark blot, taken, it seemed, as by pinchers between the gray lake and the grayer sky. Ericson felt other weather coming, and wished to be away.

In the morning the wind changed, chopping like a hand on a dial from the southward into the northeast.

"It will be badt," said Bund, the Dutchman.

"Will it be cold?" asked Thaddeus Tielen.

"Coldt, I guess. Andt maybe snow. I haf a lameness dat tells me of snow."

The wind grew stronger, biting like the front edge of winter; it lifted the water into blisters, sucked off their tops, and spit them in spray over the Jens. Then, miles away, the boy saw a dark wall pushing toward them across the waters; it was the snow. Soon it shut down upon them like a lid, cutting off sky and sea.

"Bad weather," said Ericson. "He has been sucking in his breath for a week. Now he will blow."

All day the Jens, a grunting pig, slewed and stumbled through the seas; all day Ericson stood to the wheel. His leathery, gray Norwegian face looked out from a frame of ice, the weather side of him split off ice in scales; ice formed on the Jens's deck and spars and she became a wonderful, beautiful thing, a fairy boat; all her lines and angles were lost, sheathed in white and covered as by a shell. When night came she was moving through an acre of crackling foam, as though she had been sailing in whipped cream; the wind had grown into a giant that shrieked and thundered in their ears, the snow was stinging shot; the Jens cried aloud, and wallowed, wallowed, wallowed. Despite all they could do, the pumps had frozen.

The men took watch and watch; the boy slept.

After a time Bund came and woke him up; then going through the cabin high and low, he wrapped the boy in thickness upon thickness of warm garments and strapped a cork jacket over all.

"Don' get scardt, now, boy. It iss de oldt man says do dis."

"I'm not scared."

When they went out upon the deck there was a low grumble against the wind like the purring of a cat, and all things were lighted up in a glowing blaze; Pierre, forward on the deckload, was showing a flare with torches, and the wind took the flame and spread it on the sea. A wonderful sight! the Jens like a castle built of fretted marble, and about her what seemed mile beyond mile of crisp froth. Both anchors had been let go; in the east it was growing gray with a dim, spreading whiteness; there was nothing more. And

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*Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.*

All things were lighted up in a glowing blaze.—Page 340.

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He drew back the corner of the oilskin and looked at him.—Page 343.

upon the Jens's deck the boy could not speak against the wind; hardly, with Bund to help, could keep his feet against the sea reaching a hundred hands to drag him from his place.

"Don' get scardt," Bund bellowed in the boy's ear.

"I'm not scared, I tell you. Where are we?"

"Off Sheboykan."

They crawled forward upon the deck-load, where were Paulsen and Nelson, the fourth man of the crew. Soon Pierre came to them. Then Ericson, who had been watching the anchor-chains, threw up a hand and clambered in among them. The anchors dragged. The men grouped themselves about the boy to keep him warm; it hurt the hearts of these men that he should be with them, seeing the face of death. The cat, bursting suddenly from below, ran like a mad thing up and down the deck, and, finding the men, hid itself among their legs.

They waited for a time, while the grumble in the air grew louder until it filled all the night, swallowing the whistle of the storm in the rigging and the groaning of the planks, merging all sounds into a deep-toned roar. Thaddeus Tielen, looking,



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could see the breakers, like painted waves, rolling in long, ragged, evil lines under their lee, as slowly they drifted down upon them. While he watched, the nearest breaker took them. Then, brought up by her anchors, pushed by the waves, the Olga Jens hung for instants on her beam-ends; under his feet and the feet of all, there rushed a boiling tumult of waters gone mad; the deckload pressed against their backs, the vessel turned slowly over, as one turns a page in a book, and her deckload grated off into the waves. All things went with it, the masts and spars and upper-works; it was as though a plane had been run across the deck. The waters rushed in upon the Jens and seized her, she shrieked and twisted herself in their grasp, she broke in two, and the hidden parts of her inside came out and floated to and fro upon the sea.

On the deckload, held together by cordage and spars, under the lee of the shattered hull, were still the men, grouped about the boy, whom they had wrapped in Ericson's oilskin.

The boy's eyes had changed and were like the eyes of his father when he in his time had looked upon death. Watching from among the men, he saw the beginning of a wonderful thing, a thing such as few have seen—a war against wood. The tangle of boards to which they clung shifted, disintegrated, came together again, and rafts separated themselves from the main body and drifted toward the shore. Hundreds of planks floated in the turbulent waters, and, being hemlock, they splintered one against another as though they had been glass, rising up like the bayonets of an army, striking them, and going away. He saw the men like pillars of ice, their faces gray and thin, their eyes sunken into their heads; where their hands touched the shifting planks they left traces of blood.

Thaddeus Tielen, lying upon the planks, saw this thing.

Then, shooting from the tumult like a spear thrown from a hand, a board hit Paulsen in the shoulder, cutting through oilskin and cloth and shirt, cutting him to the bone, and Paulsen groaned; then a plank, pitch-poling end over end, struck Bund, and they heard Bund's bones crack under it, and he fell forward on his face; for a long time he lay motionless, then the planks opened under him and took him in; then Nelson, seeing the little rafts which floated toward the shore, leaped for one and reached it, and a strange event happened, for the cat followed him; for a while they floated, then the second line of breakers dissolved their raft, and they went down.

Thaddeus Tielen saw them sink.

After a time the cold took hold upon the bones of those who were left. Paulsen cursed continually and wept, until the cold, laying its hand upon his heart, made him silent; Pierre prayed—old time-worn prayers, ever fresh, which thousands of trembling, tortured lips have uttered since first the black-robed priests brought them into the Canadas; Ericson was silent. Yet he was the backbone of these men, their strength of heart, filling them with that ancient, unconquerable spirit of his kind, which, tormented beyond all bearing, looks still upon the tormentors with a smile, and, dying, will admit no thought of death. More than cold and waves, more than wounds and bruises, it was a pain to Ericson that the boy should be with them in this time. He drew back the corner of the oilskin and looked at him.

Thaddeus Tielen, the son of Henry Tielen, who had died in the waves, lifted his wide, quiet, childish eyes.

"My father was like this," he said. "He was—a—braver—man—than—you."

Now they got them off. The flare had been seen. Cutting the line which bound it to a tug, a man strong among strong men carried the lifeboat into what he felt through all his being was his certain death, and she was stove; but she was the lifeboat and she did not sink. And with infinite suffering and toil, in water, in cold, and under the shadow of death, they dragged them from the hands of the waves—Paulsen, and Pierre, and Ericson, and Thaddeus Tielen—not knowing that they saved as well another thing—a memory written nowhere in the world except upon the heart of a boy.

Brave men die and are forgotten, yet always, somewhere, somehow, there is a record of these things.

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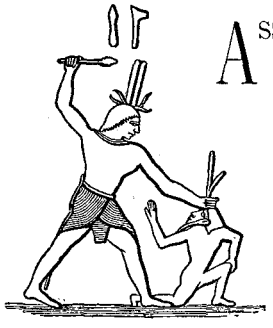
Ruins of the Temple of Corinth.

# WAR AND ECONOMIC COMPETITION

## By Brooks Adams



King Sneferu Slaying a Captive.

(From the carving at the entrance to one of the Maghara copper-mines.)

ASSUMING it to be probable that financial panics, wars, and revolutions are the efforts of society at readjustment after its equilibrium has been impaired, an attempt to fathom the causes which lead to what appears to be the permanent instability of modern institutions should be of interest, since the catastrophes in question touch the lives and fortunes of every individual. The problem is, however, so complex that phenomena must be sought simpler than those presented by contemporary civilization.

Evidently the arts are but one of the innumerable effects of the struggle for survival, for nature has determined that he shall survive who is best equipped for competition, whether in war or peace, and the object of the arts is to add to man's efficiency as a competitive machine. Among the arts, that which has contributed most to this end is the smelting of the metals. Accordingly, from the hour when Stone Age savages first began welding their swords, their axes, and their spades, the tribe acquainted with smelting has destroyed the tribe ignorant of the secret, and thus for unnumbered ages the possession of ore has been a necessity of life in the more progressive quarters of the globe, and the position of the mines has controlled the path of trade.

As soon as a rudimentary division of labor begins, men must exchange their superfluity against their needs, and accordingly the market-town is coeval with civilization. Yet to use the market at the town there must be roads, and to render the roads available there must be police, and to enforce bargains made at the market there must be courts, and, in fine, an administrative machinery has always existed at these *foci* of exchanges which has created the capital city. The size of the region tributary to the capital depends, other things being equal, on the facility of travel. For example, a dozen little kingdoms once flourished together in the valley of the Euphrates. But as movement is accelerated such petty states sink into provinces, and the provinces consolidate into an empire. Finally, as the highways stretch out across continents, these empires link themselves in economic systems having common interests, since they draw their subsistence, in part, from the traffic on the international road. Furthermore, sooner



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or later, the time is apt to arrive when distant *termini* become connected by rival routes, and then competing economic systems are generated, one or the other of which must be undersold. But to be undersold means to be ruined, and hence it has happened that, from an epoch inconceivably remote, hostile systems have fought with and crushed one another, and for this reason it may be laid down as an axiom that the final stage of economic competition is war.

Among these conflicts which have desolated the fairest gardens of the earth, the first of which a record remains originated in the rise of Egypt and Chaldea, and ended in the consolidation of Rome. And if we spare an hour to ponder on this history we can draw from it inferences regarding our own future which may, perhaps, nearly touch our welfare.

Although both Egypt and Chaldea were ancient societies 4,000 years before Christ, nothing shows that either had antecedently enjoyed much commerce or had accumulated much wealth. On the contrary, everything indicates that the great Babylonian system, which was destined to extend from the Oxus to Gibraltar, was originally cemented by a successful Egyptian copper speculation. Sneferu, the first king of the fourth dynasty, reigned about 4000 B.C., when the richest copper mines known lay in the valley of Maghara, on the peninsula of Sinai. At the mouth of one of these mines may still be seen, cut in the rock, the likeness of Sneferu slaying a captive, and by its side an inscription relating his conquest of the country. With that conquest began the high fortune of Sneferu and of Egypt. Not only did Sneferu himself build a pyramid, but his successor, the mighty Cheops, has left behind him a tomb which is still a wonder of the world. Cheops reigned about 3950 B.C.

The pyramids of Gizeh indicate large accumulations, and when Egypt had reached the point where her revenues justified so vast an outlay, her foreign trade certainly flourished. Then, as afterward throughout antiquity, India, Persia, China, and Turkestan were probably the chief seats of industry, and when Egypt controlled not only the copper of Arabia, but the gold of Ethiopia, Egypt doubtless supplied most of the metals. Hence trade flowed east and west across Asia, and a very slight examination of the geography of the continent will suffice to show why, at that early period, some town of Mesopotamia inevitably became the centre of exchanges and the international metropolis.

Although it can be demonstrated by the jade implements which have been found along the thoroughfares, that even during the Stone Age traffic passed from the Pacific toward the Atlantic over substantially the same routes still in use, the combined continents of Europe and Asia have always been costly to develop because of the mountains and deserts in their midst, so much so, indeed, that it finally proved cheaper for men to travel from Europe to China by way of America than to penetrate the recesses of Mongolia.

The heart of Asia is occupied by the Gobi Desert, and the ranges of the Pamir, the Himalaya, and the Hindu Kush, obstructions of the first magnitude. The way west by water remained long closed. True, even archaic savages have used boats, but men only slowly learned to employ the sail, and more slowly still to work to windward. Dangerous coasts always discouraged the early mariner, expanses of ocean terrified him, yet the voyage from China to Egypt lay across a waste of waters and along an exposed and barbarous shore. Even as late as 325 B.C., when Nearchus returned from India with Alexander's army, the Greek general nearly perished. From Pattala, at the mouth of the Indus, it took Nearchus nearly three months to reach the Persian Gulf. There he met Alexander, but so changed by hardship that the Emperor did not know him. Although, of course, provided with the best craft, pilots, and stores which were to be obtained, Nearchus lost several ships by wreck, had to abandon others, narrowly escaped death from hunger and thirst, and was assailed by the natives when he landed. If Nearchus fared so ill upon the short voyage from the Indus to the Tigris, the lot of the lonely merchantman bound for Egypt may be imagined. It suffices to add that direct communication by sea between India and Egypt was not opened before the Christian era. In remote ages, therefore, traffic across Asia usually went by land, and between India, China, Tur-



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kestan, and Egypt there were but two routes through Persia — one was the southern, along which Alexander marched on his return, a route whose consequence is attested by the magnificence of the ruins of Persepolis and Susa. The other ran from Bactra to Ragæ, the modern Teheran, and thence southward, along the highway said to have been built by the semi-divine Semiramis, through Ecbatana, and over the Zagros Mountains to Babylon, whence caravans conveyed merchandise, as they yet do, up the Euphrates and to the Syrian coast. This royal road is still the post-road from Bagdad to the Oxus.

Probably, in the reign of Cheops, the journey by the Oxus was too difficult for the heavier wares, the way by Persepolis then being commonly employed, for, before Babylon came into existence, Ur of the Chaldeans was famous, and from Ur a camel track across the Arabian Desert, even now provided with wells, leads straight to the peninsula of Sinai. The career of Babylon opened with the renowned Sargon, who reigned about 3800 B.C., and whose realm is supposed to have stretched to Cyprus, and possibly to have included Maghara itself. At all events, the grandeur of Sargon represents an expansion westward, for it indicates the movement north from Ur up to Babylon, of the main line of travel, and such a movement could only have been caused by a broadening of the western market. That broadening occurred through the exploration of the basin of the Mediterranean by the Phœnicians.

It is immaterial who the Phœnicians were, and whence they came. Archæologists incline to the opinion that they migrated from India to the head of the Persian Gulf and thence passed on into Syria, probably always in the wake of the commerce which they loved so well. Nor did their migrations stop at Syria; a few hundred years later they had wandered to Spain by way of Utica, and founded Cadiz. The Phœnicians were the greatest explorers and metallurgists of antiquity. They probably discovered the copper of Cyprus, the silver and gold of Spain, and the tin of Cornwall. In a word, they developed the resources of southern Europe and northern Africa west of Egypt. As the sphere of Phœnician enterprise expanded, the lines of communication changed, and the route across Arabia to Sinai yielded to those leading to the ports of Syria. A glance at the map will explain the situation.

When the merchant reached Kashgar, having crossed the Gobi Desert, he faced an alternative. He might follow the valley of the Indus to its delta, and then gain Mesopotamia by Persepolis and Susa: or he might descend the valley of the Oxus to Bactra, and thence journey over the highway of Semiramis to Babylon. Furthermore, Bactra was the point where the road north from India through the Khyber Pass and Kabul joined the road from China; Bactra, consequently, was the chief junction of Central Asia and, economically speaking, one of the most interesting towns of antiquity.

When Nineveh and Babylon were born, Bactra, the mother of cities, was already hoary. The legend has it that when Ninus, the founder of Babylon, was besieging Bactra, the ineffable Semiramis joined his camp and, by her intelligence, carried the walls. Ninus, captivated by her wit, her courage, and her beauty, drove her husband to suicide and married her. At all events Bactra long remained the metropolis for the trade of China, the Punjab, Cashmir, and Turkestan; and it owed its eminence to its geographical position. From Bactra many roads ran west to the sea. First among these was the highway of Semiramis, by Ecbatana, Babylon, and Tyre or Sidon to the Mediterranean. Second, that which now leads through Teheran to Mosul and Alexandretta, and which then connected the famous capitals Gazaca, Nineveh, Nisibis, Haran, and Aradus. From Aradus the sailor's course lay due west to Cyprus, Crete, Carthage, and Cadiz. This chain of empires, beginning at Bactra and stretching southwest by Syria, Egypt, and North Africa, to Spain, formed the Babylonian system, as 3,000 years later it formed the Saracenic system; conversely, the cheapening and shortening of the lines of communication westward by the Euxine created its competitor, the Greek system.

As commercial expansion went on, the centre of exchanges moved north from

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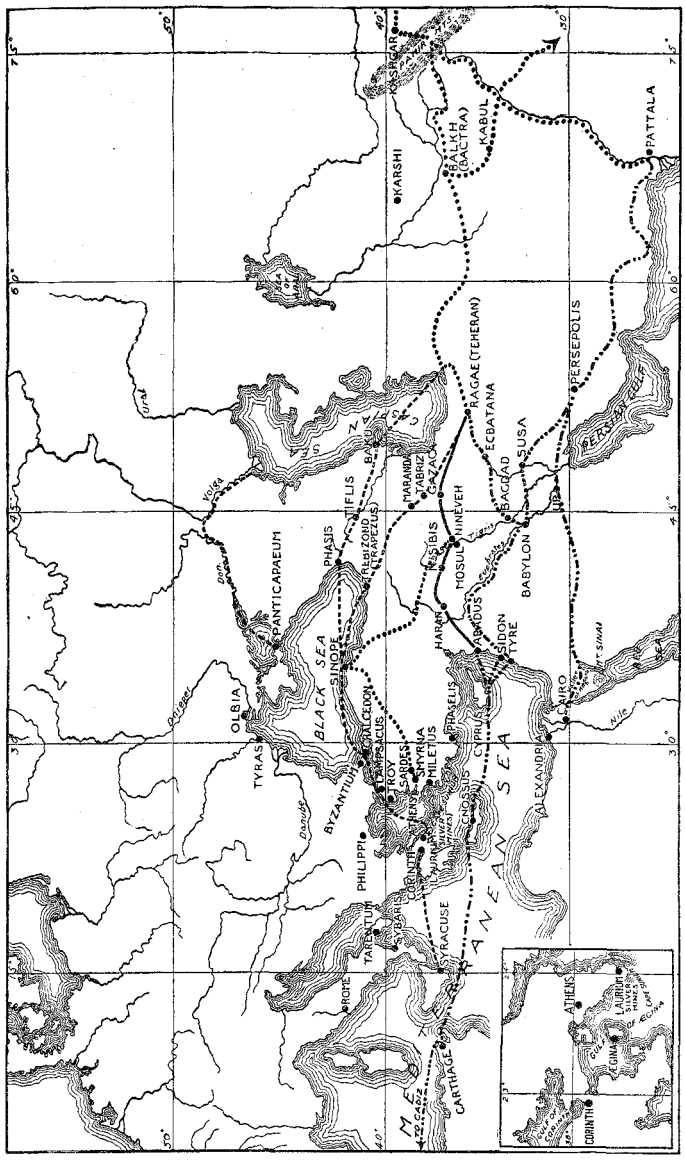


Trade-Routes of the Ancient World.

Ur to Nineveh. The migration occupied about 2,500 years, for Sargon reigned near 3750 B.C. and Nineveh only attained eminence toward 1200. In the interval civilization spread. Recent excavations prove that by the twenty-fourth century B.C. Crete was a rich and polished kingdom, the chief naval power of the Ægean. During this long period Ur, Babylon, Assur, and Nineveh competed among each other as to which should be the capital of the empire, but there could be no question as to the prosperity of the empire itself. On the whole, from Sargon to Belshazzar, or for about 3,000 years, Babylon maintained a commercial pre-eminence, and few cities, before or since, have enjoyed a longer period of affluence. Competition, however, came at last, and with competition destruction. While the water route west from Bactra by the Black Sea and the Dardanelles continued closed, Greece lay just north of the current of commerce which flowed toward Carthage by Crete. This was, in a general way, the so-called Mycenæan age, and during the Mycenæan age Greece failed to prosper. Her



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early legends depict that archaic society more vividly than could any dry historical facts.

The Greeks, though intelligent and brave, were scattered and poor. Their sterile hills yielded but a precarious subsistence, their mines were undeveloped, and they eked out a slender livelihood by the toils of slaving and piracy. These conditions are reflected in their myths which teem with their revolt against oppression, and their yearning for that wealth which poured past their very threshold. The exquisite tale of Theseus who volunteered to take his place among the victims sent to Crete that he might fight and slay the Minotaur and deliver his country from the yoke of Minos; of his victory and his return with the black sail which was to signify his death, and of his father's agony and suicide at the sight, is the tradition of the uprising against Cretan slaving. On the other hand, we have the Argo penetrating the Euxine, and Jason bringing back the golden fleece from Colchis, where the Greeks afterward planted Phasis, the door to the Caspian ; and last and greatest of all Hercules, who sought, in the garden of the Hesperides, those golden apples which were to be plucked in Spain.

The Greeks have been extolled as poets and artists, but really they excelled as colonizers and as financiers, and they conceived and perfected an economic system, perhaps, relatively more perfect than any other ever devised. Little argument is needed to prove that no overland route from Bactra to Syria, and thence west, can compete with the line by the Caspian, the Euxine, the Bosphorus, and the Isthmus of Corinth. The obstacles which long retarded its supremacy were never geographical, but military, and consisted in a hostile occupation of the Dardanelles or of the Bosphorus, of the Caucasus, or of the country between Teheran and Trebizond. Even now English wares enter Persia by the ancient road which leads from Trebizond through Tabriz to Teheran. The Greeks grasped the situation from the outset and through centuries sought to solve the problem by a process of colonization at once cheap and effective. First they cleared away obstructions, then, paying little attention to the back country, they seized the outlets of trade. Troy belonged to the Babylonian system, and was the key to the position. That Troy adhered to Nineveh is beyond doubt, even setting aside the statement of Diodorus, for the legend of the Argonauts proves that the gate to the Black Sea was so guarded that only heroes could enter.

The coalition led by Agamemnon forced the stronghold of Ilium, and although all the world has heard of the glory of Achilles and Ulysses, few have yet appreciated the genius with which their descendants improved their victory. Stretching east from Sunium, the islands lie so close together that the longest interval of open water between Attica and Lydia is the twenty-five miles separating Myconos from Icaria. At the end of this chain of islands lies Miletus, and it was along this causeway that Neleus, the son of Codrus, must have passed when he founded the mother of the Greek colonies in Asia. Perhaps, indeed, Neleus may have come rather as the leader of a reinforcement than as the actual founder of Miletus. Codrus lived in 1050 B.C., which is relatively late, and the Greek tradition seldom went back to the original settlement, but rather chronicled the events which dwelt in the popular imagination as the beginning of the golden age. Nevertheless, the precise date is immaterial: the essential fact is that no sooner had the Greeks planted themselves firmly on the coast than they spread along the shore, colonizing the more important points, until at Lampsacus, at Chalcedon, and at Byzantium they obtained control of the straits. Probably they had previously thoroughly explored the Euxine, for they appear very early to have seized upon all the avenues converging on the sea, by which trade could find vent. They built Tyras, near where Odessa now stands, and Olbia at the entrance to the chain of water-courses, by following which traffic, throughout the Middle Ages, reached Scandinavia by the Dnieper, the Lovat, and Lake Ladoga. Farther east, in the Crimea, they settled at Panticapæum, the modern Kertch, where recent excavations have yielded the gold ornaments which are the gem of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg. From Panticapæum merchants

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travelled to the Caspian by ascending the Don, crossing the neck between the rivers, and descending the Volga. Poti is the terminus of the Caucasian Railway, whence the line leads direct to Tiflis and Baku, but Poti occupies the site of the ancient Phasis, as Trebizond does of Trapezus. Lastly came Sinope, where the roads met which led southeast to Nineveh, or Mosul, the head of navigation on the Tigris, and southwest to Sardes, the capital of the kingdom of Crœsus. Yet this great effort at expansion was but the half of what the Greeks conceived and executed, although they were few in number, divided among themselves, and poor. To have established connections with the East alone would not have sufficed; a market had to be secured in the West. Accordingly while Athens, Megara, and Miletus girdled the Black Sea, Corinth and Achaia stretched out to Sicily and Italy, and contemporaneously created Syracuse, Sybaris, Croton, and Tarentum; the immortal Magna Græcia.

Toward the end of the seventh century before Christ the work appears to have been completed, and when the complex, yet elastic mechanism operated its shock proved resistless. Forthwith Nineveh and Babylon, being undersold, languished, and by 650 the prophet Nahum pronounced his diatribe, "Woe to the bloody city! Nineveh is laid waste; who will bemoan her?" In 606 Nineveh fell, never to rise again, and when, 200 years later, Xenophon passed her crumbling walls, her very name had been forgotten. Babylon fared little better. In 538 Belshazzar, when feasting, read the handwriting on the wall; that same night he died; and thenceforward the Persians ruled in Chaldea. Thus the vitality of Mesopotamia ebbed, for the life-blood no longer ran through the arteries which centred at her heart. But as the same life-blood which had once invigorated Asia permeated Greece, she blossomed like the rose, and as no doom has ever quite equalled in horror the doom of Nineveh, so no bloom has ever had the grace of the flowering of Hellas. Almost within a generation the peninsula stood transfigured. During the Mycenæan Age, Greece, like other predatory communities, had been subject to a military caste, whose castles dominated the towns—grim strongholds like Tiryns, the lairs of the pirate and the slaver. With the opening of the trade-routes east and west the aspect of civilization changed. Tradition has preserved the memory of the so-called Doric invasion; but this invasion may not improbably have been the democratic revolution, which, beginning in the North, swept gradually through the Peloponnesus. That revolution was caused by the rise of a trading class; and as this class waxed rich and powerful, the palace vanished from the acropolis, and in its stead appeared the temple, that exquisite civic decoration, which transformed the warriors' donjon into the public pleasure-ground.

As usual, in Greece as elsewhere, architecture, for him who will read the language of the stones, tells the tale of civilization more eloquently than any written book. When thus read, among all the stones of Greece, none speak more movingly than those noble columns which still stand upon the shore of the Gulf of Corinth. On either side of the isthmus, Ægina and Corinth were the two ports where ships discharged their freight, and these two towns were accordingly the first in Hellas to feel the exhilaration of success. Therefore, at Ægina and Corinth the oldest temples still stand to reveal to us the secret of their birth. Long before Athens dreamed of supremacy at sea, Corinth had achieved maritime greatness, and the Corinthians furnished the Athenians with the ships to destroy their enemy Ægina, an enemy whom Corinth afterward would gladly have resuscitated. Originally doubtless, like Mycene, Corinth had a king who lived in a castle perched upon the mountain which overhangs the bay. Certainly a castle stood there for ages after classic Corinth died, and probably the ruins of the archaic fortress would be found embedded amidst the walls of the mediæval keep, could the American School but excavate the Acro-Corinth as the French School have excavated Delphi. Were those remains found, what must now be presented as an historical theory would be demonstrated as a fact. The first effect of the democratic revolution at Corinth must have been to bring down the population from the mountain to the shore, then the

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castle crumbled, and in its stead arose those monolithic columns, which remain one of the most impressive memorials in the world. For, from the building of that temple we must date the birth of the civilization we now behold about us, and with the building of that temple opened the struggle for survival of Babylon, Tyre, and Carthage, with Greece and Rome, which only ended with the victory of Alexander over Darius, and of Scipio over Hannibal.

When the temple of Corinth arose, Mesopotamia was already sinking, and Darius, when he succeeded Belshazzar, could no more withstand his destiny than a log can withstand the torrent of the Mississippi. Of two economic systems in competition, one or the other must perish; and between Greece and Asia commercial rivalry had reached the intensity where it kindles into war. Hostilities began with the conquest of Imbros and Lemnos by Darius in 505, the capture of Chalcedon, and the occupation of both shores of the Bosphorus. Then the Ionian cities revolted, and Miletus was sacked. In 490 B.C. Darius pushed forward a reconnaissance to Marathon, and met with a reverse. Appreciating the gravity of the crisis, Darius withdrew and began those preparations which recall the effort of Philip II. to fit out the Armada. In the midst of his labor he died. His death, however, altered nothing. Herodotus ascribed to Xerxes only the conviction of his contemporaries, when he made him answer in these words the remonstrance of Artabanus, against the prosecution of his father's enterprise:

"It is not possible for either party to retreat, but the alternative lies before us to do or to suffer; so that all these dominions must fall under the power of the Grecians, or all theirs under that of the Persians; for there is no medium in this enmity." (Herod., vii., 11.) In 485 B.C., when Xerxes came to the throne, the Babylonian economic system formed, as it were, a segment of the periphery of a vast ellipse, of which the Greek markets at the Isthmus of Corinth and at Syracuse were the *foci*. Along the periphery of this ellipse were ranged many peoples inhabiting the region stretching from the Oxus to Gibraltar, and including Bactria, Persia, Mesopotamia, Phœnicia, Egypt, North Africa, and part of Spain; practically the Saracenic dominions of the Middle Ages, only more extended toward the east. This vast mass, though unconsolidated, was sufficiently stimulated by a common danger to cast itself at a given moment on its foe. The Persians invaded Greece Proper, the Carthaginians attacked Sicily, and the battles of Salamis and Himera are said to have been fought upon the same day. Certainly they formed parts of a single campaign, and the defeat of Xerxes by Themistocles, and of Hamilcar by Gelon, pierced the centre of the coalition. Then the wings fell asunder, and the work of destroying the vanquished in detail began. As between the two wings, the Babylonian and the Carthaginian, the latter showed more vitality, for Carthage drew her nutriment from the mines of Spain, while Mesopotamia existed solely as a centre of exchanges. How rapidly Asia sank may be measured by her loss of military energy. The Greek success at Platæa in 479 was thought extraordinary, although the Greeks admitted that they put in the field upward of 110,000 hoplites against the 300,000 light armed troops led by Mardonius, and the Greek chroniclers probably overestimated the Persian force. Moreover, the Persians were exhausted by a painful journey and a winter in an inhospitable land. Only eighty years later Xenophon marched with 10,000 mercenaries from Sardes to Babylon and from Babylon to Trapezus.

During this period of eighty years the fortune of Greece culminated. Logically the several states of Hellas should have consolidated, should have absorbed Sicily and Magna Græcia, and should have stretched out to grasp the mines of Spain, the supreme prize of the ancient world—those mines which afterward made possible the Western Roman Empire. The probable reason why Greece failed to follow the general law discloses one of the most curious examples in human annals of the working of economic competition.

Athens was not naturally a commercial emporium, since it lay slightly aside from the direct line of traffic. Corinth held the commanding commercial position and was the true international market. Athens, however, possessed the silver deposits of Laurium, which, during the fifth century,

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were the chief source of supply of the eastern Mediterranean. Silver was the most valuable export of Greece, Athens monopolized the silver, and the importance of the silver industry is proved by the volume of the Athenian coins which are still found throughout the Levant.

Hence two economic systems grew up side by side, and, in obedience to the natural law, they destroyed each other. Athens impinged on Corinth, and Corinth, retaliating, allied herself with Sparta. The Peloponnesian War ensued as a logical effect, and the expedition against Syracuse was an episode of the Peloponnesian War. The loss of the army of Nicias in 413 and the defeat of Ægospotamus in 405 B.C., together with the gradual failure of the silver of Laurium, exhausted the Athenian vitality, and with the decline of Athens the dream of Greek expansion toward the west ended. Thus the disintegration of Greece left the field open to Rome, for Italy necessarily represented the right wing of the Greek or northern economic system, whether Italy were controlled by Greeks or Romans. When this stage of development had been reached, the Punic Wars supervened, for Carthage held Spain, and no western expansion was possible the basis of whose civilization did not rest upon the Spanish metals. Western civilization reposed upon the metals because from the outset, in antiquity, the East undersold the West in all other departments of trade. In agriculture Egypt was supreme. In manufactures Egypt, Phœnicia, India, Persia, and China absolutely defied competition, while Arabia, India, and Ceylon furnished spices, perfumes, and gems. Western Europe had nothing wherewith to satisfy her creditors save her gold and her silver, her copper and her tin. These for a period she obtained in profusion in Spain and England. While the yield lasted, the West prospered; when it ceased, she became insolvent, and the centre of international exchanges retreated toward Mesopotamia, whence it came.

But although the vitality of ancient Hellas flickered low after the Peloponnesian War, Macedon retained her vigor largely because she possessed richer mines than Attica. In 356 Philip annexed Thrace up to the Nestus, founding the city of Philippi in the heart of the region about Mount Pangeus, where lay the gold. This gold Philip worked so successfully that he soon obtained a yearly revenue of 1,000 talents, or tenfold what Laurium had returned to Athens at the time of Salamis; and before the death of Alexander the total yield had exceeded 30,000 talents. Fortified with this treasure Alexander invaded Asia, and brought the Persian Empire into the Greek economic system. Moreover, Alexander conceived the possibility of direct water communication between India and the Mediterranean, for the foundation of Alexandria, the voyage of Nearchus, and the construction of the canal from the Nile to the Red Sea formed part of that comprehensive plan which created the homogeneous mass known later as the Eastern Empire, a mass which cohered more or less completely for nearly a thousand years after the Western Empire had dissolved. The prophecy of Xerxes had been fulfilled—all "those dominions had fallen under the power of the Grecians."

East of the Adriatic the Greeks succeeded, but to the west they failed through their inability to consolidate. They held their ground neither in Sicily nor Italy. One by one their cities fell before their adversaries, and when the Greeks had been eliminated the Romans found themselves pitted against the Carthaginians.

Western civilization could only advance by using the metals of Spain, for metals were the only commodity which the East would receive in payment for its wares. Hence, from the outset, nature had decreed that whichsoever race held Spain should dominate in the basin of the Mediterranean. At first Carthage had the advantage, for the Phœnicians had been the first in the field. When the Punic Wars began, Spain served as the Carthaginian base; as her source of revenue and supplies. Afterward Hannibal marched from Spain, and looked to Spain for reinforcements. Consequently when Scipio conquered the peninsula, about 206 B.C., Carthage collapsed; while, conversely, no sooner did Italy feel the stimulus of the Iberian gold and silver than she expanded apace, rapidly absorbing the East.

Perhaps a speculation may be pardoned as to what might have occurred had Laurium lain at the Isthmus of Corinth and not near Sunium. In that case, possi-

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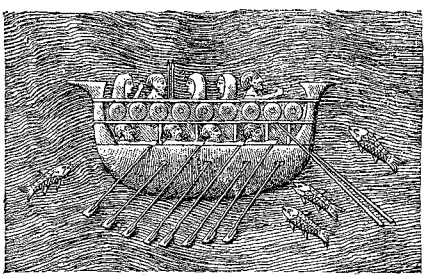
bly, Athens and Corinth might have united with the effect of centralizing Hellas. Conceivably a centralized Hellas could have acquired Sicily, spread north from Magna Græcia through Italy, and colonized Spain. Had this happened, a Greek and not a Roman empire would have arisen.

After the conquest of Carthage, for about two hundred years, until the reign of Augustus, the communities which had been consolidated by the destruction of the Babylonian system lay in convulsion while incubating a mechanism capable of administering so huge a mass. This was the period of the civil wars, and it ended with Actium; the result was the attainment of a condition of social equilibrium known as the "Roman Empire," when the civilized world enjoyed peace for 400 years.

Competition between the rival lines of communication running east and west having been suppressed, tranquillity lasted as long as commercial exchanges between the East and West balanced each other, and it ended when the West could no longer pay. The East supplied food, manufactures, and luxuries; the West, metals. But agriculture and industries are inexhaustible, while mines are exhaustible; hence when Spain ceased to yield, the West first became insolvent, and then disintegrated. The inexorable result followed. As the administrative mechanism crumbled which had made two parallel and competing economic systems cohere, the old warfare broke out afresh; and behold, we stand upon the threshold of the Middle Age. The Greek Empire massed upon the Bosphorus confronted the Saracenic Empire upon the Tigris and the Nile.

For us these phenomena have significance, because for more than 1,000 years, ever since mankind received the great impulsion of the opening up of Germany, humanity has pushed westward in its hunt for metals, even as the Greeks and Phœnicians did of yore. During those thousand years Europe has remained the chief seat of metallic production and of industry, while commerce has flowed from east to west across Asia and Europe, whether by land or sea, substantially as it had done since Stone Age merchants brought jade axes from China to the Alps. The discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope ruined the Levant, but the ultimate effects of trade did not greatly vary.



A Phœnician Trading Galley.
(From Layard's "Monuments.")

About five years ago these conditions were suddenly reversed. American mines began underselling European mines; and American industries, European industries, so that instead of the commercial movement continuing, as of old, from east to west, it seems not improbable that the existing economic system may be split asunder.

Russia has attempted to overcome the barrier of Central Asia and has failed. It is certain that within no measurable time can freights across Siberia compete with freights across America, or by sea. Therefore, the mass of the two eastern continents may divide somewhere near the Pamirs, and the severed members may gravitate toward a preponderating reservoir of energy collecting within the United States. Then traffic, instead of moving from east to west, would separate, like the rivers on the table-land of Turkestan, and flow in opposite directions, both east and west, to meet at the heart of a universal economic system in the western continent.

Such events, should they occur, would be unprecedented, and their effects consequently transcend the bounds of rational conjecture. A stable equilibrium might be attained, or disintegration might ensue. Nobody can form an opinion. This much, however, may, perhaps, be hazarded. Reasoning from history, the shock to existing institutions and nationalities would probably approximate in severity any crisis through which civilization has passed, not even excluding the Fall of Rome.

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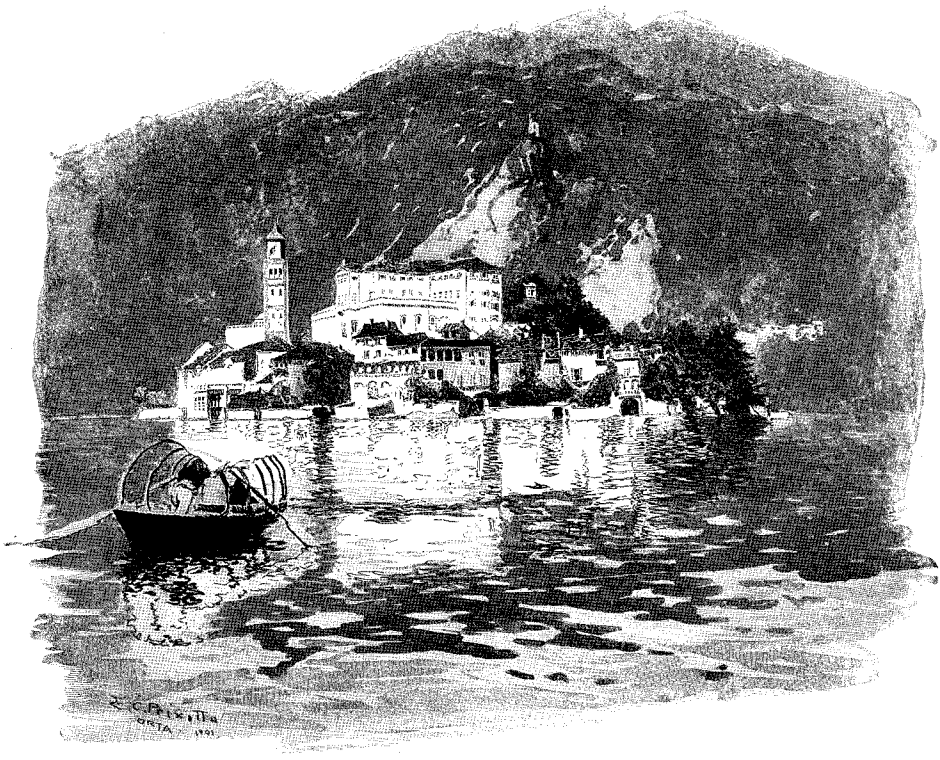

Isola di San Giulio, Orta.

# THE SANCTUARIES OF THE PENNINE ALPS

## By Edith Wharton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

Nostra Signora d'Oropa.

WHEN June is hot on the long yellow streets of Turin, it is pleasant to take train for the Biellese, that romantic hill-country where the last slopes of the Pennine Alps melt into the Piedmontese plain.

The line, crossing the lowland with its red-tiled farm-houses and mulberry orchards, rises gradually to a region of rustling verdure. Mountain streams flow down between alder-fringed banks, white oxen doze under the acacia-hedges, and in the almond and cherry orchards the vine hangs its Virgilian garlands from blossoming tree to tree. This pastoral land rolls westward to the Graiian Alps in an undulating sea of green; while to the north it breaks abruptly into the height against which rises the terraced outline of Biella.

The cliffs of the Biellese are the haunt of ancient legend, and on almost every ledge a church or monastery perpetuates the story of some wonder-working relic. Biella, the chief town of this devout district, covers a small conical hill and spreads its suburbs over the surrounding



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level. Its hot sociable streets are full of the shrill activity of an Italian watering-place; but the transalpine traveller will probably be inclined to push on at once to Andorno, an hour's drive deeper in the hills.

Andorno.

Biella overhangs the plain; but Andorno lies in a valley which soon contracts to a defile between the mountains. The drive thither from Biella skirts the Cervo, a fresh mountain stream, and passes through villages set on park-like slopes in the shade of chestnut groves. The houses of these villages have little of the picturesqueness mistakenly associated with Italian rural architecture; but every window displays its pot of lavender or of carnations, and the arched doorways reveal gardens flecked with the blue shadows of the vine-pergola.

Andorno itself is folded in hills, rounded, umbrageous, cooled with the song of birds. A sylvan hush envelops the place and the air one breathes seems to have travelled over miles of forest freshened by unseen streams. It is all as still and drowsy as the dream of a tired brain. There is nothing to see but the country itself—acacia-fringed banks sloping to the stream below the village; the arch of a ruinous bridge; an old hexagonal chapel with red-tiled roof and arcade of stunted columns; and, beyond the bridge and the chapel, rich upland meadows, where all day long the peasant women stoop to the swing of the scythe.

In June, in this high country (where patches of snow still lie in the shaded hollows), the wild flowers of spring and summer seem to meet: narcissus and forget-me-not lingering in the grass, while yellow broom—Leopardi's *lover of sad solitudes*—sheets the dry banks with gold, and higher up, in the folds of the hills, patches of crimson azalea mix their shy scent with the heavy fragrance of the acacia. In the meadows the trees stand in well-spaced majestic groups, walnut, chestnut and beech, tenting the grass with shade. The ivy hangs its drapery over garden walls and terraces, and the streams rush down under a quivering canopy of laburnum. The scenery of these high Pennine valleys is everywhere marked by the same nobleness of color and outline, the same atmosphere of spaciousness and poet-

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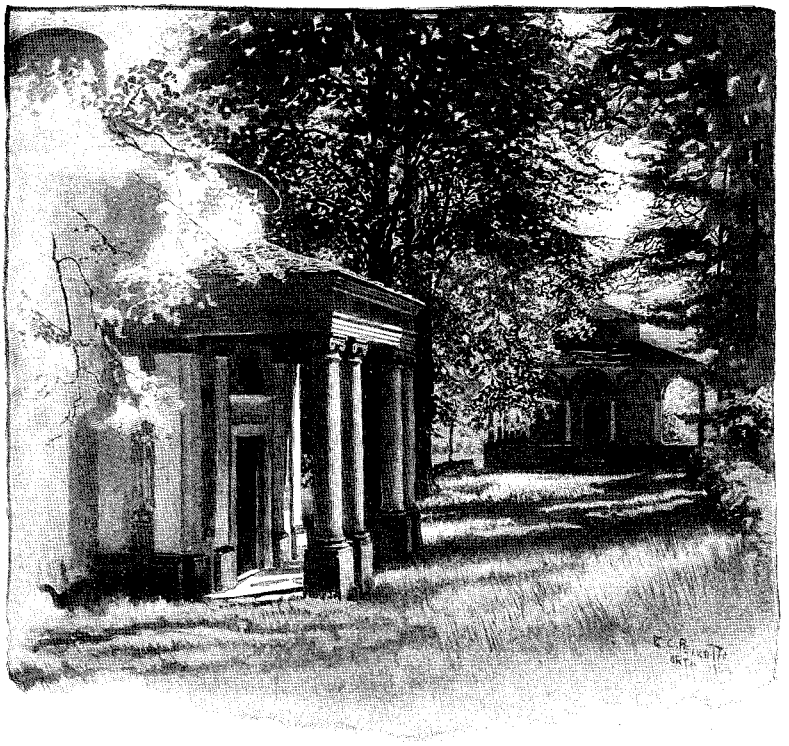

Among the Chapels, Orta.

ry. It is the rich studied landscape of Bonifazio's idyls : a scene of peace and plenitude, not the high-colored southern opulence but the sober wealth poured from a glacial horn of plenty. There is none of the Swiss abruptness, of the Swiss accumulation of effects. The southern aspect softens and expands. There is no crowding of impressions, but a stealing sense of sufficiency.

From Andorno the obvious excursion is to the shrine of San Giovanni ; a "sight" taking up eight pages in the excellent "Guida del Biellese," but remaining in the traveller's memory chiefly as the objective point of a charming walk or drive. The road leads up the Val d'Andorno, between heights set with villages hung aloft among the beech groves, or thrusting their garden-parapets above the spray and tumult of the Cervo. The densely wooded cliffs are scarred with quarries of sienite, and the stream, as the valley narrows, forces its way over masses of rock and between shelving stony banks ; but the little gardens dashed by its foam overflow with irises, roses and peonies, set in box-hedges and shaded by the long mauve panicles of the wistaria. Presently the road leaves the valley, and ascends the beech-clothed flank of the mountain on which San Giovanni is perched. The coolness and hush of this verdant tunnel are delicious after the noise and sunshine of the open road, and one is struck by the civic amenity which, in this remote solitude, has placed benches at intervals beneath the trees.

At length the brow of the hill is reached. The beeches recede, leaving a grassy plateau flanked by a long monastic façade ; and from the brink of this open space the eye drops unhindered down the long leafy reaches of the Val d'Andorno. The scene is one of the tenderest gradations of color and line : beeches blending with walnuts, these with the tremulous laburnum thickets along the stream, and the curves of the hills flowing into one another till they lose themselves in the aërial distances of the plain. The building which commands this outlook is hardly worthy of its station :



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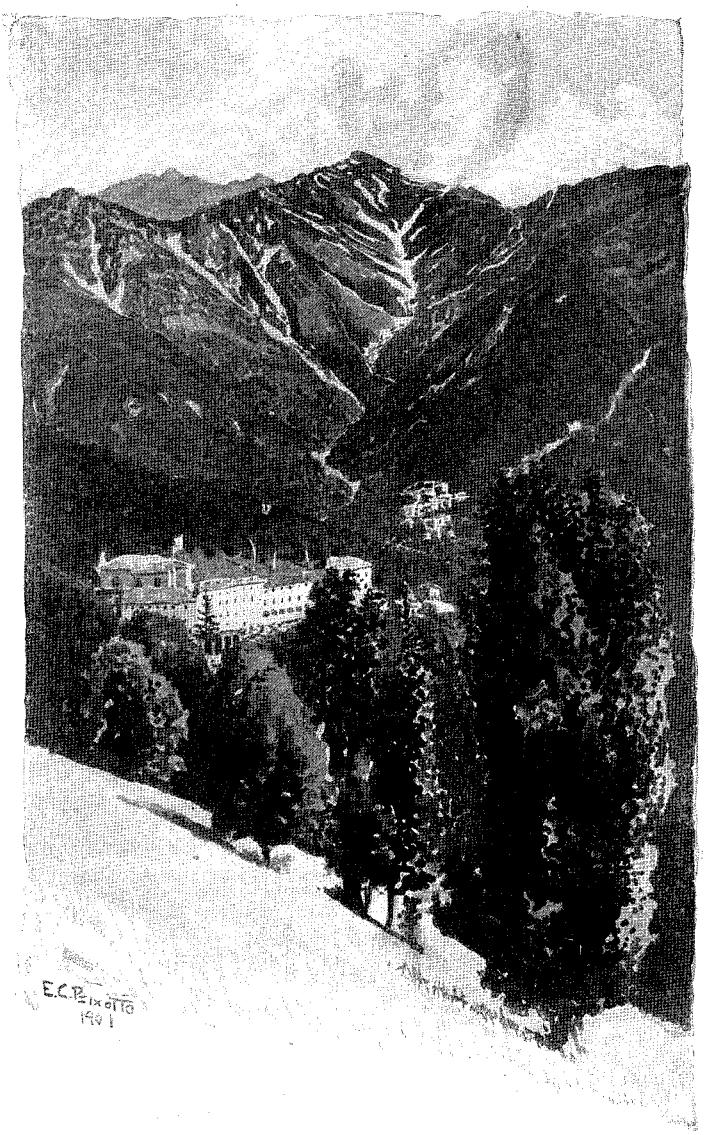

San Giovanni d'Andorno.

unless, indeed, the traveller feels its sober lines to be an admission of art's inferiority to nature in such aspects. To the confirmed apologist of Italy there is indeed a certain charm in finding so insignificant a building in so rare a spot: as though in a land thus amply dowered no architectural exclamation point were needed to call attention to any special point of view. Yet a tenderness for the view, one cannot but infer, must have guided the steps of those early cenobites who peopled the landscape with wonder-working images. When did a miracle take place on a barren plain or in a circumscribed hollow? The manifestations of divine favor invariably sought the heights, and those who dedicated themselves to the commemoration of such holy incidents did so in surroundings poetic enough to justify their faith in the supernatural. The church, with its dignified front and sculptured portal, adjoins the hospice, and shows within little of interest but the stone grotto containing



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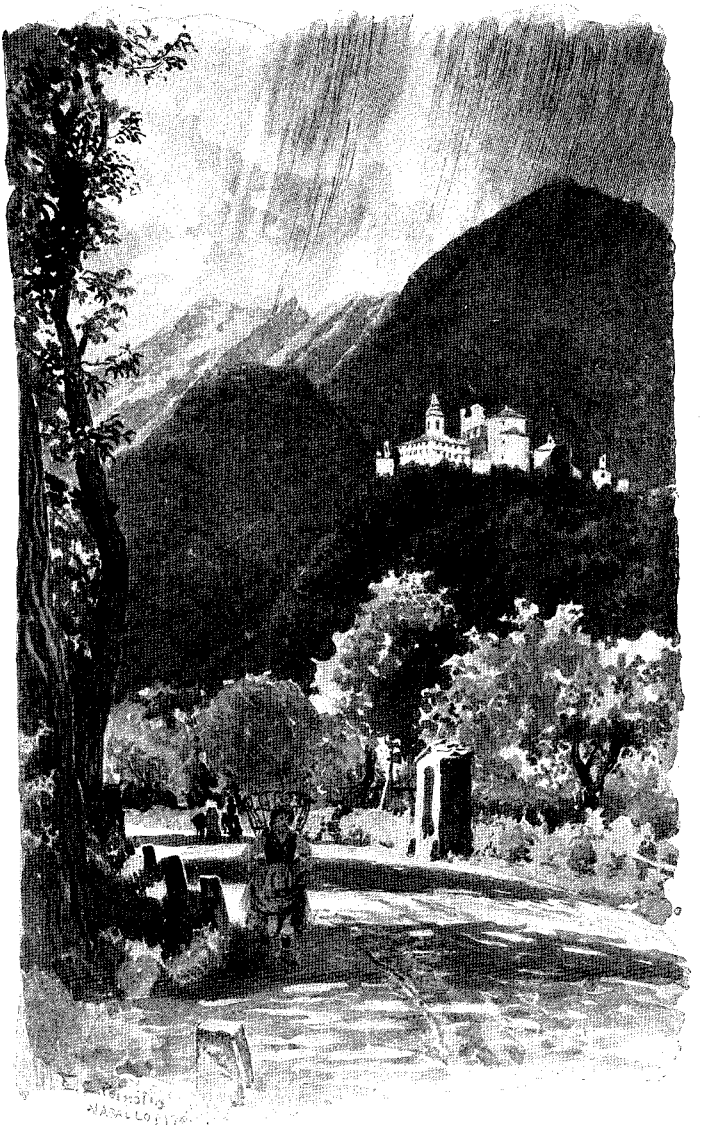

The Sacro Monte, Varallo.

the venerated image of St. John, discovered in the third century by St. Eusebius, Bishop of Vercelli. This grotto is protected by an iron grating, and its dark recess twinkles with silver hearts and other votive offerings. The place is still a favorite pilgrimage, but there seems to be some doubt as to which St. John has chosen it as the scene of his posthumous thaumaturgy; for, according to the local guide-book, it is equally frequented on the feast of the Baptist and of the Evangelist. This uncertainty is not without its practical advantages; and one reads that the hospice is open the year round, and that an excellent meal may always be enjoyed in the *trattoria* above the arcade; while on the feasts of the respective saints it is necessary for the devotee to bespeak his board and lodging in advance.

If San Giovanni appeals chiefly to the lover of landscape, the more famous sanctuary of Oropa is of special interest to the architect; for thither, in the eigh-



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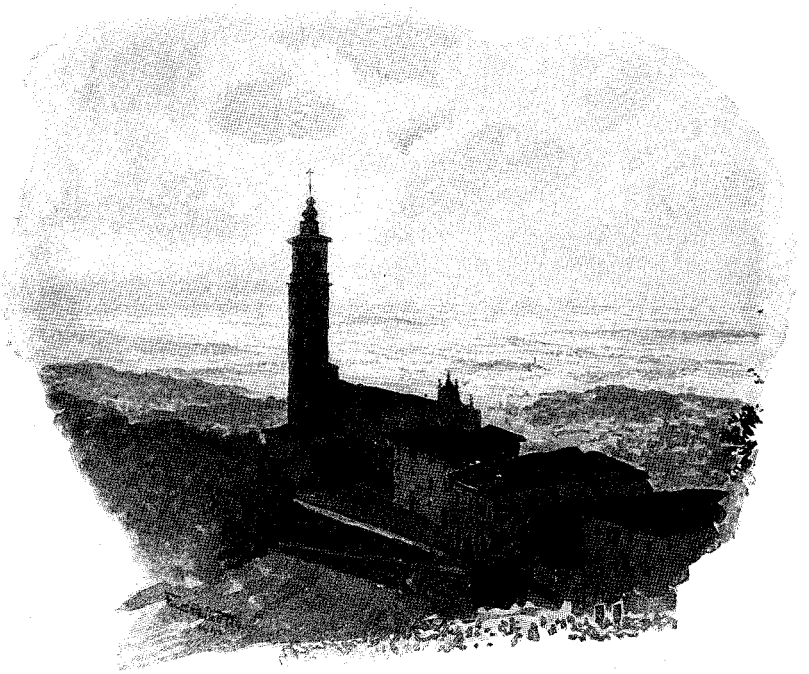

Between Biella and Varallo.
Vast undulating reach of the Piedmontese plain.

teenth century, the piety of the house of Savoy sent Juvara, one of the greatest architects of his time, to add a grand façade and portico to the group of monastic buildings erected a hundred years earlier by Negro di Pralungo. The ascent to the great mountain-shrine of the Black Virgin leads the traveller back to Biella, and up the hills behind the town. The drive is long, but so diversified, so abounding in beauty that in nearing its end one feels the need of an impressive monument to close so nobly ordered an approach. As the road rises above the vineyards of Biella, as the house-roofs, the church-steeples and the last suburban villas drop below the line of vision, there breaks on the eye the vast undulating reach of the Piedmontese plain. From the near massing of cultivated verdure—the orchards, gardens, groves of the minutely pencilled foreground—to the far limit where earth and sky converge in silver, the landscape glides through every gradation of sun-lit cloud-swept loveliness. First the Val d'Andorno unbosoms its depths; then the distances press nearer, blue-green and dappled with forest, with Biella, Novara and Vercelli like white fleets anchored on a misty sea. This view, with its fold on fold of woodland, dusky-shimmering in the foreground, then dark blue with dashes of tawny sunlight and purple streaks of rain, till it fades into the indeterminate light of the horizon, suggests some heroic landscape of Poussin's or the boundless russet distances of Rubens's "Château of Stein."

Meanwhile the foreground is changing. The air freshens, the villages with their flower gardens and their guardian images of the Black Virgin are left behind, and between the thinly-leaved beeches rise bare gravelly slopes backed by treeless hills. The Loreto of Piedmont lies nearly 4,000 feet above the sea, and even in June there is a touch of snow in the air. For a moment one fancies one's self in Switzerland; but here, at the bend of the road, is a white chapel with a classic porch, within which a group of terra-cotta figures enact some episode of the Passion. Italy has reasserted herself and art has humanized the landscape. More chapels are scat-



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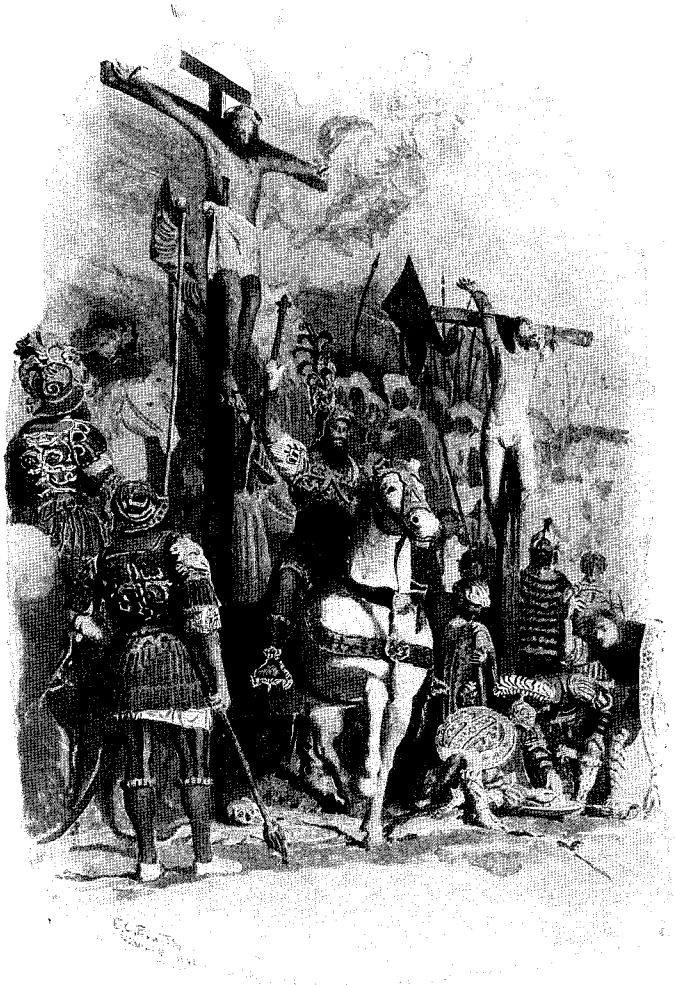
tered through the trees, but one forgets to note them as the carriage turns into a wide grassy forecourt, bordered by stone pyramids and dominated at its farther end by the great colonnade of the hospice. A *rampe douce* with fine iron gates leads up to the outer court enclosed in the arcaded wings of the building. Under these arcades are to be found shops in which the pilgrim may satisfy his various wants, from groceries, wines and cotton umbrellas (much needed in these showery hills), to rosaries, images of the Black Virgin, and pious histories of her miracles. Above the arcades the pilgrims are lodged; and in the centre of the inner façade Juvara's marble portico unfolds its double flight of steps.

Passing through this gateway one stands in an inner quadrangle. This again is enclosed in low buildings resting on arcades, their alignment broken only by the modest façade of the church. Outside there is the profane bustle of life, the clatter of glasses at the doors of rival *trattorie*, the cracking of whips, the stir of buying and selling; but a warm silence holds the inner court. Only a few old peasant women are hobbling, rosary in hand, over the sun-baked flags to the cool shelter of the church. The church is indeed cavernously cold, with that subterranean chill peculiar to re-



The Principal Group of Statues in Gaudenzio's Crucifixion, Varallo.

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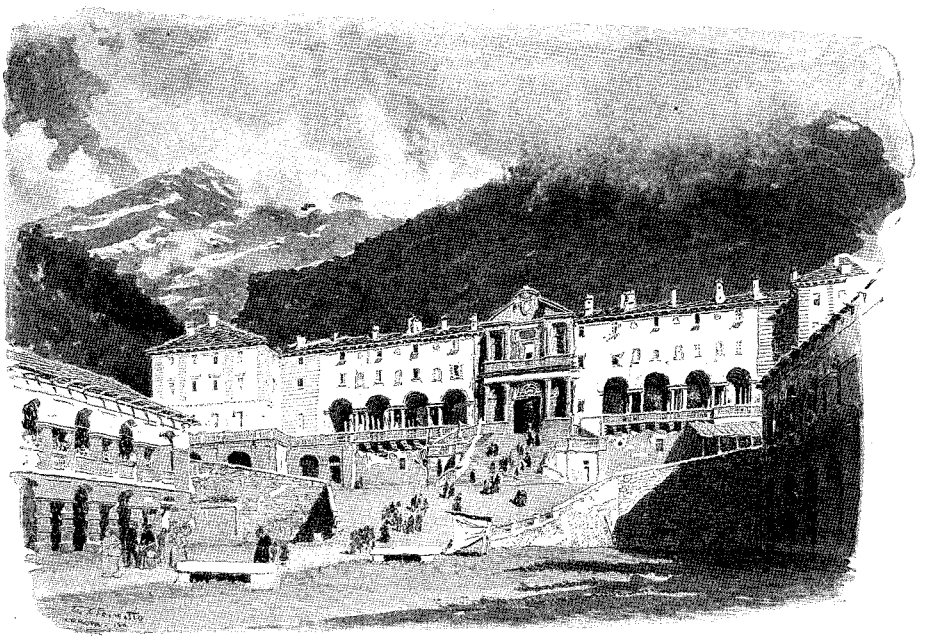

The Outer Court, Oropa.

ligious buildings. The interior is smaller and plainer than one had expected; but presently it is seen to be covered with a decoration beside which the rarest tapestry or fresco might sink into insignificance. This covering is composed of innumerable votive offerings, crowding each other from floor to vaulting over every inch of wall, lighting the chapels with a shimmer of silver and tinsel, the yellow of old wax legs and arms, the gleam of tarnished picture-frames: each overlapping scale of this strange sheath symbolizing some impulse of longing, grief or gratitude, so that as it were the whole church is lined with heart-beats. Most of these offerings are the gift of the poor mountain-folk, and the paintings record with artless realism the miraculous escapes of carters, quarrymen and stone-cutters. In the choir, however, hang a few portraits of noble donators in ruffs and Spanish jerkins; and one picture, rudely painted on the wall itself, renders with touching fidelity the interior of a peasant's house in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, with the mother kneeling by a cradle over which the Black Virgin sheds her reassuring light.

The ebony Virgin (another "find" of the indefatigable St. Eusebius) is enthroned behind the high altar, in a tiny chapel built by her discoverer. The crypt-like interior is divided by a grating behind which, in a blaze of altar-lights, the miraculous image, nimbused in jewels and gold, sheds its brightness on the groups who succeed each other at the iron lattice. The incense-laden air and the sweating stone walls encrusted with votive offerings recall at once the chapel of Loreto; but here the smaller space, the deeper dusk, heighten the sense of solemnity; and if a few white-capped Sisters are grouped against the grating, while before the altar a sweet-voiced young priest intones the mystic

*Mater purissima,*
*Mater admirabile,*
*Mater prudentissima,*

punctuated by the wailing *Ora pro nobis!* of the nuns, it would be hard to picture a scene richer in that mingling of suavity and awe with which the Church composes her incomparable effects.

After so complex an impression the pleasures of the eye may seem a trifle thin; yet there is a great charm in the shaded walks winding through the colony of chapels above the monastery. Nothing



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in nature is lovelier than a beech-wood rustling with streams; and to come, in such a setting, on one graceful *tempietto* after another, to discover, in their semi-pagan porches, groups of peasants praying before some dim presentment of the Passion, gives a renewed sense of the way in which, in Italy, nature, art and religion combine to enrich the humblest lives. These Sacred Mounts, or Stations of the Cross, are scattered everywhere on the Italian slopes of the Alps. The most famous is at Varallo, and to find any artistic merit one must go there, or to the unknown hill-village of Cerveno in the Val Camonica. At Oropa the groups are crude and uninteresting; but the dusk in which they are seen, and the surrounding murmur of leaves and water, give them a value quite independent of their plastic qualities.

Varallo itself is but a day's journey from Andorno. In June weather the drive thither is beautiful. The narrow country road mounts through chestnut groves as fine as those which cast their velvet shade for miles about Promontogno. At first the eye dips from one green ravine to another, but at Mosso Santa Maria, the highest point of the ascent, the glorious plain again bursts into view, with white roads winding toward distant cities, and the near flanks of the hills clothed in unbroken forest. The Val Sesia is broader than the Val d'Andorno, and proportionately less picturesque; but its expanse of wheat and vine, checkered with shade and overhung by piled-up mossy rocks, contrasts effectively enough with the landscape of the higher valleys. As Varallo is neared the hills close in and the scenery regains its sub-Alpine character. Unforgettable is the first glimpse of the old town, caught suddenly at a bend of the road, with the Sanctuary lifted high above the river, and tiled roofs and church-towers clustered at its base. The near approach is a disenchantment; for few towns have suffered more than Varallo under the knife of "modern improvement," and those who did not know it in earlier days would never guess that it was once the most picturesque town in North Italy. A dusty wide-avenued suburb, thinly scattered with cheap villas, now leads from the station to the edge of the old town; and the beautiful slope facing the Sacred Mountain has been cleared of its natural growth and planted with moribund palms and camellias, to form the "pleasure" grounds of a huge stucco hotel with failure written over every inch of its pretentious façade. One knows not whether to lament the impairment of such completeness, or to find consolation in the fact that Varallo is rich enough not to be ruined by its losses. Ten or fifteen years ago every aspect was enchanting; now one must choose one's point of view, but one or two of the finest are still intact. Turning one's back, for instance, on the offending hotel, one has still, on a summer morning, the rarest vision of wood and water and happily blended architecture: the Sesia, with its soft meadows and leafy banks, the old houses huddled above it, and the high cliff crowned by the chapels of the Sacred Way. At night all melts to a diviner loveliness. The clustered darkness of the town, twinkling with lights, lies folded in hills delicately traced against a sky mauve with moonlight. Here and there the moon burnishes a sombre mass of trees, or makes a campanile stand out pale and definite as ivory; while high above, the cliff projects against the sky, with an almost Greek purity of outline, the white domes and arches of the Sanctuary.

The centre of the town is also undisturbed. Here one may wander through cool narrow streets with shops full of devotional emblems and of the tall votive candles gaily spangled with gold and painted with flower-wreaths and *mandorle* of the Virgin. These streets, on Sundays, are thronged with the peasant women of the neighboring valleys in their typical costumes: some with cloth leggings and short dark-blue cloth petticoats embroidered in colors; others in skirts of plaited black silk, with embroidered jackets, silver necklaces and spreading head-dresses; for nearly every town has its distinctive dress, and some happy accident seems to have preserved this slope of the Alps from the depressing uniformity of modern fashions. In architectural effects the town is little richer than its neighbors; but it has that indescribable "tone" in which the soft texture of old stucco and the bloom



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of weather-beaten marble combine with a hundred happy accidents of sun and shade to produce what might be called the *patine* of Italy. There is, indeed, one unusual church, with a high double flight of steps leading to its door; but this (though it contains a fine Gaudenzio) passes as a mere incident in the general picturesqueness, and the only church with which the sightseer seriously reckons is that of Santa Maria delle Grazie, frescoed with the artist's scenes from the Passion.

There is much beauty of detail in these crowded compositions; but, to the inexpert, Gaudenzio lives perhaps chiefly as the painter of the choiring angels of Saronno: so great there that elsewhere he seems relatively unimportant. At Varallo, at least, one associates him first with the Sacred Mountain. To this great monument of his native valley he contributed some of his most memorable work, and it seems fitting that on turning from his frescoes in Santa Maria one should find one's self at the foot of the path leading to the Sanctuary. The wide approach, paved with tiny round pebbles polished by the feet of thousands of pilgrims, leads round the flank of the cliff to the park-like enclosure on its summit. Here, on the ledge overlooking the town, stands the church built by St. Charles Borromeo (now disfigured by a modern façade), and grouped about it are the forty-two chapels of the "New Jerusalem." These little buildings, to which one mounts or descends by mossy winding paths beneath the trees, present every variety of pseudo-classical design. Some, placed at different levels, are connected by open colonnades and long flights of steps; some have airy loggias, overlooking gardens tufted with blush-roses and the lilac iris; while others stand withdrawn in the deep shade of the beeches. Each chapel contains a terra-cotta group representing some scene in the divine history, and the architecture and the site of each building have been determined by a fine sense of dramatic fitness. Thus, the chapels enclosing the earlier episodes—the Annunciation, the Nativity and the scenes previous to the Last Supper—are placed in relatively open sites, with patches of flowers about their doorsteps; while as the drama darkens the pilgrim descends into deep shady hollows, or winds along chill stone corridors and up and down interminable stairs; a dark subterranean passage leading at last to the image of the buried Christ.

Of the groups themselves it is difficult to speak dispassionately, for they are so much a part of their surroundings that one can hardly measure them by any conventional standard. To do so, indeed, would be to miss their meaning. They must be studied as a reflection of the Bible story in the hearts of simple and emotional peasants; for it was the piety of the mountain-folk that called them into being, and the modellers and painters who contributed to the work were mostly natives of Val Sesia or of the neighboring valleys. The art of clay modelling is peculiarly adapted to the rendering of strong and direct emotions. So much vivacity of expression do its rapid evocations permit that one might almost describe it as intermediate between pantomime and sculpture. The groups at Varallo have the defects inherent in such an improvisation: the crudeness, the violence, sometimes the seeming absurdities of an instantaneous photograph. These faults are redeemed by a simplicity, a realism, which have not had time to harden into conventionality. The Virgin and St. Elizabeth are low-browed full-statured peasant women; the round-cheeked romping children, the dwarfs and hunchbacks, the Roman soldiers and the Jewish priests, have all been transferred alive from the market-places of Borgo Sesia and Arona. These expressive figures, dressed in real clothes, with real hair flowing about their shoulders, seem like the actors in some miracle-play arrested at its crowning moment.

Closer inspection brings to light a marked difference in quality between the different groups. Those by Tabacchetti and Fermo Stella are the best, excepting only the remarkable scene of the Crucifixion, attributed to Gaudenzio, and probably executed from his design. Tabacchetti is the artist of the Adam and Eve surrounded by the supra-terrestrial flora and fauna of Eden: a curious composition, with a golden-haired Eve of mincing elegance and refinement. To Stella are due some of the simplest and most moving scenes of the series: the Adoration of the Magi, the message of the angel to Joseph, and

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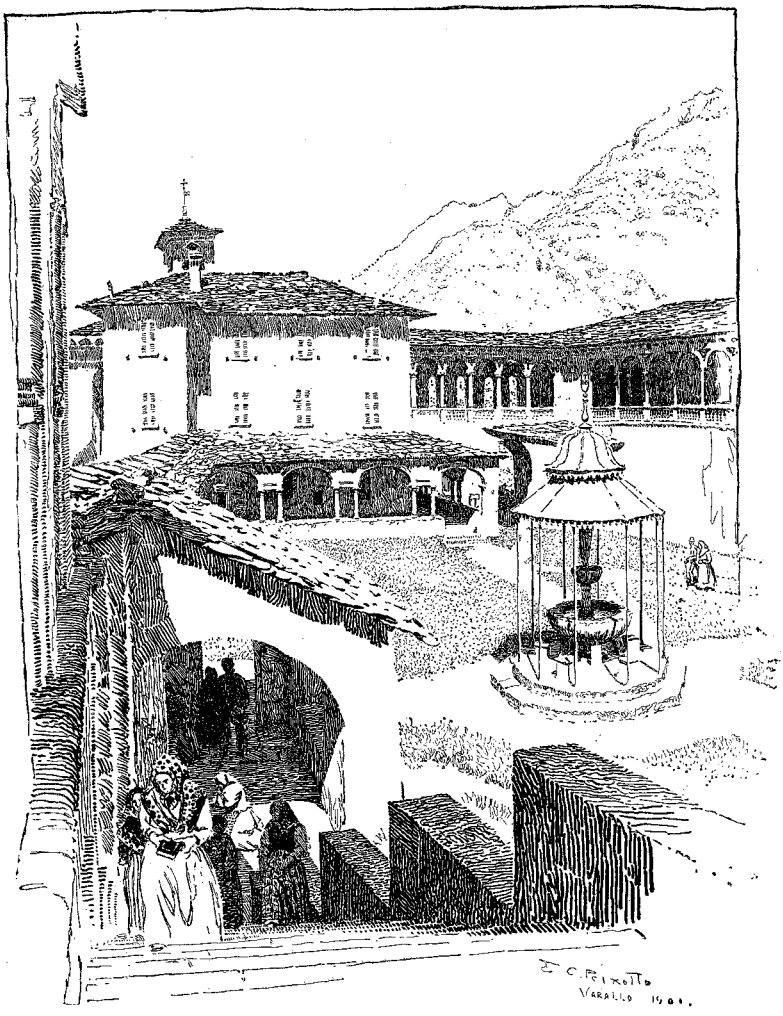

The Main Court on Sacro Monte, Varallo.

Christ and the woman of Samaria. Especially charming is the Annunciation, where a yellow-wigged angel in a kind of celestial dressing-gown of flowered brocade, advances, lily in hand, toward a gracefully startled Virgin, dressed (as one is told) in a costume presented by a pious lady of Varallo. In another scene the Mother of God, this time in peasant-dress, looks up smilingly from the lace-cushion on which she is at work; while the Last Supper, probably a survival of the older wooden groups existing before Gaudenzio and his school took up the work, shows a lace-trimmed linen table-cloth, with bread and fruit set out on Faenza dishes.

After these homely details the scenes of the Passion, where Gaudenzio's influence probably prevailed, seem a trifle academic; but even here there are local touches, such as the curly white dog at the foot of Herod's throne, the rags of the beggars, the child in the Crucifixion holding a spotted hound in leash. The Crucifixion is fitly the culminating point of the series. Here Gaudenzio lined the background with one of his noblest frescoes, and the figures placed before it are worthy, in expression and attitude, to carry out the master's conception.

The gold-bucklered Roman knight on his white charger, the eager gaping throng,



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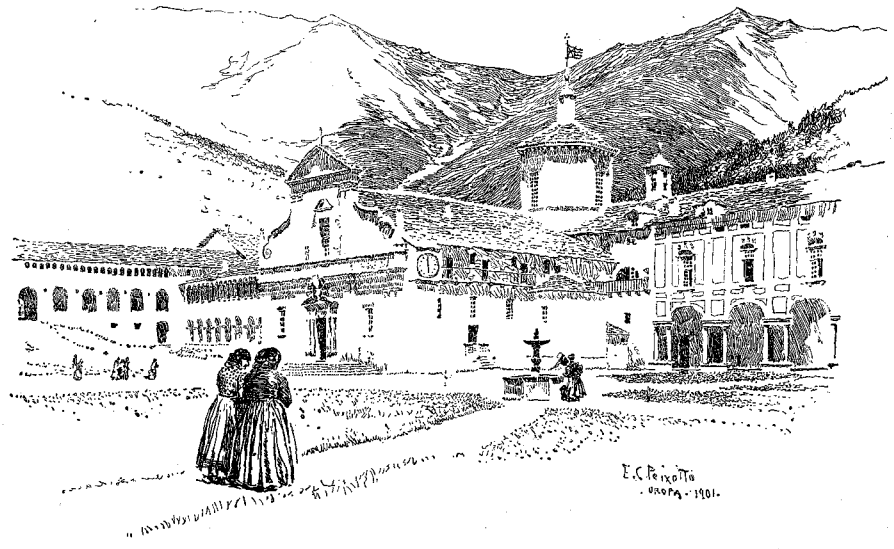
where beggars and cripples jostle turbaned fine ladies and their dwarfs, where oval-faced Lombard women with children at the breast press forward to catch a glimpse of the dying Christ, while the hideous soldiers at the foot of the cross draw lots for the seamless garment—all these crowding careless figures bring out with strange intensity the mute agony uplifted in their midst. Never, perhaps, has the popular, the unimpressed, unrepentant side of the scene been set forth with more tragic directness. One can fancy the gold-armored knight echoing in after years the musing words of Anatole France's *Procurateur de Judée*:—"Jésus? Jésus de Nazareth? Je ne me rappelle pas."

From Varallo the fortunate traveller may carry his impressions unimpaired through the chestnut woods and across the hills to the lake of Orta—a small sheet of water enclosed in richest verdure, with the wooded island of San Giuliano on its bosom. Orta has a secret charm of its own: a quality of solitude, of remoteness, that makes it seem the special property of each traveller who chances to discover it. Here too is a Sacred Way, surmounting the usual shady knoll above the town; but its groups have little artistic merit. The chief "feature" of Orta is the incredibly complete little island, with its ancient church embosomed in gardens; yet even this counts only as a detail in the general composition, a last touch to the prodigal picturesqueness of the place. In any other country the next turn of the road must lead to an anti-climax; but the wanderer who turns eastward from Orta may pass through scenes of undiminished beauty till, toward sunset, the hills divide to show Lake Maggiore at his feet, with the Isola Bella moored like a fantastic pleasure-craft upon its waters.




The Inner Quadrangle, Oropa.

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By Clara Bellinger Green

Illustrations by D. U. Wilcox

## I

THERE was no question about the lot in Mr. Barney's mind. It just suited him.

It lay along the southern slope of the hill, looking down on the broad valley of Elba, and upon Marcy, McIntyre, and other dignified peaks beyond.

The whole expanse of the heavens smiled upon it. It was flanked on the north by deep woods, but on the east, south, and west it lay open to the friendly rays of the sun, which covered it with glory from the moment it peeped over the Sleeping Giant in the morning till it sank behind the hemlocks at the foot of the hill. It was generously sprinkled with balsam shrubs, moss-grown logs and stumps.

Mr. Barney liked stumps. He could sit on a stump hour after hour, and feel the sun pour down on his back, warming him to the very centre of his being. He always felt as though each ray went straight through him and came out on the other side—albeit he cast a distinct, if narrow, shadow on the grass.

He had discovered in the sun a spirit antagonistic to his old foe, rheumatism, which cowered beneath its beams as the devil cowers before the strains of the Te Deum Laudamus.

Some of Mr. Barney's doctors called his complaint neuralgic rheumatism and some rheumatic neuralgia: it was all the same to him, for it was as tormenting under one name as the other. To his fancy it was his personal devil, who played pranks on his members one after the other—now his arm, now his eye, now his knee, now his temples. It neglected none, nor had it any preference. Neither, in truth, had its victim, for wherever it lodged he would have preferred it somewhere else. When it chose his arm, he would have it in his eye; when it seized his eye, he longed to banish it to his knee, and when it was in his knee, he wished it in his temples.

For the past three weeks Mr. Barney had not felt a twinge from his familiar demon, and his face was already beginning to lose those meek outlines which pain draws on the features of its associates. If his had been the only voice in the matter of the lot, he would not have hesitated; but there were two other important members of the Barney household, each having a distinct mind of her own.

Mr. Barney was fond and proud of his wife and daughter, but there were moments—and this was one of them—when he felt that if one or both had been a little weak-minded his life would have been easier.



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Though he had not consulted them on the subject of the lot, he could hear, as plainly as if they stood before him, their rational objection to it.

"Why, it is on the wrong side of the hill." Which was true.

The other side was obviously *the* side. There were the lakes; there were the people; there were life and gayety. Ah! that was the point. Here, as he sat on his stump, nothing indicated the presence of the smart world. All was quiet, wild, and mountainous. Only a few scattered farm-houses and tilled fields below him bespoke habitation. But let him walk a few rods to the brow of the hill and lo!—Mammoth hotels with floating banners and great reaches of piazza, cottages, tennis-courts, darting boats on the lake—all the emblems of a popular resort.

This retired lot, fragrant with balsam and other pungent forest odors, was not in the running to them; neither was the log hut, which he seemed to see standing at the top of the lot. It must be a hut. A cottage was too circumspect for this wild spot. Besides, he would like to live in a hut for a while. His life, begun and so far continued on Washington Square, had been of the most conventional type.

There was no question about the lot in Mr. Barney's mind.—Page 365.

Mr. Barney sat on his stump and pondered while the sun shone on his back. At last he sprang to his feet with an exclamation he had not used since, as a boy, he had gone clamming on Long Island.

"Gosh!" he said, and he began to pace to and fro across the lot, not in his old cautious, rheumatic way, but with free and manly strides. He drew in deep

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*Drawn by D. U. Wilcox.*

For a time it took the form of art.—Page 369.

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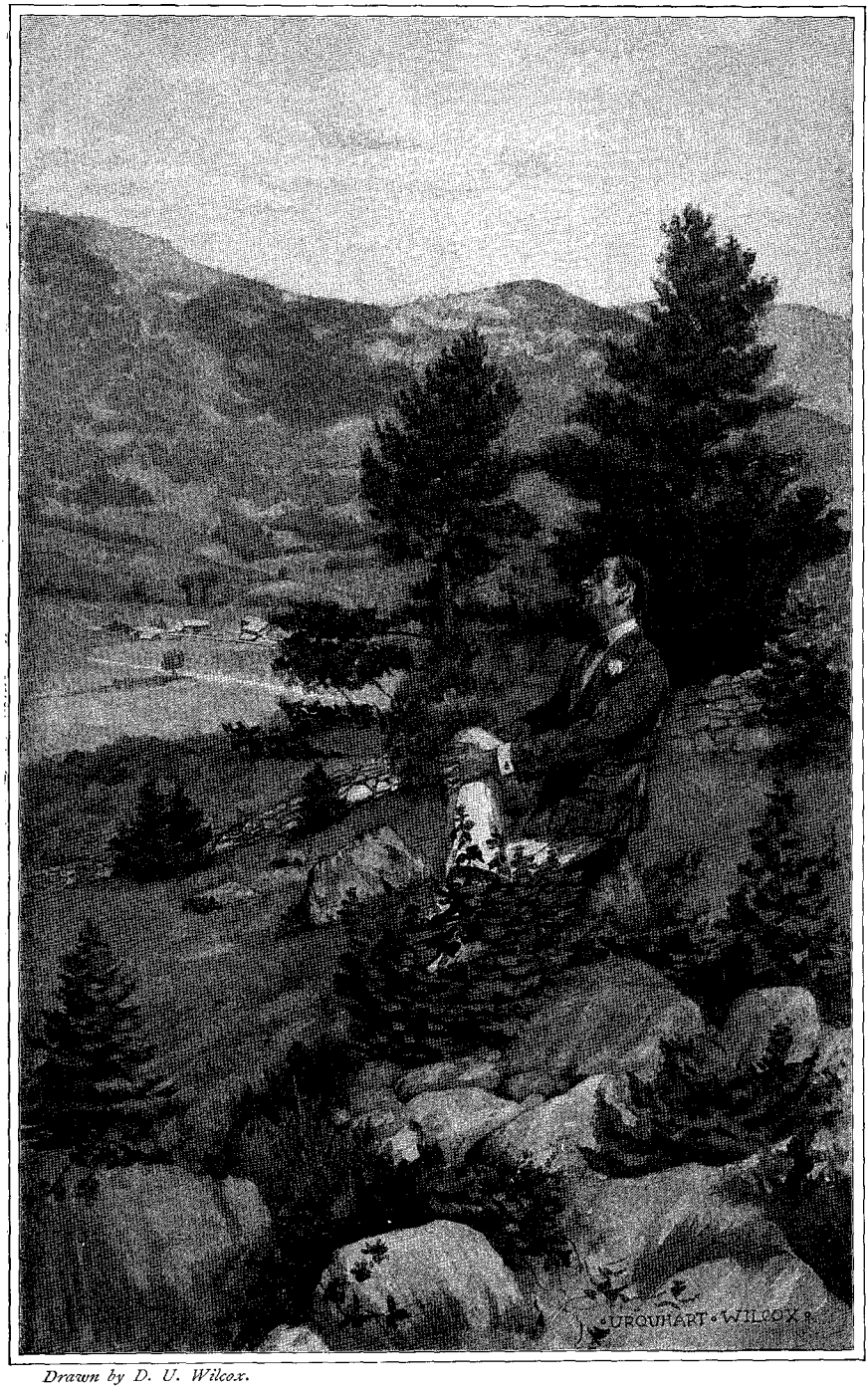


*Drawn by D. U. Wilcox.*

He spent some time watching the progress of a house going up over the hill.—Page 370.

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draughts of air and stretched out his arms as if to embrace the air, the sky, the hills. Not to obstruct the sun's rays, he had the habit of wearing a skull cap, and as he walked he had a jaunty air which sat a little awkwardly on him.

The thought which had so stimulated him was this: Freed from the iron hand of rheumatism, could not a man be a man? If so, why not act for himself? Presently he turned his steps toward the top of the lot and firmly setting his teeth, leaped the stone wall and struck into the path which led through the woods to the house of Jonas Carter, builder, and dealer in real estate.

## II

Somewhat later he joined his family on the veranda of one of the houses with a floating banner. A man of few words always, his thoughts were now stowed away in his breast-pocket alongside of a document to which he had just signed the name: Theodorus Barney.

An august name for its meek and spare owner was Theodorus, and he had always felt it a burden. With a view to shifting some of this patronimic weight, he had named his only daughter after himself. But he gained nothing by this rather cowardly act, for Theodora Barney was well named, and, being of artistic temper, she knew it and was content.

She was a young woman of heroic proportions and stately bearing. Her features were classically regular. Her style was large: hence she could support her Latin name with as much aplomb as she did the sweeping robes of satin and velvet in which she gloried.

She was also a very superior young woman. People called her talented, and spoke of her as one from whom something uncommon might be expected. She herself shared this expectation, confident of the possession of some extraordinary endowment which would express itself in due time. Just how, she was not quite certain, though it had been manifest in various ways. For a time it took the form of art, and the walls of her home were made glad and, perhaps, a little glaring, with waving cornfields, cabbage-heads, hollyhocks, and windmills described on wood, matting, silk, velvet, and every conceivable material.

This era was active but brief. She denounced the work, at last, as too narrow, and substituted philanthropy and general reform. Her schemes in this field were vast and comprehensive: they often concerned her own household, and at such times began with an attempt to uproot the family tree, so to speak, and transplant it to some remote region, like Australia, or Kansas City.

Under her magnetic handling these plans were rosy in the morning, golden at midday, but sombre at nightfall. The next day she would present at the breakfast-table an apologetic face, which silently conceded that the old life would do for a while longer.

"So glad to be at home again," Mrs. Theodorus would often exclaim, after one of these mental migrations, for both parents duly spread their wings at their daughter's bidding, whenever she prepared for a new flight, though they swooped ignominiously to earth again afterward. "For my part, I like normal conditions."

The succeeding period of literary effort was a grateful one to them; and Theodora, who felt that she might have accomplished something in philanthropy, had she been accorded the sympathy of her family, took up her pen, convinced that here, at least, she had found her true expression. Perhaps the world had been defrauded too long of what she had to give it. Strange to say, the first polite note from an editor, regretfully returning her manuscript, quenched her ardor.

Just now she was devoted to erudition.

The book in her hand this morning, Nordau's "Degeneration," so engrossed her that she did not note her father's presence until he, having reached an animated point in a possible family conclave, declared, in a firm voice:

"You see the lakes are here and can be seen at any time, if one will make the effort."

Both ladies raised their eyes, the one from her crocheting, the other from her book, and arched their eyebrows interrogatively at this uncalled-for speech.

"Dad, dear," said his daughter, in the slightly patronizing voice she commonly



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employed with her father, "Have any 'bold, bad men' been trying to make you believe the lakes are not here?"

## III

THE next morning the new Theodorus betook himself to the boats and rowed himself across the lake to the house of a certain Seth Tuthill.

"Mr. Carter tells me you have some repute as an amateur cabinet-maker," he said, seating himself on a saw-buck in Seth's back-yard.

"Guess I have, some."

"You make tables and chairs, I suppose?"

"Guess I do."

"Library tables? Tea-tables?"

"Guess 'f I make one table I can another. Tables is tables, ain't they?"

"Tables and chairs, then," Theodorus continued, with an effort not to feel crushed. "Anything else?"

"If tables 'n' chairs is all you want, tables 'n' chairs is all I make."

"Other articles are in your line also, then?"

"Guess they are."

"Sofas, dressing-cases?"

"Guess so."

"Not bedsteads?"

"Bedstids 'f you don't want brass. Ain't no worker in brass. Look a' here, mister. You see the Huntoon cottage just across the lake partly hid by the trees? I made every darn stitch o' furniture in that house, bedstids 'n' all. If they hankered arter any particular style o' table or chair—'n' some folks is pretty cranky about furniture—they made a drawin' of it, 'n' I copied it. Kin copy anything you're a mind ta draw. When my work was done, the only dum thing they had to do was to run down to Plattsburg 'n' buy their blankets 'n' mattresses 'n' pillows 'n' kitchen utensils."

Between overseeing the construction of his furniture and the house to put it in, the next two months were full of business for Theodorus. He made his own plans for the hut. The architecture for a hut should not be complex, it is true, but a hut for the Barney family must not be of the simplest nature. He himself would have preferred only walls and roof with the ground for a floor—clearly Theodorus in a new sense, wanted the earth—but, while he pleased himself, he would please the others as well. It must be a modern hut, commodious and of some dignity. He developed a good deal of wile in these days in learning the minds of his wife and daughter on certain points without arousing suspicion, not a difficult matter, as neither troubled herself about his doings, noting nothing, except that he spent some time watching the progress of a house going up over the hill.

It was in June when Theodorus achieved his purchase, and on the last day of August, at four o'clock P.M., he took a complacent survey of his work preparatory to turning the key and facing the last remaining duty—acquainting his family of his daring designs.

The hut was most inviting: it stood squarely on the ground as if it would not lift itself so much as an inch above its mother earth. The veranda opened into a long, low-studded room extending across the front of the house, and faced a huge fireplace, where in due time a cheerful fire would blaze. Wherever a rough-barked log or branch would serve it was chosen, with the result that the interior was scarcely less rustic than the outside.

After supper Theodorus sat on the veranda and smiled. On second thoughts he had concluded to postpone his announcement until morning.

There was a bright moon, and the air was rarely clear even for that region.

Theodora was vigorously pacing the piazza with Brice Brewster, the noted painter. She had been half reclining among the cushions of a row-boat, moored under a shady bank, during the afternoon, reading, while the artist transferred the fine outlines of her face and figure to canvas. He had a rare subject in Theodora, which fact she realized as well as he, and both made the most of the situation. He had worked at white heat from the first, and the result promised to satisfy even him. The hint of sleeping powers in Theodora's face, which was no doubt accountable for the belief in her talent, the artist had not failed to preserve, so that even in her attitude of repose, strength was her dominant feature.

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Her classic head was relieved against a background of trees, and the flecks of sunlight sifting through them and falling upon her gown, her book, and her hand, and throwing a reflected light upon her chin, made a treatment of the subject which aroused warm admiration when it hung "on the line" at the Academy in the following winter as "A Lazy Afternoon." The elation which good creative work always brings was in the painter's voice to-night, and in his step as he paced.

"There is something magnificent in the air to-night," he said to Theodora. "No. I am wrong. Something magnificent has gone out of it. Do you realize that about one hundred and fifty objectionable people have skipped the country to-day and left the piazza for us to walk on and the air for us to breathe? This is the time I begin to enjoy myself—when fashionable folk get out, and we have the place to ourselves."

"The management may not view the matter in the same light," said Theodora. "But it is curious how people rush away at the end of August—just as though September were not fit to be seen. Ah! There are the Apostles of the Higher Comprehension," she continued, as they passed a window where Mrs. Theodorus sat with some other devotees of whist, deeply absorbed in the game. They were a small band who admitted into their circle no one not enlightened on the modern game.

"I suppose they take as their motto: The higher the fewer," laughed Brewster.

Needless to say Theodorus with his old-fashioned methods was not of the few, but he did not seem cast down by this fact to-night, for as the two came up to him in their walk they found him humming a cheerful tune.

"Everyone seems in gay mood to-night," said the artist.

"It is the air. I have not breathed its like this summer."

"Just what we were saying," Theodora said. "There is something unusual abroad. It is almost as though something were going to happen."

"Something is," declared Theodorus. Was he not going to move into the hut on the morrow?

## IV

It was about midnight that night when Theodorus sprang from his bed with a vague feeling that he was wanted. There were confused voices in the air: and a glance from the window showed a bright and sinister light dancing on the lawn. He was, indeed, wanted.

A hurried investigation proved that the flames were in the extreme eastern wing of the hotel. The Barney's rooms were in the western wing. A staircase, just outside his door, led to the veranda below, and down this Theodorus plunged to make sure that it was unbolted, before he set to work.

It must be said of the Barneys, all three, that they met the emergency in silence and without undue agitation. It was not many minutes before the two women stood far out on the lawn, guarding the effects they had gathered together, and watching the crackling flames, which were now leaping buoyantly up into the dark heavens.

Theodora had in charge also the picture which Brice Brewster had breathlessly left in her care, while he hastened back with Theodorus to aid others who might not have so easy an exit. The lawn was soon sprinkled with chairs, tables, packages and people, the latter in every stage of excitement: some were irate, some hysterical, some preternaturally calm, some heroic.

Other bannered houses spread their wings that night and sheltered the disarrayed and roofless guests; and when the flames began to die down, Mrs. Theodorus, with a sigh, suggested that they try the Adams House.

Her husband replied with a swagger in his voice not native to it:

"As if I would spend a night under the roof of the Adams House!"

"As if there were any choice," replied his wife. "We shall be fortunate if we get in even there—and we had better not be too leisurely about it either."

"On the contrary, there is luck in leisure. Let us take our time." And as he spoke a broad grin o'erspread the face of Theodorus. Was he not in luck to have postponed the telling of his late transactions?

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"I cannot understand what amuses you," his wife said in her resounding voice and looking loftily down on him. "You seem to enjoy seeing the house burn down. You remind me of Nero," to which Theodorus responded by one of those obscure speeches which were lately making her question whether his rheumatism would not at last reach his brain.

"I should not myself have gone to the extent of burning down the hotel for my own furtherance, but since it has been done, let me play my fiddle."

A little later Theodorus unlocked the hospitable door of the hut and bade them enter.

"It is now the spooky hour of three," he said, "and no fit time for a speech, but let me say: Welcome home. This is the house that Theodorus built. It is a hut, but an up-to-date hut. I intended to colonize here to-morrow, but fate has taken the matter in hand and brought us here to-night. I should have preferred to come in the daytime myself. I don't like travelling about at night or moving in such unseemly haste; but we won't complain. You will find everything at hand for your comfort, even meat and drink, and if you are as hungry as I am, they will be grateful."

Mother and daughter looked at each other, and for the first time in their experience found no speech. Was this Theodorus, the submissive father, the meek and lowly spouse, now striding about the room with self-assertive step and speaking in authoritative tone? To Theodora's confused and suddenly subordinated sense, he seemed to have grown all at once tall and commanding. He surely looked down upon her as she stood, in spite of her superior height.

Mrs. Theodorus had sunk, limp and weak-kneed, upon a high-backed settle by the fireplace. Brice Brewster stood in the doorway, observing Theodora, who, always the focus of any group, occupied the centre of the room silently but rapidly adjusting herself to a new order of things.

Humor had not been conspicuously given her, yet it was the humor of the moment which first appealed to her.

"I wouldn't have believed this of you, Dad. To build a house, and such a house, without our permission. Think of your planning an artistic mantel like that without me! I would not have missed having a hand in it for the world. I have always thought I could be an architect. Mother, have we deserved this?"

"H'm," replied her mother, her eyes roaming from one object to another in a helpless way, as if they owed it to themselves to find some peg on which to hang an objection. "I should have chosen the other side of the hill."

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# A BRIDAL MEMORY

## By Frances Bent Dillingham

THE bridal couple in the Pullman car must have been greatly absorbed in each other, if they did not note Dorothy's big, black, childish eyes fixed relentlessly upon them. The lady was very pretty, with a brown dress that matched her eyes and hair, and a pink vest the color of her cheeks; and the gentleman was tall, with a straight nose and handsome mustache. Though Dorothy's mother whispered, "My dear, it is rude to stare so;" yet there were few movements of the bride and groom that escaped the wide-eyed gaze of the little girl opposite.

She knew that, whenever they had fresh flowers, the lady put one in the gentleman's button-hole, and he thrust one through the ribbon of her brown cap; she longed to read the little notes they wrote to each other, and hid in unexpected places; she grew pale when the gentleman cut his finger in sharpening a pencil, and the next moment she must clap her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing; for the lady wound her dainty handkerchief about the cut and tied it in a funny knot with the corners sticking up like the ears of a rabbit, while he wriggled his finger to make

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them flop. Though her mother frowned and nudged, yet Dorothy could not help laughing at their jokes and thrilling at their happiness.

The lady must have understood children, for instead of seeming to resent those prying eyes, once, when the gentleman was not in his seat, she called across the aisle:

"Won't you come and sit with me, little girl?"

Dorothy's heart beat a longing pit-pat, but she looked at her mother. "May I?"

"Why, yes, dear, for a few moments."

Dorothy was overcome with the joy of sitting beside the soft folds of the brown dress.

"Are you having a pleasant journey?"

"Beautiful," murmured Dorothy.

"I am so glad," the lady nodded brightly at her.

"Because I just love to watch you."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it's beautiful, I never saw a wedding couple before." Dorothy's shyness was fast vanishing.

"Now, what does a little girl like you know about wedding couples?"

"Why, you see," Dorothy began, eagerly, "I just love to read love-stories. People give me stories about silly little children and animals and things, but I'd rather read love-stories. All the girls I know would. I pick out the affectionate parts. But I never saw a love-story before, and I don't believe the other girls ever did."

The lady laughed, then sobered, with a glance across the aisle at the mother's black dress. She patted Dorothy's hand.

"You dear little girl," she said, softly.

"And when I grow up I'm going to look just like you"—Dorothy's black eyes gleamed into the soft brown ones—"and I'm going to have a dress exactly like this, and I'm going to have a husband as handsome as yours and go on a wedding journey, and do such funny things. It is your wedding journey, isn't it?"

The lady leaned toward her. "Yes, it is," she whispered, "but it's a secret, and you mustn't tell. I was married just two weeks ago."

"Oh-o!" Dorothy drew a breath of prolonged bliss; "and did you wear a white satin dress with orange flowers, like they do in stories?"

"Yes, I did, with a long train and white satin slippers——"

"Oh-o!" breathed Dorothy, "I'm going to, too."

But here was the young husband coming down the aisle. Dorothy slipped off her seat in obedience to a signal from her mother, and crept away in high content with a pink rose in her hand. The lady talked in a low voice to the gentleman, and he looked toward Dorothy once or twice and laughed. But alas! they left the train at the next stop and Dorothy, without knowing the name or home of these wonderful beings, went on with her mother to the East.

There are certain impressions of childhood around which our memory centres. The thought of a far-away town holds one white house on a shady street: the picture of a farm brings out one tree leaning over the stone wall; the joy of one summer seems concentrated in that swift run down a sloping hill-side with light feet and lighter heart; a winter's sorrow means the story book we were forced to leave unfinished.

Around the unforgotten picture of that bridal couple, grew Dorothy's thoughts of love and marriage. And as each of us has some private standard, often unconscious, by which we measure others, so Dorothy tested each man she met by taking him mentally on a journey in a Pullman car beside that perfect bridal couple of childhood's memory. And how few could endure this trial? One was too stupid, another too brilliantly tiresome, another too selfish, another too thoughtless. But at last Dorothy met the man with whom she thought she could travel leagues of dusty prairie or barren mountain-land, and who would be, not only all that far-away bride-groom had been, but more, much more.

"I shouldn't mind a freight-car with you, dear," she told him, after relating the pretty story of that unknown wedding couple.

She was visiting her aunt in that same Western city where the bride and groom had disappeared on that day ten years ago. It was here she had met Jack Hilliard, and it was while their engagement was still new that she made this tender little remark. She and Jack were on their way to a large club reception at which

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Dorothy's aunt, who had gone on before them, was chief executive.

Jack had a way of interrupting Dorothy's most flattering speeches; but after a moment she went on to the accompaniment of the carriage's roll.

"I want to take a railroad trip anyway, when we—go off together. I suppose I was an awfully silly little child with too much story-reading, and I'm afraid I'm rather sentimental now; but you don't know how much that glimpse of true happiness meant to me. I had never known my father, and I had begun to suspect that all love-stories were fables. Very nice ones, of course. Seeing those two happy people made me believe in—" she broke off.

"Well?" he questioned, laughingly.

"You," she turned her smiling face toward his in the dusk of the carriage, "in everything. Oh, are we really here?"

Dorothy had never looked lovelier than she did that evening as she went through the lofty, crowded rooms, her dark, piquant face aglow with health and happiness, and Jack's pink roses in her hair and hands.

"Having a good time?" she asked, looking up at him with a laugh; she could feel his eyes upon her.

"Rather! But I'd enjoy it as much if I could carry you off to your aunt's drawing-room, where there'd be just we two."

"You ought to have thought of it sooner. Give me a taste of this wild dissipation, and there's no telling—" She stopped suddenly, a deeper pink crept into her cheeks, her eyes grew wide.

"Oh, Jack!" she turned on him breathlessly. "You must introduce me right off, indeed you must! That lady over there in the pink. Oh, here is aunt, I'm sure she will."

"Why, how late you are, dear," Dorothy's aunt was on them. "Introduce you to Mrs. Ward? Yes, indeed, delighted; come right along with me. Charming woman, awfully popular and philanthropic and brilliant. You'll like her."

Dorothy pushed forward with her aunt, and Jack followed at a leisurely distance. In his slow progress he was detained by several men, and when he again reached Dorothy she had finished speaking to Mrs. Ward and was standing at some distance beyond her, talking with one or two gentlemen. She was entertaining the circle right royally as Jack came toward her; but soon after the men, one by one, fell away and left them together. Dorothy turned upon him eagerly.

"Oh, Jack, who do you think she is?"

"She, who?"

"Why, Mrs. Ward, you know. She's my bride, the one I told you about. Isn't she lovely? Lovelier than I thought. Dear me, I sha'n't look half so well on a palace car——"

"Nonsense, she can't compare—" began Jack when he saw a change come over Dorothy's happy face. A large woman in garnet velvet was talking just behind them:

"Oh, yes, for some time; everybody knows it. As sure as can be. No, not a divorce, a separation. Mrs. Ward is so sweet, too. He seems like a fine man. He gives her the house and stays at hotels. Strange—married just ten years. Incompatability, I understand—and they used to be so devoted. I declare, I'd have got on somehow——"

"Oh, Jack!" Dorothy clutched his arm, "take me away, quick! here comes Aunt Sarah. I don't want to meet anybody."

She was stately and straight as ever as they walked into the conservatory, opening off the hall. But as she sank down on the divan to which he brought her, he noticed that her cheeks were a deeper pink than the roses she was grasping tightly in tense hands, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Why, Dorothy, dear little girl, what is the matter?" He sat down beside her to comfort her.

She moved a little away from him and looked up through her tears.

"Oh, Jack, what will they think of me. Was there ever anybody so awkward! Such a spectacle as I have made of myself! Why didn't you tell me about her? But that isn't the worst. I've lost my faith, my beautiful faith in love and things—Oh, Jack, why didn't you tell me about Mrs. Ward?"

"Why, my dear, I don't understand," poor Jack floundered. "You mean that she had separated from her husband? What is the good of telling those things?"

"The good!" cried Dorothy. She

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raised her voice as she turned upon him. "The good! I went up to her, I simply rushed up to her, I was so delighted to see her. I said, 'Don't you remember me, Mrs. Ward?' And, of course, she said, 'Your face is certainly very familiar.' Then I laughed, I said, 'Of course, you wouldn't, I was a little girl then. But I have never forgotten you. Don't you remember you and Mr. Ward were on your wedding tour, and you were my first love-story?' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'that dear little girl.' 'And Mr. Ward?' then it occurred to me that he might be dead, though she wasn't wearing black. 'Is he well?' And she answered, as pleasantly as ever, 'Yes, he is well.' Then I rushed madly on, I said, 'Oh, I remember him so well, he was my beau ideal of manhood as you were of womanhood. I have never forgotten that lovely bridal trip of yours, it has always been my ideal—' Somebody was coming up behind, so I finished hastily and, I should say, effectively, 'And do remember me to Mr. Ward, he probably won't remember me. Or perhaps I shall see him myself. Is he here to-night?' And then somebody pushed me on, and she didn't have to answer, and everybody heard every word I said, they must have, and nobody stopped me at all. Oh, how clumsy, how horribly clumsy I have been!"

But Jack laughed. "Why, Dorothy, you silly little girl. Nobody would think of blaming you. You didn't know."

"Oh, you can't comfort me that way. I've been an idiot, and that's all there is to it. I'm too ashamed to ever show myself in public again. I hope I'll never see Mrs. Ward after this. But, oh, Jack," she wiped away her tears with unnecessary violence. "I'm not so selfish as just to think about myself. It isn't only that my pride's hurt; but she looks sad. I know she isn't happy, I don't believe she's stopped loving her husband, and he looked so good, too. They were such a beautiful couple."

"But, my dear, it was a good many years ago."

"Oh, don't say that, I can't bear it." She clasped her little white gloves and looked up at him appealingly. "Is it going to make any difference to you after many years? If I thought it was, I would rather stop caring now. Is love going to change about that way? Oh, look out! I shall lose my faith in everything. I believed in them all these years; suppose this should make me not believe in you?" Her voice sank to a whisper, but there was tragedy lurking in her eyes.

Jack tried to take her hand, but she kept it about her flowers; his mouth twitched, but his voice was appropriately grave. "Dorothy, dear, it wouldn't make any difference to our love—years—or—anything. But everybody's love is not like ours."

She made a quick little gesture. "Everybody says that. That's what they said, I heard them one day—I was a little pitcher. Oh! I am so sorry for them—for her and him, and I'm sorry for myself, too."

There was a step in the conservatory. Dorothy turned to see the figure of a man passing out at the other door.

"Oh, Jack," Dorothy's voice was a groan. "Do you suppose he heard?"

"Oh, no, indeed, dear;" Jack consoled her easily.

"Did you see who it was? Was it anybody you know?"

Jack hesitated. "I think, dear, it was Mr. Ward."

"Mr. Ward!" Dorothy stared at him with parted lips. "Of course he heard every word. You needn't fib to please me, Jack. Only take me home to my mother, I'm not fit to go about alone. No, please don't touch me; I feel so uncertain about everything." She drew farther away from him and straightened up with a little frown.

"Why, Dorothy, you don't feel uncertain about me?"

"Oh, Jack, I'm afraid I do. You know I warned you once that I was sentimental; I think I must be superstitious, too. Somehow it seems as if I had built my love upon my idea of these two people, and now the foundation's gone."

"But Dorothy, how foolish," Jack remonstrated. "Two people that you knew nothing about."

"It's no use to argue, Jack. I know it's foolish, perfectly silly; but I'm often foolish, very foolish; if you wanted a sensible person you shouldn't have chosen me."

Jack, being an eminently sensible per-

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son, here held his peace, and they sat for some moments without speaking, stiff and straight, in opposite corners of the divan. Suddenly Dorothy started.

"I never thought! That man, Mr. Ward, may come back, and he may demand satisfaction from you; thirty paces and pistols, who knows? Let's go."

She rose and walked to the door of the conservatory, with Jack following. Then she discovered that she had dropped her fan, and Jack went back for it. While she was waiting, a gentleman passing through the hall stopped, and giving her a note, asked if she would kindly deliver it to Mrs. Ward.

"Oh, yes, indeed, thank you, you are very kind," Dorothy wildly murmured. She was sure she recognized the straight nose and handsome mustache. As Jack appeared she held out the note, and pointed to the figure retiring down the hall.

"Is that Mr. Ward?"

Jack nodded.

"Then here is the challenge; not for you, for me—to take to Mrs. Ward—to make my humiliation complete. If there are only the same people about that were there when I was introduced, it will be a fitting climax for me to walk up and say, 'Mr. Ward sent you a note.' Take me to Mrs. Ward."

"Nonsense," said Jack, and he took the note from her hand. "I'll give it to her."

"Oh, no, I must;" but despite her protest, Dorothy was so overwrought with the excitement of the evening that she let Jack have his way, and waited wearily in the chair he brought her. He was soon back with the note still in his hand.

"Mrs. Ward has gone up-stairs to the dressing-room. It's too bad, little girl, but I'm afraid you'll have to give it to her yourself!"

Dorothy did not respond to his tender glance; she took the note and rose wearily. "I ought to, anyway, it's my fate. But I should like to go home. Would you see aunt and get the carriage? That is if you don't mind going——"

"Mind!—what a question—anything that you——"

"And if I don't come down in a half hour, you must raid the dressing-room and carry me off."

In the dressing-room, Dorothy found but few ladies. The blood mounted to her forehead merely to see Mrs. Ward there. She had not the courage to give her the note directly; but in passing the chair from which Mrs. Ward had taken her scarf, she laid the white envelope on a coat-sleeve, then withdrew to the farthest corner of the room. Mrs. Ward came to her wrap and picked up the note. She turned to the mirror with her back to the room and unfolded the paper. Dorothy could see the reflection of her face in the glass; as many years ago, so now, she could not help looking. Beneath the lace drooping over the lady's forehead, she saw the color leave her face. She saw Mrs. Ward put both hands on the table and sway weakly over it. Dorothy took a step forward, but Mrs. Ward had recovered herself. She refolded the note and thrust it into the bosom of her dress. She stood perfectly still for a few moments, then lifted her wrap and mechanically folded it about her. Then as she turned and, with unseeing eyes, went past Dorothy, she was as white as the lace drooping from her hair.

A great pain was in Dorothy's heart. She threw her cape hastily over her shoulders, crammed her fan into her bag and hurried after Mrs. Ward down the broad stairway. She felt guiltily responsible as the figure ahead trembled visibly, and moved with slow, uncertain step. She scarcely saw Jack, who met her in the lower hall.

"We may have to wait a little for the carriage," he said.

"Let's wait outside," and Dorothy pushed on after Mrs. Ward's brown wrap. She did not heed Jack, who walked by her side with a puzzled, injured expression on his face.

As they came out into the vestibule a man stepped from a corner just ahead and Dorothy unconsciously drew a little nearer Jack. The man was Mr. Ward; he stepped to Mrs. Ward's side and bowed. She stopped so abruptly that Dorothy almost trod on her train.

"Shall I call your carriage?" he asked, quietly.

"If you will be so kind, Robert."

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Then Dorothy saw a hand go out from the brown wrap, a little uncertainly, but the man's arm was ready and the woman leaned on it as they went on, just ahead of Dorothy and Jack. There was a carriage at the end of the awning and, as they all came nearer, the man in charge shouted, "Twenty-three."

Again Mrs. Ward stopped:

"Do you know I've forgotten my number. There was so much else to think of."

Dorothy drew in her breath with a little sob; she had seen the look the man gave his wife. "Never mind," he said, "I shall know John."

"Twenty-three," was shouted again, and the large lady of the garnet velvet came down the steps. Dorothy and Jack drew back to let her pass.

"Good-night, Mrs. Ward," she called loudly, "it's very unkind of my carriage to come before—" she was opposite them now, and she saw Mr. Ward; her mouth dropped open in bewilderment; the husband and wife faced her quietly, side by side. Mr. Ward lifted his hat and she recovered herself weakly. "Er—er—delighted, I'm sure—er come and see me—Good-night."

Jack had left Dorothy, and she would have drawn back now, but somebody pushed her forward and she could not help hearing Mr. Ward say:

"The world's wife knows it now. You are certain? Not sorry?"

"Sorry—Oh, Robert—" that was all Dorothy caught.

"Twenty," was called.

"Isn't that yours?" asked Mr. Ward, peering forward.

"Oh, yes," answered Mrs. Ward, clearly, "that must be ours."

"Come, Dorothy, ours next." Jack led Dorothy forward and she was still just behind the Wards. She saw Mr. Ward hesitate with his foot on the step of his wife's carriage. "Are you quite sure?" he asked.

Only one man heard the answer, but that was enough; he was about to enter the carriage when his wife suddenly reached her hand out of the door, past him:

"Why, there's my dear little girl," she cried. "Here's my card, dear, Mr. Ward and I will be so happy to see you."

Mr. Ward passed the card to Dorothy with a smile, then the door snapped behind him and they were gone. Dorothy was in a dazed state; she never knew just how she got into her own carriage. She sat still for some time, wiping her eyes; when she spoke her voice was soft and broken: "Oh, Jack, isn't it beautiful; aren't you glad?"

"About Mr. and Mrs. Ward, you mean? Yes, dear, I am. Everybody said it was a great shame when they separated. I guess it's all right now."

"All right! Of course it's all right. You see they always loved each other. Oh, I'm so happy! I feel as if I could be more sure of our own love now."

He looked at her and smiled. "I only need you to make me sure of that."

"You don't understand what it means to me—you don't understand——"

"I think I do, dear," he said, gravely; he wished she wouldn't keep her hands so busy with her roses. "They are a very fine couple and I am glad that two more people are going to be happy——"

"But it doesn't mean simply two more people to me, dear. It means my faith in the eternity of love and the marriage of souls, and truth and honor and—everything——"

Then suddenly she turned on him and smiled. "But it does mean something to have two more people happy, of course. In fact, just two happy people mean a good deal to me." And she laid her gloved hand on his as she thrust between his fingers the cool, green stem of a pink rose.

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# THE POINT OF VIEW

A Plea for Better Street-Car Poetry.

IT is the fashion to speak of this as the degenerate age of poetry, and to say that nothing in the way of verse written to-day is worthy of serious consideration. The large part that is absolutely unintelligible to intelligent people is properly denounced for its obscurity, even when it is faultless in the matter of rhyme and rhythm. On the other hand, much verse that is as clear as spring water as regards meaning, is scoffed at by critical persons, as necessarily lacking the depth and profundity which they claim to be inseparable from genuine poetry. To them, also, much verse, excellent in technique, seems on that account a mere machine product; while much that defies all the laws of prosody commends itself to these connoisseurs as of the rugged sort that may ultimately defy the teeth of time.

If defective versification be a real foundation of enduring poetry, beyond doubt the rhymes that set forth the virtues of all sorts of things on street-car panels are likely to become immortal. It may not be going too far to say that these couplets and quatrains are worse in quality than are some of the various things they apostrophize. Now it must occur to the average reader that if these verses are worth doing at all they are worth doing well; and, furthermore, there is no way of calculating the good that might be done if the standard of excellence should be raised to the top notch. That it would be of educational value there can be little or no doubt, as people from perusing would take to liking poetry of a higher order; until these commercial productions would become veritable stepping-stones to a complete understanding and appreciation of singers of the deep note, and would undoubtedly create a demand for the genuine article. Such a salutary effect might be produced on the open song market that the poet accustomed to smiting the harp in honor of canned beans and soap, might abandon this distasteful kind of work and soar into the higher and more rarefied realm of art, in which the passions are, so to speak, sifted and handled with or without gloves as the case demands.

I have been told by one of these advertising laureates that much of the bad rhyme and rhythm peculiar to street-car poetry may be attributed to the fact that the *métier* of the poet is always made subservient to certain conditions exacted by the subject; or rather by the purveyor of the wares, who makes it imperative that labels and trade-marks be rung into the verse, even if nothing will rhyme with them and they are so lacking in euphony that they will not fit into any kind of metre. Transpositions such as Magee's Dog Soap into Magee's Soap for Dogs are not tolerated. It must be Magee's Dog Soap, and these magic words must be the last words of the last line. And the lines must be short and of a sing-song character to fit the car panel and at the same time the mind of the reader. It would be very different if the poet were allowed full scope, for then he would not lift up his voice and harp and sing:

> The poodle's happy all the day,
> He romps and jumps and frisks in play
> And rolls along the grassy slope
> Because he has just been washed with
> Magee's Antiseptic Dog Soap.

The merchant hand is plainly visible in the last line, where Utility stepped in and edited Poesy in the interest of the Business. Now if the poet could have had his own way in the matter, and had not been denied space—in other words, if he could have had unlimited swing to do his best, he might have done himself, his employer, and the soap justice in a good Gallic form, with the commodity and its title for a refrain or burden:

> Magee's Dog Soap is quite the thing,
> To make the collie lope and spring
> Along the green from dawn till dark
> As lively as the happy lark
> In morning's golden dingaling.
>
> It makes all ailments from him wing
> Until he trips the Highland fling
> And barks this eulogistic bark:
> "Magee's Dog Soap!"
>
> Oh see him prance, oh hear him sing,
> Until he makes the welkin ring
> With antiseptic rapture: "Mark
> My skipfulness o'er pave and park—
> What makes me of all joy the king?
> Magee's Dog Soap."

It will be seen here also that the commodity advertised is mentioned not only at the end of the poem but also at the beginning and in the middle; which should, of

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course, fill the manufacturer's cup of joy to the very brim. It will further be observed by the student of affairs that the testimonial is not from an emotional actress who uses a blood-hound in her great play, or from the manager of a fighting dog, but from the mouth of the very dog himself.

It must ever be a shame, also, that the verses in these flying cars are not on an artistic level with the illustrations, which, whether mediævally grotesque or soulfully impressionistic, are always interesting examples of the schools they represent, and never fail to appeal pleasantly even to the people who are jarred by the lines that accompany them. Such a combination, and it is not by any means uncommon, is enough to make people of ordinary intelligence shun poetry. I raise the voice of protest against the method employed in the celebration, for instance, of the charms of So and So's Pickles, which is usually something like this:

> So and So's Pickles with a raw
> Oyster would make you want some more.
> East or West they are the best
> For to glorify a feast.

No one would be apt to remember this. What is required is a jingle that fascinates and holds captive him that has read it but once, until he thinks and walks to its rhythm and words which may not be cast off. Something in this manner, which is but a feeble embodiment of the idea I have conjured up but cannot fully set forth, might be:

> Oh So and So's Pickles
> Are always the best;
> Who pours out his nickels
> For So and So's Pickles
> With happiness trickles
> North, East, South, and West;
> For So and So's Pickles
> Are always the best.

It will be noticed that in the foregoing triolet the thing advertised is mentioned three times, and in such a way that the reader is, so to speak, hit by a pickle-thought no matter which way he turns. If a verse could thus sell the article for which it stands on its merits as a verse, without reference to the merits of the commodity, the salutary effect on the poetry market would be such as to stimulate the singer to serious and supreme effort.

It is humbly suggested that classic forms also be employed in the interests of this good work. The Tuscan form of the sonnet as used by Petrarch and Tasso is one whose general beauty cannot be denied. It is stately and dignified, and to understand and appreciate it is to be in touch with poetry as known by the masters. Now, for instance, would not the following prove restful and soothing to the homing plumber at night:

> See yonder bride, a vision of delight,
> Beneath the picture of a blooming tree,
> Beside the margin of the turquoise sea,
> Watching the blue gull in its circling flight.
>
> He that imagines he can read aright
> Her airy thoughts and solve the mystery
> Of all her joy would never, never be
> A bit the wiser if from morn till night
>
> He should mark well those features that betray
> No inkling of the golden vision that
> Illumes her spirit as she gently nods
> And sings: "I furnished all complete to-day,
> For ten per moon, our love-nest of a flat,
> At Garrison's Golconda of the Gods."

The names of the poets should, of course, be attached to their verses, so that they might divide the honors and the felicities of the advertisement with the commodity whose praises they have so melodiously hymned. Publishers would then be seen on the cars reading the metrical efforts of rising young men with a view to securing names that might be heralded as "promises" and "messages." Then the purveyor's gravest responsibility would be to keep his catsup up to the level of excellence of the verses of his laureate. Then the advertising of poetry and the poetry of advertising would go hand in hand, dancing in the dawn of a new era, two light and airy nymphs with diaphanous flowing draperies and hair, across the sun-kissed slopes of the Helicon of Business, where the English breakfast bacon curls up like the tiger lily and the yeast cake that rises but never sets pours forth its chastened spirit on the languid air; then, too, the poet will feel that art for art's sake is the stepping-stone to real greatness, and that no subject should be slighted; that he that writes in numbers should put his best efforts as well as his heart into his work, whether it be a Sonnet to the Sphinx or a Sonnet to the Sausage. The higher themes, of course, will still have his preference. On articles of food or dress he can hardly be expected to expend more than the briefer forms of verse already instanced; but on the more congenial topics of domestic bliss, the pastoral life, etc., why should he not try longer flights?—as the *ballade à double refrain* in this sort of thing

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for the Paradise-Tempe, N. J., Real Estate Co.:

Away with tenement and flat,
  Away with flat and tenement
In which you cannot swing a cat—
  Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent?
  Be on your future welfare bent;
For clay or mud or sand or loam
  Keep all your surplus cash unspent—
Oh buy a lot, and own a home.

Cast off the awful rat-a-tat
  Of Bedlam in the city pent,
Doff to no janitor your hat—
  Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent?
  Go seek the hills all redolent
Of bloom whereon, with fay and gnome,
  Titania would pitch her tent—
Oh buy a lot, and own a home.

Desert the landlord sleek and fat—
  The octopus and despot blent,
Who walks on you as on a mat—
  Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent?
  Fly to the vale that blossoms scent,
Where through green fields bright runnels roam
  And bumble-bees are eloquent
Oh buy a lot and own a home.

ENVOI

Oh, slave, one word your weal anent:
Oh why, oh why, oh why pay rent?
This husk paste in your mental dome,
Oh buy a lot and own a home.

THE abiding disposition of human nature to suppose that other people's shoes cannot possibly pinch in so many places as one's own, is shown afresh just now in the increasing hesitancy which many men show in recommending to beginners—notably beginners in whom they have peculiar interest—the occupation in which their own life-experience has been gained. The personal knowledge that they have of the rough places in the enclosure makes them wish their sons and daughters to choose another field in which the walking looks (from the outside) to be smoother. Huxley's comment to a younger friend who had resolved to walk in the field of scientific investigation—that he would get little money and much abuse, but that when he had grown as old as Huxley himself he would have learned not to be much concerned about either—was of a tone and temper that few men to-day seem willing to risk or emulate. If the son of the military or naval man, or of the student, follows in his father's footsteps, it is because the son wishes it much more often than because the parent urges. The men to whom such careers strongly appeal as the most desirable are oftener those who have fought their own way up through the eddies of commerce. The soldier and professor, contrariwise, are bound to have become so often aware of the advantages of a successful business career that they hesitate. In fact, we try so hard to get the maximum out of life in all fashions in these days that we are like fever patients turning on a hard bed, and always thinking that the other side will be more comfortable.

Hereditary Callings.

What we gain in general efficiency, in elasticity of opportunity, by this universal and restless striving and experimenting, everyone knows. It is a serious question, though, whether the practical extinction of hereditary callings does not retard particular efficiency in certain definite directions, so gravely as to make the appearance of transcendent ability rarer than it might be. The average qualities find a fairer field, and the ordinary energy is intensified, through changes of occupation. But the extraordinary achievements are prepared, cumulatively, by the efforts of preceding generations working along the same paths. If this be not proved by many examples as stupendous as that of the Bachs, musicians—great and small, root and branch—for something like three hundred years, and bringing forth, at their climax, the gigantic figure of Sebastian Bach, it is, nevertheless, sufficiently attested that consummate capacity is, in any family, built up slowly. There have been exceptions, but if it were possible to disentangle all the remote threads of ancestry we should probably discover that they are even less numerous than appears.

It takes so long to attain to mastery in any one calling, and a man is usually so near his death when he has it, that the proper economy of human effort and the quickest rise of the race in supreme efficiency would seem to be best secured if the disciple could always take up the work just where it had been dropped. We know that Nature does not so order things. The disciple is born with the desire to go through all the steps of evolution for himself. Every man wants his own experience. Everything inclines at this stage of the world to the dissolving of the idea of obligatory, inherited professions, trades, crafts, and arts. Yet one harks back inevitably to the questions: Would not a greater percentage of perpetuated callings better promote the highest type of ability? Shall we not always have to encourage some inheritance of vocation as a forcing-house for genius?

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# THE FIELD OF ART

*SYMBOLISM AND THE MEMORY OF RUSKIN*

VISITORS to Coniston in the summer of 1901 found, in the little churchyard where John Ruskin's body was laid, a memorial stone at once striking and in excellent taste. It is in a form suggestive of an Iona cross, nine feet high, gray-green in color, and covered over with symbols of his life and work, much like the runic characters on those curious stones in Iona. The side of the shaft looking eastward and facing the grave (Fig. 1) has at the base a laurel-crowned figure with a lyre, typical of his early poems and the "Poetry of Architecture." Just above is the simple inscription "John Ruskin, 1819–1900," surrounded by interlaced work. On the middle space of this face is the seated figure of an artist sketching. In the background are pines, the outline of Mont Blanc, and the rays of the rising sun, repeating the device on his first great work, "Modern Painters." Two symbols occupy the remaining space, one the winged lion of St. Mark, recalling "The Stones of Venice," and the other the seven-branched candlestick of the tabernacle, representing his "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

The west side of the shaft (Fig. 2) looking up toward Coniston Old Man, his most familiar view and constant delight, is a happy conception of Mr. Ruskin's social and ethical teaching. Three figures at the bottom illustrate the workmen in the vineyard receiving each his penny from the master, the whole signifying the thought of "Unto This Last." Immediately above is a mingled design of "Sesame and Lilies." The middle space is filled by the Angel of Fate holding the club, key, and nail, and suggesting "Fors Clavigera." "The Crown of Wild Olive" is readily discernible next, and at the top is St. George and the Dragon.

The narrower face toward the south (Fig. 3; view from S. W.) has a combined design of Ruskin's favorite blossom, the wild-rose, with the animals of which he wrote familiarly —the squirrel, the robin and the kingfisher— signifying his love of nature. On the opposite edge is a simple interlaced pattern. The whole is surmounted by a cross of four equal

Fig. 1.



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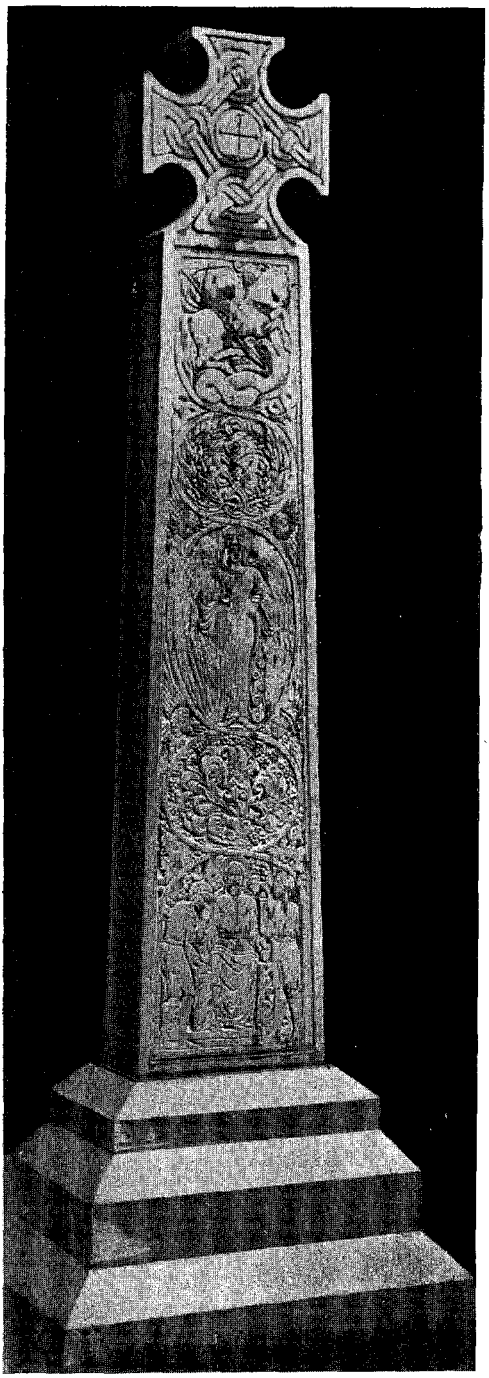

Fig. 2.

arms. On one side this bears a globe, symbolizing the Sun of Righteousness, and on the other the fylfot, or revolving cross, the emblem of eternity. The whole conception is peculiarly fitting as a monument for the great teacher who found in nature so many symbols of our human life and interpreted them so fully in the purest English. To the designer, Mr. W. G. Collingwood, much gratitude is due from all Ruskin-lovers for what he has been able to express in this unique and befitting memorial—unique, in that no man of wide reputation in letters has a like memorial; and befitting, in that it suggests the man of complex individuality to whom symbolism was at once a means of expression and a rich field for appreciative interpretation. Here appear, each in its appropriate figure, nature, art, ethics, and divine truth, subjects which he illumined with so fertile and facile a pen.

In the rear of the churchyard, side by side with the crosses over the graves of the three Misses Beever, to whom John Ruskin wrote the letters of Hortus Inclusus, stands the stone described. Above it are the sighing branches of the pines, and close at hand the noisy waters of the church beck.

J. G. Riggs.

Symbology will never cease to be attractive, at least among people of that peculiar mixed blood which is a part of the inheritance of Great Britain. In modern designs, however, the use of symbols is a task beset with difficulties; for we are not quite unconscious enough to accept them frankly. In the case before us there was a good opportunity, for Ruskin himself was full of the spirit in which symbols were first designed or appropriated, and his work, with its picturesque handling, impressive single sentences, and romantic titles, supplies or suggests emblematic devices in abundance. "The Lion of St. Mark" and the "Crown of Wild Olive," the "Wreath of Sesame and Lilies" and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," are immediately suggested by the titles or the subjects of his well-known books; and in this connection the cut, Fig. 4 of the present article may be studied, for there is seen a setting-forth in picture of the title "Seven Lamps of Architecture" in a way more emphatic and more original than that used on the monument. Seven cressets of wrought and hammered iron, in a modification of four-

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teenth-century design, crown seven forked merlons of the shape well known as forming the battlements of those North Italian cities which Ruskin loved so dearly; and each of these merlons carries the title of one of the seven chapters—the name of one of the Seven Lamps. Then on each side of the Coniston cross, the central and largest oval deals with something beyond the mere title of a book, and so does the lowest compartment on each side. Indeed, the western side must be thought to bear especial reference to the cherished work of Ruskin's later years, the Guild of St. George.

The designer in emblems and all that belongs to them is, indeed, hampered by the critical spirit; for, when the artist carves a fylfot, as here upon the disk which forms the centre of the cross, and below on the other side where another such figure separates the two dates of Ruskin's earthly career, he assumes that this familiar emblem stands for eternity, as, indeed, Mr. Riggs has stated; while yet there is not sufficient warrant for assuming that the fylfot means that any more than another unexplained and inexplicable thing of interest to man. It was used by ancient vase-painters of a time previous to Greek civilization, it is common in the decoration of the Far Orient, its origin is unknown, except as it is an easy thing for primitive man to draw, coming next after a simple +, and the significance of its common name is disputed; while its meaning is that which the lover of mystical thought chooses to give to it. On the whole, it is fortunate that there were in this case allusive designs in abundance of less uncertain meaning. Nothing could be more natural than the making of the Seven Lamps into a seven-branched candlestick, and, indeed, this, although a familiar type and one already used to denote the book in question, is a better emblem, if that alone be considered, than the seven cressets of the piece of bookbinding shown in Fig. 4. For the cressets, as signals of war and signs of tumult, are less appropriate to the book and its author than the steady-burning lamps of Biblical association.

Fig. 3.

The conclusion seems to be that the designer had a fortunate subject for treatment in a poetical, indirect, and allusive way, and that he has done well what he had to do. The choice of knotted and interwoven designs, like the selection of the upright stone cross — such a monument as we find by

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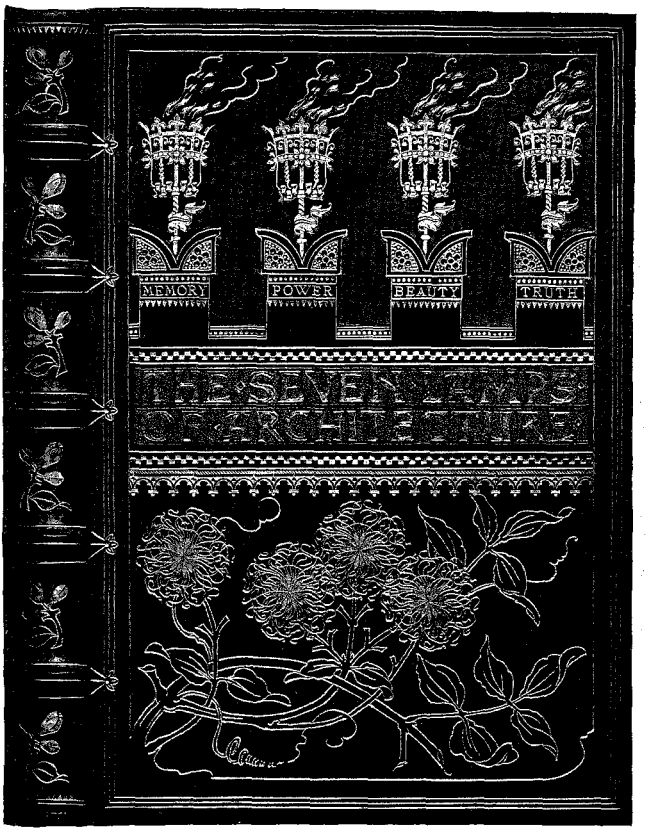


Fig. 4.—Binding by Amilia Ars, of Bologna, for Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

scores in Ireland and Scotland, although in one familiar respect (the cross itself without a bounding circle) this adopts a less familiar type—is merely national and local and perfectly in keeping with the use of the symbols enclosed by its scrolls. Indeed, the artist has been harassed in one way only, and that is the necessity of keeping his relief low, and not merely low, but flat-topped. He could not give it that subtle rounding which the bas-relief upon a medal, for instance, may receive, for that would have been to produce a system of decoration altogether foreign to the type of monument selected.

In one respect at least the lovers of Ruskin's work should be gratified by the type selected for this monument and the way in which it is used. It was so very possible that a large fund should be raised and a showy and costly monument erected; and yet that would have been so probably inferior as a work of art or as a suitable memorial to the standing stone before us. A well-recognized Christian symbol, in one of its forms most familiar to the inhabitants of the region where it stands, and decorated in a style at once consistent with the form and character of the monument and expressive of the work of the man whose life is here commemorated, is certainly an achievement in memorial architecture fortunate almost beyond experience.

R. S.

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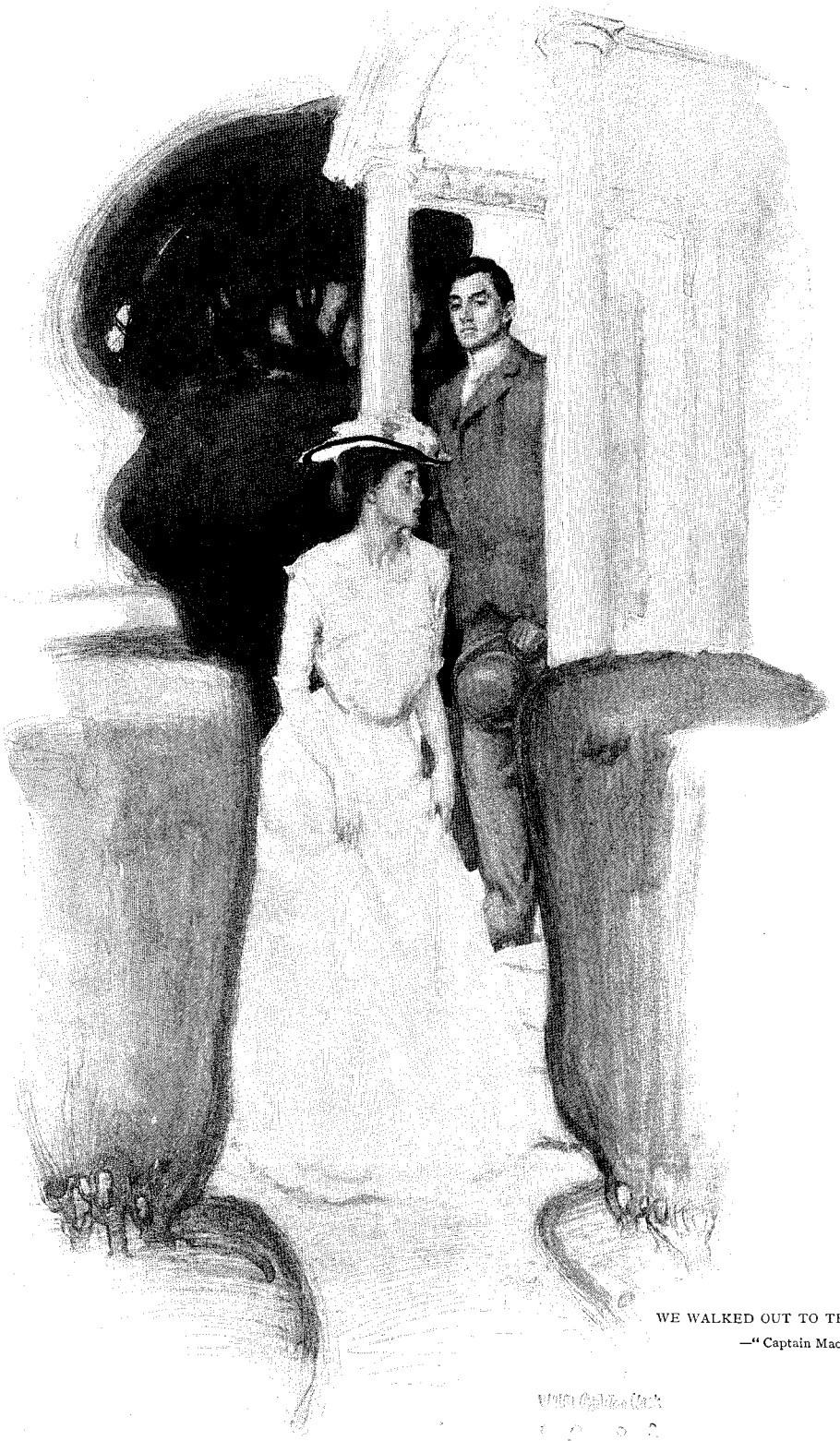

WE WALKED OUT TO THE WOODS.
—"Captain Macklin," page 432.

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